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JULY
1936



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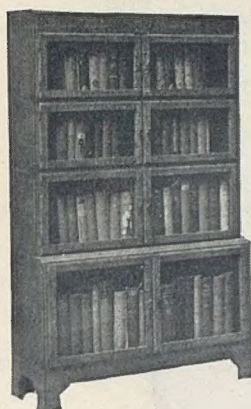
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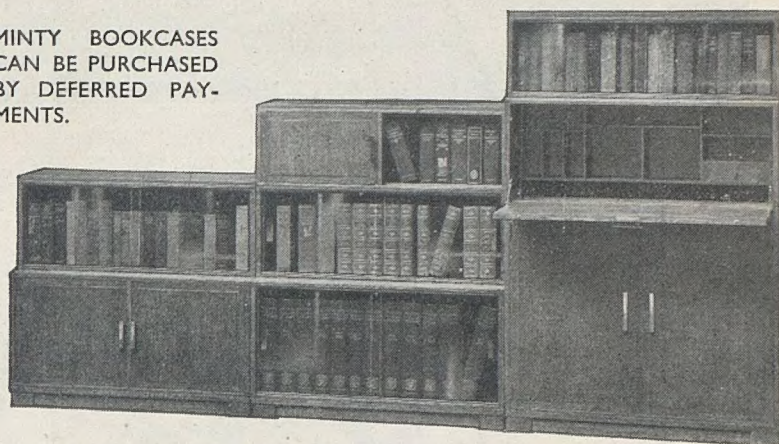
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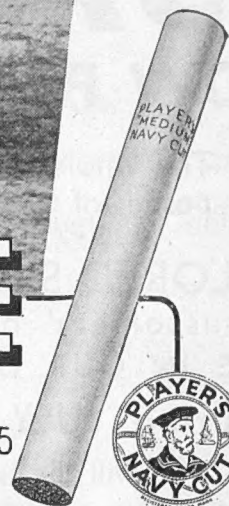
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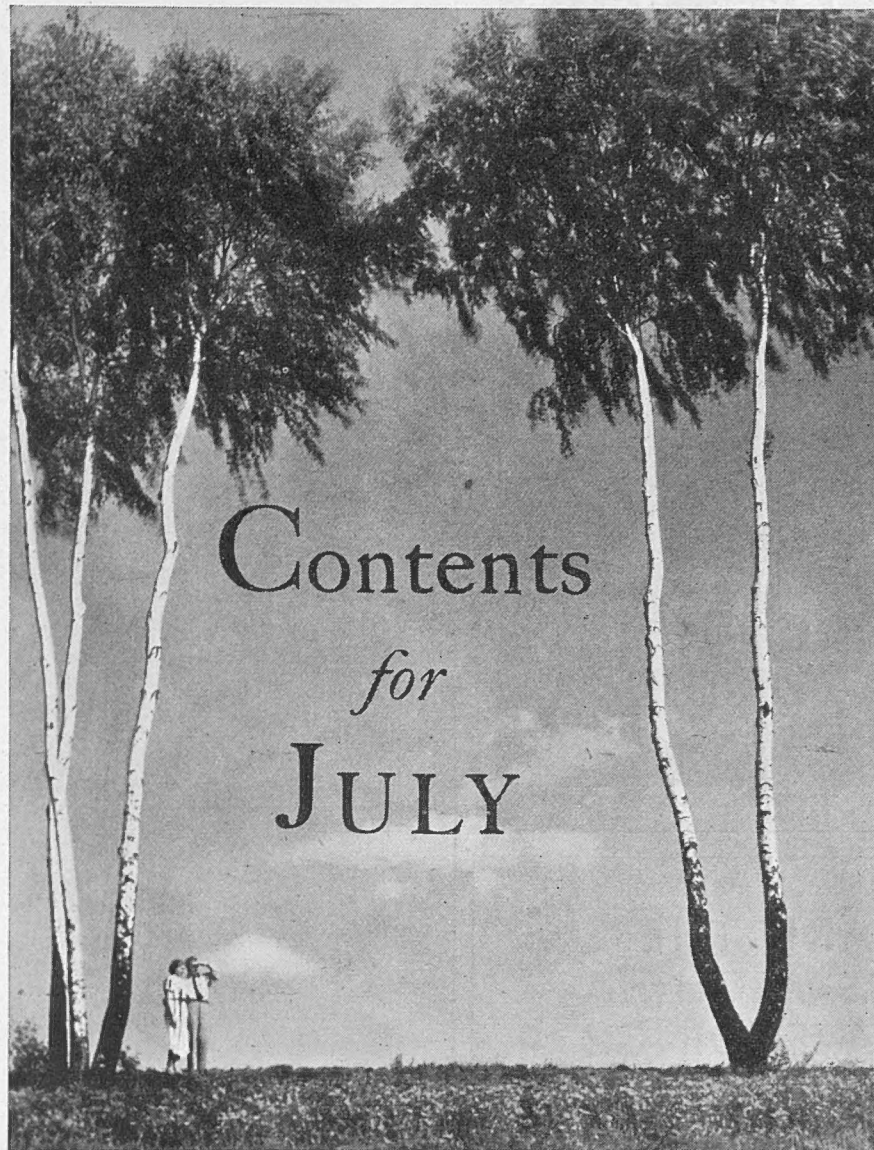
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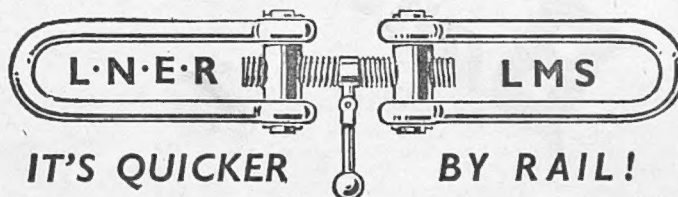
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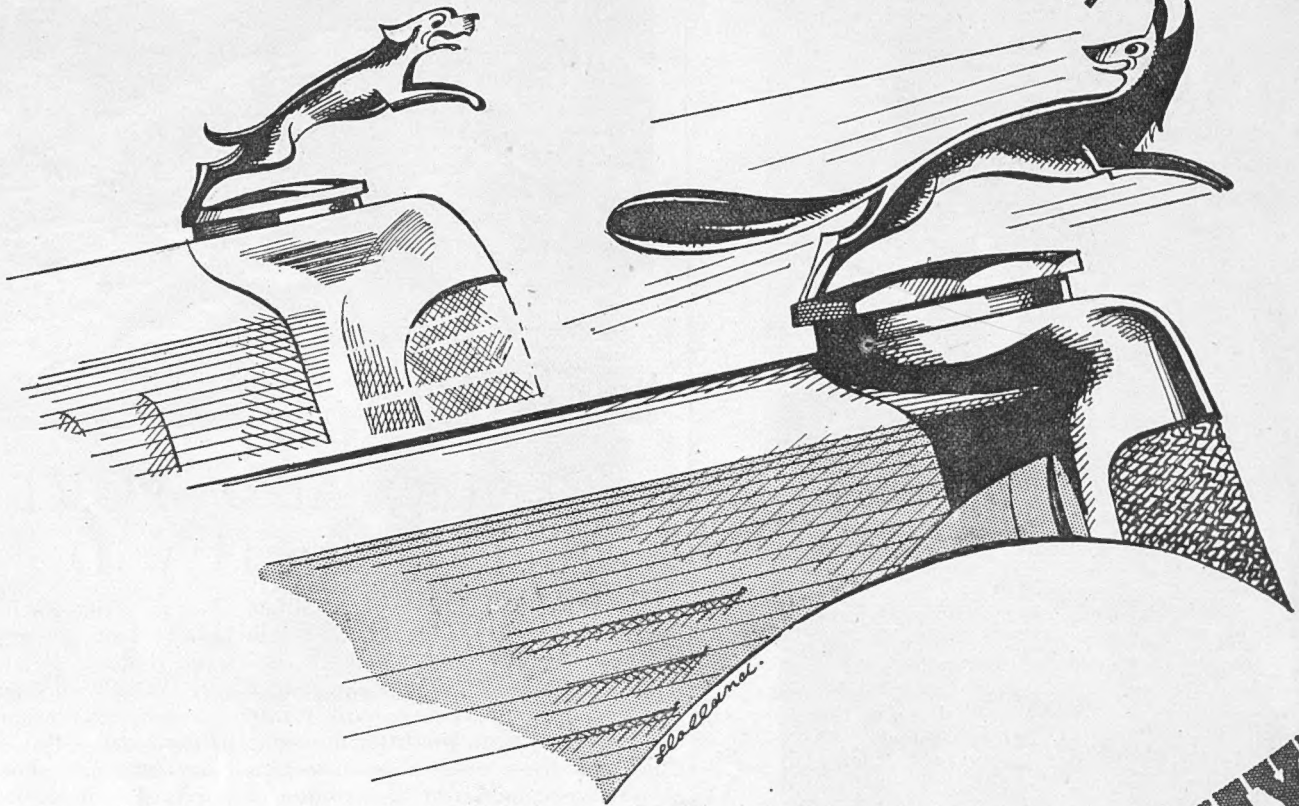
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Under the Stars

July

To You Who are Born in Cancer

(June 22nd to July 22nd)

Your Ruler is the Moon

MONDAY

LUCKY DAY: MONDAY.



STONES: PEARLS AND MOONSTONE.

NUMBER: TWO.

HEALTH



Cancer rules over the alimentary canal, so the chief trouble is a nervous indigestion. But these people are far harder than they appear. They should avoid condiments, highly-seasoned dishes, ices and iced food. A plain diet with plenty of fruit is best.

Between the ages of 42 and 49 the kidneys require special care. A long drink of cold water should be taken night and morning.

MARRIAGE



A loving partnership is very necessary to their happiness, yet this is a strange sign for marriage. Either these children of the Moon do not marry, or they marry late in life, or some quite unusual burden has to be borne by the couple.

Kitchener was a famous Cancer bachelor, so is our King.

They are best mated with Pisces (February 20th to March 20th) and Scorpio (October 24th to November 21st) who will echo their emotionalism.

CAREER



Men and women excel as restaurant and hotel proprietors, as managers of big stores. Also whenever they deal in liquids—as brewers, dyers, and hydraulic engineers. Again as theatrical company managers, and as actors. They make successful historians, biographers, keepers of museums, and Empire builders.

Warning: Never hoard. The first thirty-five years of life may be full of ups and downs. But the 38th birthday invariably ushers in security.

CHILDREN



Are delicate and apt to pick up any infection; need more than ordinary care to rear during the first few years.

Never punish them by shutting them away alone or in the dark. They are superstitious and easily frightened. Check them gently. Direct their romanticism, encourage them in their work. Sympathise with their difficulties, and try to dispel their shyness in building up their self-confidence. They will probably be cleverer than the next child, but lack push.

SPECIAL TO THIS YEAR



The path of true love never did run smooth, and a hectic year lies ahead of those born between June 26th and July 10th. They will rocket between Love's despair and bliss. But those born between July 10th and 17th should enter a period of ease, realise their aims, and taste work's sweet fruit.

IN Cancer we have the most emotional sign of the Zodiac. People born in this month usually clamp their feelings down behind a hard mask and try to appear insensitive and crab-crusty.

But behind that armour of protection, what a battle goes on between compassion and fellow-feeling, self-depreciation, fear, and a constant yearning for the unattainable.

Like the crabs, their symbol—which delight to chase the reflection of a ship's light or the full moon through the waters, over the sea-floor—these people live longing for a miracle to drop from the unknown and transform their surroundings. Unobtrusive, quiet and ultra-methodical in their habits, they nevertheless hide a strange leaning towards the sensational and dramatic.

Born roamers, they always find a nook or home; usually take round personal furnishings on their travels and, wherever they go, re-create their home. Love of home is a marked characteristic: so is a love of comfort.

Men and women incline to be possessive partners, easily grow jealous and hurt in their affections. Swayed by feeling, there is no limit to the possible expansion and contraction of their spirit. But danger lies in their will being sapped by moods or broodings over fancied wrongs.

To be happy they should aim at an ideal and never doubt their capacity to attain it. Helped by their imagination, their gift for leaving nothing undone and a power for sticking on, they may well bring down the moon.

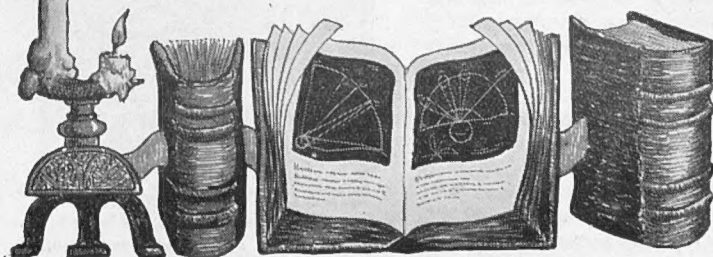
Moreover, they know instinctively how to play on the minds of the public. Gastronomically, histrionically, constitutionally, none so clever as they in catering for the masses. Their innate love of sensation enables them to bring just the right touch of sentiment and illusion to the most commonplace details. They put every idea to a practical test, waste nothing, and produce a maximum effect for a minimum cost. They should never speculate except to back their own efforts, when they may safely expect to see their outlay doubled.

Intensely patriotic, the Cancer-born cherish tradition, collect souvenirs, observe family ties and are proud of the family tree. This gives them an intimate understanding of history.

By destiny they are our custodians, star-intended to assemble and preserve all that is best in mankind. Their cue is to draw from the lessons of the past and apply them to the needs of the present and the future—from satisfying the demands of a family to those of an empire. Cecil Rhodes was born in Cancer.

Alas! that many of them, unable to overcome their natural timidity, are content to stay in subordinate positions. Yet they could get anywhere if they would believe in themselves.

W. L.



THE Berlin Embassy is situated in the Wilhelmstrasse and presents an imposing façade

SIR ERIC PHIPPS, Ambassador to the Third Reich. He has great charm and infinite tact and a ready wit



The

Below:
THE British Embassy in Paris is housed in this historic mansion in the Faubourg St. Honoré



THE ambassadors of George V made world history. The men who represented Great Britain in the courts of Europe in the first years of the late King's reign—Sir Edward Goschen, Sir Francis (now Lord) Bertie, Sir George Buchanan, Sir Maurice Bunsen—will live for posterity in the documents relating to the origins of the world war. Their despatches have become historic. They were intimate observers of, and frequently active participants in, the tragic events which formed the prelude to the drama of 1914-1918.

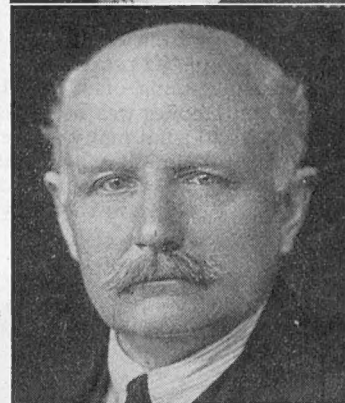
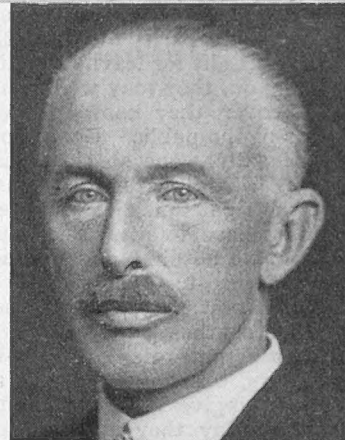
The reign of Edward VIII has opened in circumstances of equal tension abroad. The war clouds are again low over Europe. The responsibility of conjuring the peril, and of keeping this country at peace with all her neighbours, has passed to a new set of diplomatists. With the disappearance of the amateur ambassadors of the Lloyd George era, and the veto placed by the present Prime Minister on critical negotiations by Foreign Secretaries outside London and Geneva, the duties of the diplomats of the *carrière* have regained their pre-war importance. Upon the ambassadors of Edward VIII, their intelligence, their personality, their courage and their tact the fate of peace in Europe may well depend during the next few years.

FOR some months past the least enviable posts in the diplomatic service have been those of the British representatives



SIR GEORGE CLERK holds one of the plums of the British diplomatic service, that of Ambassador to France

in Rome and Berlin. Sir Eric Drummond, our Ambassador to Italy, went to Rome after a long and distinguished career at the Foreign Office and as first Secretary-General of the League of Nations. A great administrative post at the head of an international bureaucracy in tranquil, orderly and neutral Geneva was scarcely, perhaps, the best preparation for contact with an aggressive dictator who has never concealed his contempt for the League and all its works. A man who for ten years had been the chief instrument and interpreter of the Covenant was hardly likely to find the atmosphere of Rome congenial after the same Covenant



SIR HENRY GETTY CHILTON, Ambassador to Spain, and (top) Sir Robert Clive, Ambassador to Japan

King's Ambassadors

*Themselves, Their Work—and their Wives,
in a world where Peace is not easy to maintain*



*Sir Eric Drummond, Ambassador to Italy, and
a view of the garden of the Embassy at Rome*

By George Slocombe

had been invoked in an effort to deter Italy from pursuing her designs of conquest in Abyssinia.

But Sir Eric Drummond is a Scot, gifted with Scottish patience, coolness and long-headedness. In a capital filled with Latin feverishness, provocations and insults, he has sat tight and kept his temper and his optimism. He plays tennis and golf with the equanimity of mind which permitted him to rule even-handedly and unperturbably over his curiously assorted cosmopolitan staff in Geneva. He is one of the few diplomats in Rome who are unembarrassed by the ordeal of an official call on Mussolini; who can march with ease and dignity over the glittering floor of the vast Mappamundi room in the Palazzo Venetia, under the ironic and disconcerting eyes of the Duce standing at his desk in the far corner. Sir Eric is tall, drizzled, and will be sixty in August. He is half-brother and heir-presumptive of the Earl of Perth. His wife is a daughter of Lord Herries. His Ambassadorial salary is £7975 a year.

In Berlin rules another kind of dictator, capricious, uncertain as the warlord Wilhelm II. in the anxious days before 1914. The job of reading Adolf Hitler's mind and of interpreting that elusive personality to (continued on page 84)



(Top)
Sir Howard Kennard, Ambassador
to Poland, and Viscount Chilston,
Ambassador to Soviet Russia



(Top right)
Sir Percy Loraine
is the youngest
of all our Ambassadors. He is
British Envoy to
Turkey



Sir Walford
Selby, who is
British Minister to
Austria. Has been
principal Private
Secretary to three
Foreign Secretaries



Sir Ronald Lind-
say. British
Ambassador at
Washington. Has
had probably the
most complete and
varied career of any
British diplomatist



R. F. Doherty with G. Hillyard. R. F. Doherty was a member of the team in 1903 when the Davis Cup was first brought to England

(Top)

A. W. Gore and Roper Barrett, who, together with E. D. Black, went to America in 1900 to play in the first Davis Cup contest at Longwood

NEARLY thirty-seven years ago, an American lawn-tennis champion, Dwight F. Davis, expressed a wish to present a silver cup for permanent competition between the United States and the British Isles.

In forwarding the suggestion to England, Dr. Dwight, President of the United States National Lawn Tennis Association, wrote with quaint disinterest: "One of our players here has offered us a cup, to be a sort of international challenge cup." At the same time, he submitted a brief code of rules governing the proposed competition. Not without its interest now is the fact that one rule stipulated the trophy must be returned to the donor if five years should elapse without a challenge.

To the Lawn Tennis Association in London the idea seemed to have its points. Accordingly, a challenge was despatched; and in July, 1900, a British team, consisting of A. W. Gore, E. D. Black, and H. Roper Barrett, sailed for America. Strong as this combination was, it was by no means the strongest that could have been placed in the field.



1933. France's long reign as champion nation was ended, and after twenty-one long and momentous years the Davis Cup returned to London

The Davis

*How a Family
Duel became an
International
Battle-ground*

And events proved quickly that it was certainly not strong enough. In the first Davis Cup contest, played at Longwood, near Boston, on August 8, 9, and 10, 1900, the Americans won by three matches to love, one match being left unfinished and one unplayed.

That, in brief, is how the competition we know to-day as "The Davis Cup" was conceived and had its birth. It was a small beginning—so small, in fact, that quite a number of British newspapers appear to have overlooked it altogether. In America, where the general public had suddenly become "tennis conscious," the interest was keener. But in those early days not even Dwight Davis could have had any real conception of the world-wide influence, interest, and excitement his simple offer would engender.

It is true that from the start the Davis Cup competition was styled "international," without specific reference to either the United States or the British Isles. But this phrasing was a matter of form rather than of foresight. In point of fact, prior to the beginning of the century, first-class lawn tennis had no international flavour whatever. None of the coveted Wimbledon titles had ever left British shores; and American players were regarded not in the light of opponents to be taken seriously, but as promising pupils who would do better by and by.

This attitude reflected fairly accurately the state of the game in 1897. In that year an unofficial British team, consisting of W. V. Eaves, H. S. Mahony, and H. A. Nisbet, toured the United States in happy-go-lucky fashion, defeating most of the best American players

in the process. (Eaves, then not better than our third or fourth singles player, all but deprived R. D. Wrenn of his American title.) The results of this tour proved plainly that British players were still the best in the world, and Americans only a very poor second.

It may well be that the example of Eaves, Mahony, and Nisbet provided an incentive that had hitherto been





W. T. Tilden. A tennis star of surpassing brilliance. For many years he was the main instrument whereby America repulsed all comers



H. W. Austin and Cochet photographed after their exciting match played at Paris in 1933. Cochet won after a great match by 3 sets to 2

Cup *Past, Present and Future*

*By
Howard
Jones*

*(Below)
France's great doubles pair, J. Borotra and J. Brugnon. In 1933 they won the doubles, but England won the singles and so captured the coveted trophy after twenty-one years*



"Two-Fisted Back-Handers": (above) John Bromwich and (left) Vivian McGrath, two of Australia's potential Davis Cup fighters



lacking to the American players. At any rate, in the subsequent three years they acquired a new conception of the game—a conception founded on aggression. Volleys, smashes, and above all, a devastating new service stroke, of which the finest exponents were Dwight Davis and Halcombe Ward, characterised their play. And with these technical improvements there grew up a spirit of challenge, and an understandable ambition to set themselves on a footing with, if not to eclipse, the best of the British players.

These sentiments, coupled with the belief that an international trophy must foster the interests of the game, inspired Davis to offer his cup. It is possible, but not very likely that he foresaw anything but British and American rivalry for it. As yet, European nations had scarcely learned what a tennis racket looked like. Australia was obsessed with Test matches and the glories of Victor Trumper. Canada had started a national lawn-tennis championship in 1897, but, with her harsh winter climate and her meagre population, nothing but a fluke or a miracle would make her of account in an international arena for many years to come. No—the issue was Britain v. America, provided Britain was sufficiently interested to accept!

Consider for a moment what the Davis Cup competition means to-day. It is an International (Continued on p. 88)

Not on the Records

*Mr. Lafferty's first venture
in sleuth work needed firm
handling, but there are some
Crooks you can't be kind to*

"IF you value your life, Mr. Standish," a subdued, but most decisive voice came from the darkness of the dining-room, "drop that gun, and move over in front of the window!"

Standish complied without question.

"Now," said the voice, no longer repressed, but suave and easy, and to Standish seemingly familiar, "turn on the light, draw the curtains, and then, if you really want to, you can turn around."

As he pulled down the shades, it flashed into Standish's mind who it was.

"Jimmie Lafferty!" he gasped, and wheeled about to find Lafferty standing in the archway of the dining-room, feet planted firmly half-astiride in a way Standish remembered he used to do in their old days together at college. His mouth was wide in that curious grin which had always made Standish wonder whether Lafferty was laughing at or with him; and his blue-grey eyes were alight with what might be merriment or defiance, or might indeed be something else altogether.

"The same," said Lafferty. "Glad to see me?"

"Generally speaking, yes," Standish conceded. "Just now, I don't know. When did you turn crook? I thought you were a newspaper reporter."

"Most reporters have to turn crook upon occasion," laughed Lafferty. "Still, I'm not exactly a crook, either."

"You seem to have broken into my rooms, anyway," said Standish, "and you've been into my things." He could see the door of the little wall-safe in the dining-room standing open. "Most people would call you a burglar."

"But you wouldn't!" said Lafferty, laughing again—a throaty chuckle, between friendship and hostility. "You wouldn't accuse me of anything as raw as that?"

"No," said Standish, doubtfully, "I wouldn't."

He had known Lafferty a long time, through half of prep. school, and most of college, and though Lafferty had always been a reckless blade, getting a reputation for all sorts of wicked deeds, in all those that Standish knew about he had found Jimmie's intentions altogether honest, and even altruistic. But there had been the years since, years

in which the two had hardly met, in which Lafferty had dropped almost out of sight amid the flotsam of a great city.

"What are you doing in my rooms with a gun in your hand at three o'clock in the morning, going through my safe?"

"There used to be a time, Standish, when I was welcome in your quarters at any time, without explanation. The last time I saw you, some two years ago, you told me to drop in any time I felt like it, and help myself to anything I wanted. So I just dropped in, over the window-ledge. What I wanted happened to be in the safe. It isn't even yours. As for the gun, that was to save possible complications. It already has."

"Why all the melodrama? You can't mean that this is your idea of paying a friendly call?"

"Hardly." Lafferty's grin sagged down at the corners of his mouth in a sour fashion that was distinctly unpleasant. "But since you speak of melodrama, I came for the missing papers, of course. Or to go on working up the same lovely, sentimental play, I am here to obtain from you the happiness and peace of mind of a charming and long-suffering woman."

"I don't get you," said Standish.

"No, but I've got you, Standish. If you'll sit down, we'll talk things over, then you'll get me. You ought to understand now. But apparently you don't—not even matters that originate in your own office."

"Come down to brass tacks!"

"I'm coming," Jimmie went on. "Merely getting their points in straight before I drive 'em in. I came here to get something out of your safe which belongs to somebody else, which you wouldn't have given me if I had asked for it at your office. No, you'd have had me shown out by the office-boy. But I'm no more a crook, Standish,"



"Jimmie Lafferty!" he gasped, and wheeled about to find Lafferty standing in the archway of the dining room . . .

he caressed the words lovingly with his tongue, "than I was a dissipated rake when I sat in that all-night poker game in your rooms at college with Dolliver—the mongrel beast—and lost my last dollar just as the proctors broke in on us. Remember that, Standish?"

Yes, Standish remembered it. He thought he had forgotten it, but now, as Lafferty recalled the incident, it seemed always to have been there tucked away in some neglected cranny of his mind, a mouldy, festering thing.

"I wouldn't hold to that," said Standish. "That's why you're only a reporter, while the rest of us get somewhere. Dolliver's a big man. He's certainly not a mongrel now."

"You mean," Lafferty snarled, "he doesn't cheat at cards any more. That's only because he doesn't play cards now. Oh, I don't blame him for cleaning me

By Charles

Roy Cox

Illustrated by

Geo. D. Alexander



that time—I rather expected it. Wasn't much, though it would have taken me through college and given me a start in life. I knew Dolliver was a card sharp, making his way on the crooked pickings from his friends. I tried to prove it, and it was a price I was willing to pay to show him up. I failed. Maybe I'll fail now. Only, thanks to your discretion, I've not had to pay any price—yet."

"What's Dolliver got to do with all this?" Standish snapped. "Can't you get down to business? I need my sleep."

"Lots of people do," the soft, caressing voice purred on malevolently. "Yet there are some who have been awake, night after night, pitching and tossing to and fro, over this business. No, not me. I wouldn't do that about anything, not even you."

"Well?" Standish growled irritably. "What else?"

"As to your getting somewhere," Lafferty went on, "you haven't—you know you haven't. You've just got lost. There's a Standish account at the bank, I know, and there's a Standish reputation at the courts and on the street, but Bob Standish hasn't got anywhere. He isn't even Bob Standish any more, not to his old friends, nor even to himself. He's the Honourable Robert Standish now, and he's too important, or is going to be, to have any friends, either old or new."

"Jim," burst out Standish angrily, "I didn't come down here to hear a sermon."

"That's right," Lafferty agreed. "You came down to shoot a burglar, if he didn't

shoot you first. Maybe he will yet. You ought to be glad that it all turns out nothing less respectable and dignified than a sermon. And what's your hurry? Just wait till I set the points of a few more of those brass tacks, and we'll go on to business. But this," he ended, a bit wearily, "is so much pleasanter."

"All right," Standish conceded. "I'm listening!"

"Do you," Jimmie shot at him, "remember Muriel Starkweather, old Professor Starkweather's daughter?"

Standish started, then gulped. Did he remember her? Yes, he remembered, as one remembers sprigs of pink arbutus found beneath dead leaves, long, long ago, in youth.

"Of course," Lafferty went on, "you don't love her any more. There's no use

eating our hearts out, year after year, for things we can't have. You are a practical man, Standish. You've gone on from love affairs to some of the really important things in life. You're a man of affairs. And I'm just a chap of one affair, Bob, in love with her still. Of course, I can't get her now, either. But I'd rather keep to that one affair all my life than succeed in all your affairs without it. If this affair didn't concern her, I'd probably forget my own revenge, and the other advantages that its successful termination may bring me. I'm not a practical man. I just write sob stories for the *Banner*. Ever read 'em?"

Standish shook his head disdainfully.

"Well, they are the only real stories—a lot more real than the stories of successful men, like you and Dolliver. This business comes pretty close to being a sob story, Standish, though, of course, I'm not going to write it."

Even when a man is happily married there are times when those clean, romantic affairs of youth sometimes rise up in memory with an appeal that for the moment puts the practical matters of mature daily living quite into the discard, as worthless and sordid. Standish wasn't married.

Muriel Starkweather! Hardly had he thought of her for half a dozen years. But the mere repetition of the name all at once seemed to fill the room with the scent of apple blossoms, and he could see again the long, sloping meadow behind her father's house, the grass shot with daisies; he could hear the carolling of bob-o'-links and robins, and the mellow little staccato of old Professor Starkweather's cracked voice, as he talked to a group of student callers at early tea-time of poetry and romance and the theatre, as if he thought they really were interested, while they sat watching Muriel, as with slim, graceful fingers she set the table. So long ago—yesterday!

Standish touched off the kindling his man had laid in the fireplace for the morning, pulled

up two easy-chairs, put the dimmer on the lights, and beckoned Lafferty to sit beside him.

"What ever became of her, Jim?"

"Sort o' gets your goat, eh? Gets mine, too! Now for those tacks. All of us were more or less in love with her, weren't we, and none of us fit to stand in her presence? And she as kind and gentle and gracious to us all as a royal princess—and poor as poverty. Dolliver, of course, didn't care about her—naturally wouldn't concern himself with anybody as lowly and as decent as that—just went there out of cynical curiosity. Mongrel cur!"

"Go on!"

"Oh, yes, the tacks! Well, Dolliver had you get a fellow named Tom Foster arrested for forgery some time ago, didn't he? Of course, you'd forgotten him. Just a name to you, in spite of Tom's having played in the college eleven fifteen years ago. Lots of trivial things these rising business and professional men forget. I tried to get some data on the case from the prosecuting attorney. He referred me to you—said the really important documents in the case were in your hands. I tried to worm something about it out of your office girl, merely to find out where the papers were. I found out. I've got it all in my pocket now—all the evidence. About two years after you left college, Muriel Starkweather married Tom Foster . . . Good night, Standish. See you in a day or two—maybe sooner." And he was gone, through the dining-room window.

Standish sat for a while musing. Then he had a look at the safe. All the papers in the Foster case were gone. He returned to his chair, then shortly went back to bed, to join those who, as Jimmie had said, were losing sleep over the business. He did no pitching and tossing, for his mind was fairly methodical. But he was badly disturbed. Dolliver's business meant much to him, and Dolliver was relentlessly intolerant of mistakes. It was not the thought of what might happen to him, however, that kept Standish awake, so much as other things. The burglary would be a valid explanation of the loss of the documents. It had been rather considerate of Lafferty to leave convincing proof in the way of a broken window-catch, muddy tracks on the floor, and scratches on the safe door.

At last he fell into a troubled sleep, to dream of Muriel and the sunshine of her friendly smile, with Jimmie Lafferty watching her—and him.

He awoke to the roar of the city, with a feeling that, though Muriel had gone, Jimmie was still watching.

THE morning after Lafferty (should one say?) "Jimmied" his safe, as Standish sat in his office wondering how he should put the matter to Dolliver, the bell of his desk 'phone rang with all the envenomed fury of an enraged jungle beast.

He knew that the call was Dolliver's before he heard his voice. He was quite prepared for any wrathfulness that Dolliver might send stinging into his ears. That was Dolliver's usual way of addressing employees. But except for a certain suppressed tenseness, the voice was bland.

"That you, Standish?"

"Yes! I was just going to call you."

"I should think you would," said Dolliver, with a sarcasm that was almost vitriolic, though still smooth, "after what I hear."

"What do you hear?" asked Standish, playing for time.

"Some crook called me up at home, half an hour ago. Told me I might as well drop the Foster case, as he had all the papers, and as near as he could see, all the evidence. What do you know about that?"

"I know all about it," Standish told him. "The safe in my rooms was burglarised about three o'clock this morning."

"How did anybody know the papers were there? How did anybody know you were in the case at all. To whom have you been talking?"

"I haven't talked," Standish said, sharply. "Some friend of Foster's must be interested. Nothing else seems to have been taken."

"Have you any idea who it was?"

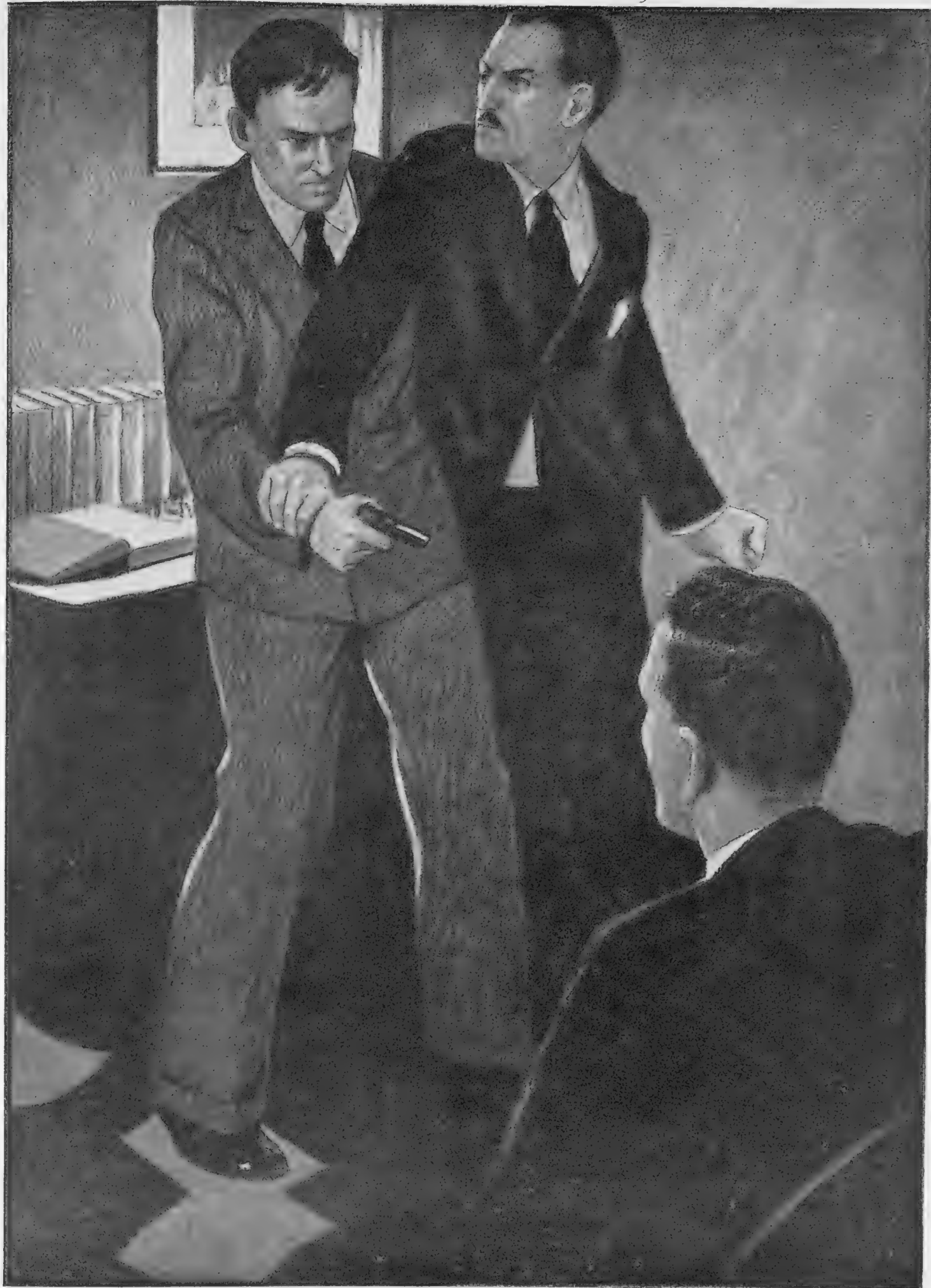
"Well, yes; there's a chap I think might be interested. It's rather queer. You say somebody called you up? Couldn't you recognise the voice, trace the call, or anything?"

"No. I couldn't trace the call—something phony about that. I've heard the voice somewhere, some time and often. I seem to hate it, but I can't place it. Come to the office right away."

He finished like a monarch speaking to a subaltern. Standish had heard the tone from him before, was used to it, in fact; but never before had he recognised it for just what it was; never had it galled him as it did now. Never had he admitted to himself that Dolliver owned him. Nor did he admit it now. But Lafferty had intimated it; and all at once it seemed quite plain that Dolliver was sure of it. Perhaps, thought Standish to himself, it might be just as well to (Continued on page 125)



"JUST been talking to Dolliver—" he said, "—twice. No, I didn't tell him who. Arranged to meet him at Toscanelli's in half an hour"

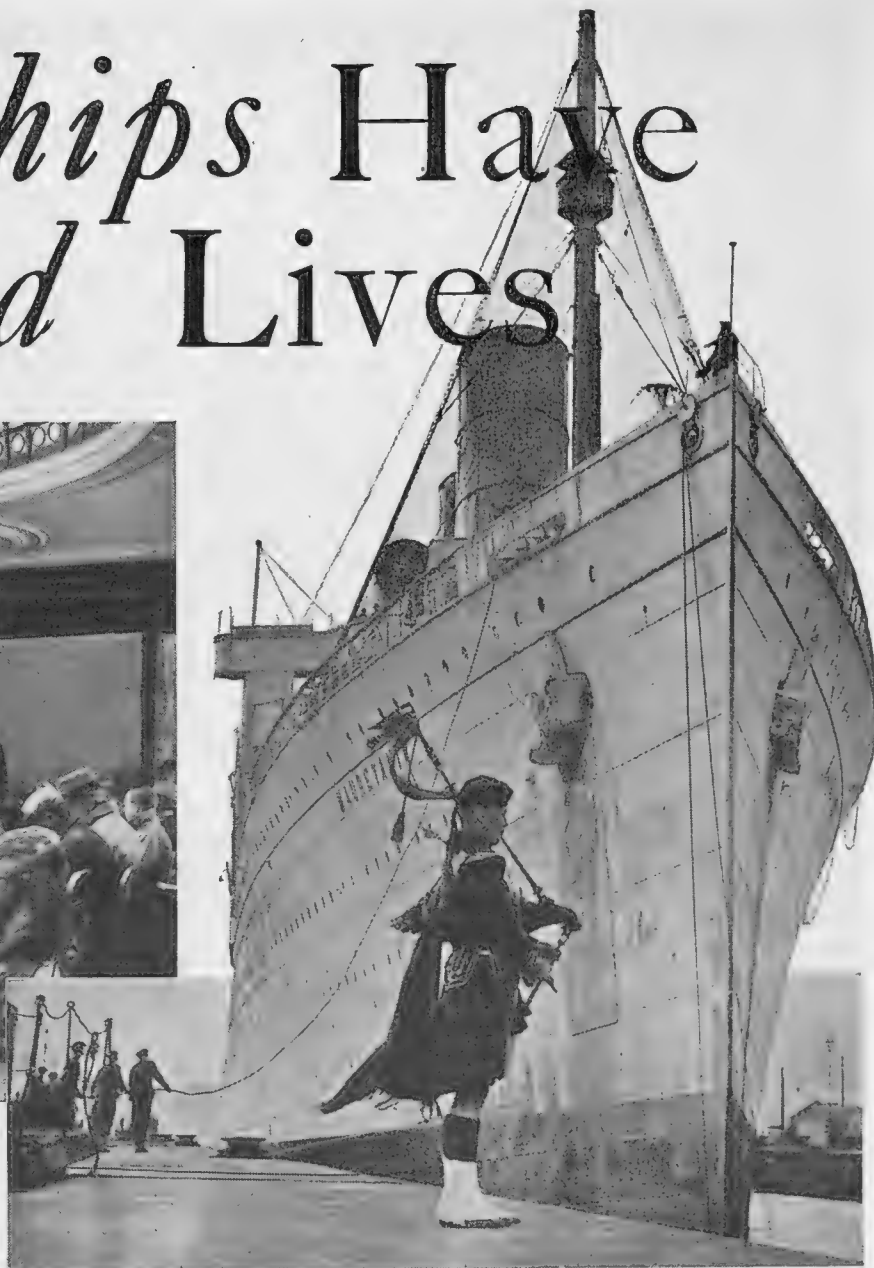


HE clutched a little automatic lying on the desk. Standish, who had been watching him, sprang and caught his arm as he turned, at the same time calling to Lafferty to duck

Dead Ships Have Second Lives



THE auctioneer asks for bids when selling off the furniture and fittings of the famous ship "Mauretania." (Right) The last voyage of the "Mauretania." A piper standing on the quayside plays "Auld Lang Syne" as the proud ship enters the shipbreakers' yard at Rosyth



THE draw and plash of the sea penetrated faintly to that long, bare room. The last prospective buyer settled in his place. Conversation spread sporadically. Long and melancholy a siren's note rose above it. And then the slender bows of a great liner slid slowly into view from the window, breaking the path of the sun.

At least two amongst those men paused a moment to watch the steady beauty of that great ship. She lived, moved and had her being now. But when those mighty engines faltered, those plates of steel tired, before they took her from the seas she would occupy the attention of another group gathered here, and some one amongst them would finally hold her fate in his hands...

The auctioneer climbed to his rostrum. His craggy face belonged to the sea. In a slow, deliberate voice he began a long description of the *Condora*. For ten minutes he dwelt upon this and that virtue of a ship which, despite her thirty years' service, remained sound in every way. A brief pause while he sorted his papers. Then he concluded, "As you know, gentlemen, an offer of twenty thousand pounds has been made for the *Condora*... Are there any advances on that figure?"

A murmur went round the room. Then a slight, wizened little man called quietly, "Twenty-one thousand." Almost immediately a florid gentleman at the back went to twenty-two thousand. Two minutes later the figure had reached twenty-five thousand. A faint gleam came into the auctioneer's grey eyes... An odd business this, selling ships under the hammer... Twenty-five thousand was a good figure. Twenty would have offended the old *Condora*... He liked to see these ships take the breakers' yard with dignity, splendid even in death, and to his mind that dignity was won or lost in this long, bare room...

"Any advance on twenty-five thousand?"

Slowly he repeated that remark.

"Any advance on twenty-five thousand?"

There was none. And so, by a nod of his head, the slight, wizened little man became sole possessor of the *Condora*, once the pride of the Atlantic.

He had bought her on behalf of a great company in the north, with eleven shipyards given over exclusively to ship-breaking. There is a spate of shipbreaking amongst the larger liners at the moment.

Although many of these vessels are sold by private treaty, the drama of the auction room is by no means dead. The quiet dignity of the Merchants' Hall, in the Baltic Exchange, has decided many an ocean greyhound's fate, and several of the larger companies are constantly arranging sales in their private auction rooms at different ports.

The *Leviathan*, the *Mauretania*, the *Olympic*, the *Homeric*, all have disappeared from their familiar routes and passed into the hands of the shipbreakers.

Names that were once household words, ships which proudly ploughed their way across the Atlantic in a blaze of publicity, have faded into obscurity, and finally found their way to the breakers' yard. Even our giant warships suffer the same fate. The *Tiger*, hero of a hundred epic engagements, was recently stripped of her armoured plates, her guns and engines taken out, and her mighty hull subjected to the ruthless flame of the blow-lamp.

There is something very perplexing in the whole process to the man in the street. Why should vessels, apparently in the prime of life, be dragged away to the breakers' yard. Scarcely thirty years ago, one of the leading shipbuilders completed the wonder ship of the world. The *Mauretania* cost three million pounds. Recently, she changed hands for eighty thousand. Now she is merely a dismantled hulk.

And yet the *Mauretania* was, to all intents and purposes,

The Story behind the Shipbreaking Yards and the sad ending to the Great Leviathans

By Vincent Brome



THE French luxury liner "L'Atlantique," which was so severely damaged by fire, is seen in the process of being broken up at Port Glasgow. (Right) Stripping a liner of her furniture and fittings before being broken up. Workmen bringing out pictures, furniture, and bedding from the famous liner "Carmania," before she sailed for the shipbreakers

still in the prime of life, running as well as ever she ran. There are several factors which contribute to the sudden destruction of great liners. Actually they are seldom given a chance gradually to wear out from old age. They grow old suddenly.

For reasons of sheer economy, it is unwise to keep a liner on normal routes when she is more than thirty years old. Usually, by that time, engine designs have been vastly improved, and running costs so reduced that old vessels are very expensive by comparison.

The average life of a great modern ship seldom exceeds thirty years. Amongst the lesser fry, although new developments affect them, they normally have a much longer lease of life. Some merchant vessels are still ploughing accustomed routes at the age of sixty. Others go on to eighty.

During 1935, some nine hundred ships were taken to the breakers' yard. Nine hundred masterpieces of human ingenuity deliberately broken down piece by piece with blowpipe, hammer and saw. The accumulated skill of a thousand yester-



ANOTHER view of "L'Atlantique" which is now being broken up at Port Glasgow

days went into the making of the *Olympic*. Fortunes were lavished on her engines and fittings; every device modern shipbuilding had produced, incorporated. Now she is being broken up. However convincing the explanations shipping experts give, it all sounds a little odd and unnecessary. But dead liners have another life. They die to live again.

Whenever a shipping company decides to sell off a vessel, by various means it is brought to the notice of everyone who is likely to be interested. Each prospective buyer is then given an opportunity to examine the ship.

Usually, they descend in groups and spend hours prowling those deserted decks, measuring, tapping and prodding. In the empty ballroom, once alive with the changing beauty of dancing couples, they stand upon chairs examining lovely chandeliers, mural (Continued on page 112)



The Perfect Eugenic State

*"The savage knows a cavern and the peasants keep a plot,
Of all the things that men have had—lo! we have them not.
Not a scrap of earth where ants could lay their eggs—
Only this poor lump of earth that walks about on legs—
Only this poor wandering mansion, only these two walking trees,
Only hands and hearts and stomachs—what have you to do with these?"*

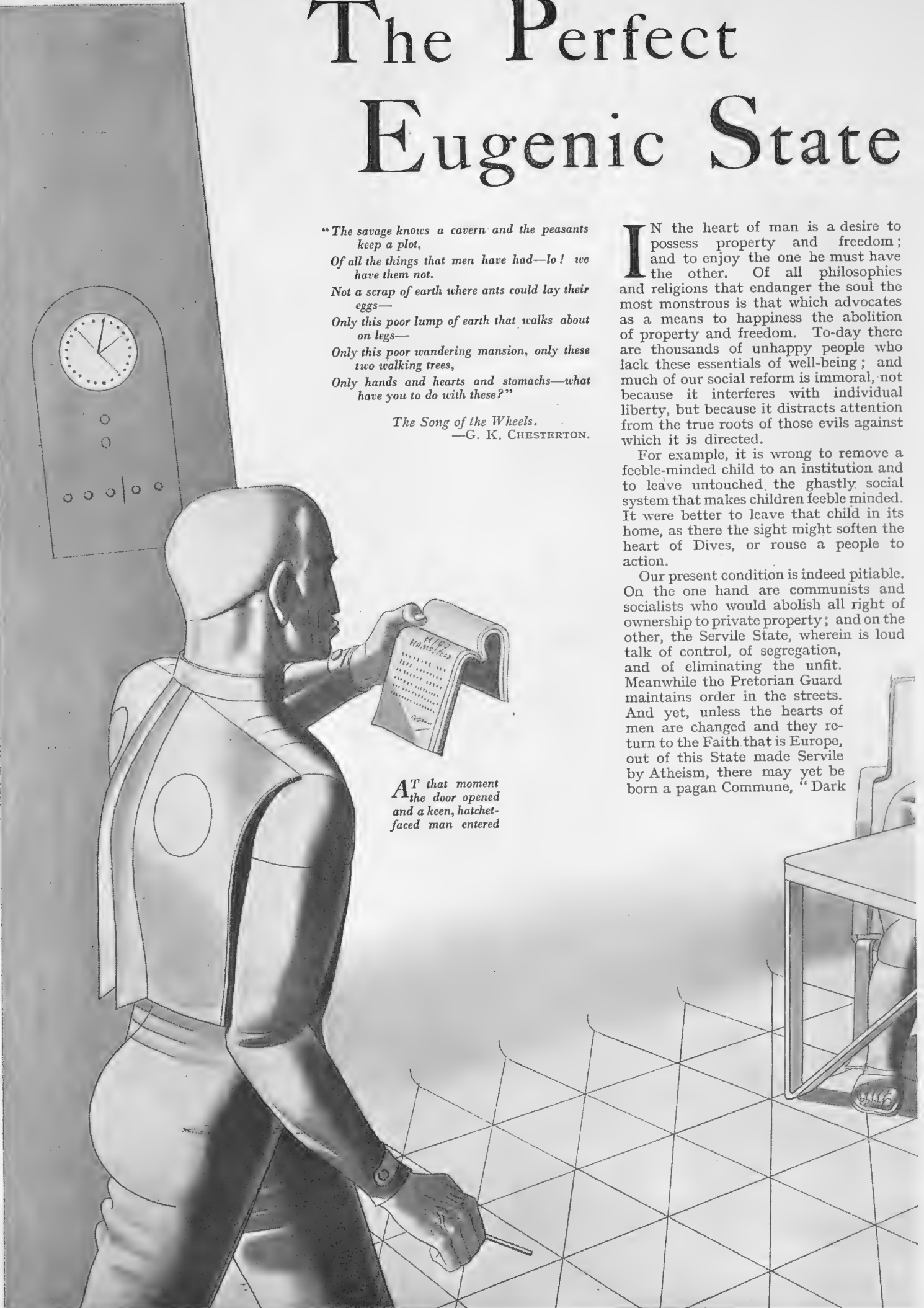
The Song of the Wheels.
—G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN the heart of man is a desire to possess property and freedom; and to enjoy the one he must have the other. Of all philosophies and religions that endanger the soul the most monstrous is that which advocates as a means to happiness the abolition of property and freedom. To-day there are thousands of unhappy people who lack these essentials of well-being; and much of our social reform is immoral, not because it interferes with individual liberty, but because it distracts attention from the true roots of those evils against which it is directed.

For example, it is wrong to remove a feeble-minded child to an institution and to leave untouched the ghastly social system that makes children feeble minded. It were better to leave that child in its home, as there the sight might soften the heart of Dives, or rouse a people to action.

Our present condition is indeed pitiable. On the one hand are communists and socialists who would abolish all right of ownership to private property; and on the other, the Servile State, wherein is loud talk of control, of segregation, and of eliminating the unfit. Meanwhile the Pretorian Guard maintains order in the streets. And yet, unless the hearts of men are changed and they return to the Faith that is Europe, out of this State made Servile by Atheism, there may yet be born a pagan Commune, "Dark

AT that moment the door opened and a keen, hatchet-faced man entered



A Vision of a Future from which even the "Things-to-Come" Mind of H. G. Wells might recoil in Horror and Alarm!

By Halliday Sutherland

Illustrations by
Eric Fraser

with the dismal anarchy of dreams, where everything is false, and therefore free." It is of this Thing that I write.

MR. SMITH, better known in State records as H.99/Hampstead—this being also the address of the house in which he lived—entered the breakfast-room at 4 a.m., punctual to a second. With its white-painted walls, rounded cornices, tiled floor, and windows wide open to the fresh but cold morning breeze, the room was in perfect taste hygienically. It was furnished with a table and four chairs, fashioned out of angle-iron enamelled white, and the only attempt at mural decorative art was a genuine photogravure of Mr. Sidney Webb.

On the wall beside the door was a time-recorder, and as Smith pressed the button bearing his number a bell rang and a red light, then a white light, appeared for a second. By these signs Smith knew that the time of his arrival was duly recorded at the Bureau of Industry. His comrade, on festive occasions called Mrs. Smith, and their two children—Henry, aged 21, and Jane, aged 17—were already standing round the table. Without more ado Smith took his place at the end of the table and in a loud, clear voice read the Act of Parliament for the day.

As it happened to be Chromosome, the 73rd day of the month Electron in the year of the Communist State 142, the appropriate Act had reference to the necessity for, and value of, deep breathing exercises, in which the whole family afterwards engaged. Refreshed by these gymnastics, they sat down to eat. No meat was on the glass-topped table, but there was a liberal supply of congealed carbohydrate and a large flagon of sterile distilled water. The dress of the household was uniform in type, no distinction being made between the sexes, but the married were to be distinguished from the unmarried by means of a yellow patch stamped with the Government Arms, two broad arrows rampant; and this was worn by Mr. and Mrs. Smith on the left shoulder of their tunics. Glancing round the healthy table, Smith inquired with a smile, "All well?" and to this salutation each in turn replied, "All correct."

"I know someone who isn't well," said Henry.

"Indeed?" asked his father.

"Yes, 58 Pancras—old Jones, you know—was taken off yesterday; his family haven't had a report yet."





For a moment there was silence. "Come, come," said Smith, hurriedly, "we must keep cheerful"; and he hastened to open a Government envelope. Having read the contents, he turned to his son in righteous indignation—"Henry, I am pained to learn from this letter, sent by the Ministry of Eugenics, that you have been holding conversations with a girl in the next street without sanction of the Ministry; and, worse than that, there's a statement from the Secret Search Commission that a copy of Shakespeare's Sonnets was found hidden under your bed: You know very well, sir, that all poetry is on the State Index Expurgatorius, and that possession of any love poetry is a felony."

"Poetry!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith, shuddering.

"The whole thing is a very grave and serious reflection on me," added his father.

"Well, that's got nothing to do with me as a Unit," replied Henry.

"It has, indeed, sir, as you'll soon find out. My defence is clear. Only last Rest Day I read aloud the Laws and Appendices of the Ministry of Eugenics, whereby such actions are proscribed."

"I'm very sorry, Smith," said his son, "but I wanted to know how they managed in ancient days when a Unit chose his own comrade—sweethearts I think they called them."

"Great State!" moaned Mrs. Smith.

"Well, well, Mrs. Smith," said Smith wearily, "boys will be boys."

"Cease," shouted Mrs. Smith, "don't 'Mrs. Smith' me. I'm H/99a Hampstead, and boys are not boys, nor are girls. They're undeveloped Units with insane delusions—the vestigial taint of Christian times. My poor dear mother at least taught me the Acts of Parliament," and she sobbed bitterly.

"But," protested Smith, "both our children were at the State Asylum and released cured. Surely this conversation is treason."

"Both these children were let out of the Asylum too soon, and if they follow H/99 they'll end in the Lethal Institute before their time."

"The State forbid," murmured Smith.

At that moment the door opened and a keen hatchet-faced man entered—"Act 43, Section XI. Right of Entry at all hours to Inspector of Cheerfulness. All cheerful, I hope?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith, rising with the others; "all cheerful; very cheerful, indeed, sir."

As he produced his red notebook the Inspector rapidly scrutinised each member of the family in turn. "No, not all cheerful. You, for one, are not cheerful, H/99 Hampstead; but that's now beyond my Department. And what's the name of this Unit? He's got a curious expression on his face."

"That's Henry, sir."

"How long has he been looking like that?"

"Looking like what, sir?"

"Looking like that."

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know!" said the Inspector, and he crossed the room to the telephone. "Hullo! I want Mental Emergencies . . . Is that you, Mental . . . This is Inspector Weevil. I'm speaking from H/99 Hampstead. There's a case of Suppressed Complex here. . . No, it's not been notified . . . Very-good, send out a Psycho-Analyst at once. Right you are."

"Now then," said the Inspector, more cheerfully, turning to the family, "what's the name and number of this girl?"

"Jane, sir," answered Smith, "born 17 years ago, vaccinated five times, inoculated thrice, hypnotised once, State Asylum . . . all the papers are in order. H/99a/1/2 is her number."

"She will be in this house at 23 o'clock, when the Special Woman Inspector for young Female Units will call."

"Very good, sir," said Smith.

"I won't," exclaimed Jane, looking at her brother.

"Oh," sobbed Mrs. Smith, "this is awful! . . . 'won't'!"

NEVER before had he seen men and women dressed and undressed in such a variety of fashions. What these fashions were Smith for the most part did not know . . .

"Keep silent," said the Inspector. "That child is a Christian."

"No, no, she's not, sir," groaned Smith.

"She is. And instead of contradicting, let's see your

dictaphone records. That'll show how you've been getting along in this happy home."

Smith dragged out a large cabinet from beneath the table, and this the Inspector unlocked with his key. "What's this here?" he exclaimed. "There's been a quarrel in this house. That's what it is. The record shows high voices, and curious expressions, eh? How about it?"

"We all deplore it, sir; we all deplore it," said Smith earnestly.

"I dare say you do," replied the Inspector, "and I'll tell you what it is, H.99. It's a good thing for you that you didn't live at a time when what they called money was used; because, what with fines for one thing and another, you'd have had nothing left. That's to say, if we inspectors were to do our duty. . . Well, now, I must be getting along."

Amongst his far-off ancestors were some who had followed the calling of a policeman, and as he left the house a small packet of carbohydrate was pressed into his hand by Smith. But, so pre-occupied was the Inspector, he made no outward acknowledgment of the gift.

THE hours passed and various officials called. An Investigator of Chimney-piece Ornaments and the Agent for the Society of Hygienic Wallpapers (with Powers under the Act) were early arrivals. The Special Woman Inspector insisted on cropping Jane's hair, and Henry had a long and painful interview with the Psycho-Analyst. One Searcher found a blanket that was not all wool, whilst another detected a couple of weeds in the little six-feet garden; but as these were minor offences it was not altogether a bad morning for H/99. Moreover, it was nearing noon, when Smith would be free to go to his four hours' work a day, and during these hours he bred ferrets for the vivisection experiments of Professors at the State Pandemonium.

As Smith was about to leave the house a closed motor-car stopped at the gate and a large fat man stepped out. This personage came up the steps and, taking Smith's arm, led him in a friendly

fashion into the breakfast-room. The fat man then closed the door and smiled.

"All correct," said Smith, feeling somewhat uneasy; "perhaps you are the Inspector of—of Inspectors?"

"No, no, not so bad as that. I'm a Commissioner. We don't leave everything to the inspectors, you know. Now Smith, my friend, you're not happy."

"Oh, yes, indeed I am, sir, very happy."

"Well, well; we can have a chat about that on the way. I'm going to take you for a little drive."

The Commissioner opened the door and led Smith towards the closed car. As they went down the steps Smith's heart was thumping against his ribs. This physical emotion was utterly unreasonable, because the big man had been quite civil, and was neither pulling nor pushing him. Indeed, it seemed to Smith as if the Commissioner was merely pawing him gently; and yet in his cerebral cortex, owing doubtless to some vestigial taint from primordial times, the molecules were in a state of senseless panic.

Once seated in the well-cushioned car gliding out of Hampstead, Smith swallowed a lump that was rising in his throat, and turned to the Commissioner sitting beside him. "I just wish to say, sir, that I'm very sorry indeed if I've been unhappy."

"No need to apologise, my dear fellow; in any case it wasn't your fault."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Not at all. As you know, or ought to know, a Unit is never responsible for anything, and there's no need for you to blame yourself over this or over

anything else. If there's any question of laxity the State alone is responsible. Possibly in the past our inspection has been less efficient than it might have been. At any rate, things are now being improved, as the State itself is threatened."

"I'm sorry to hear that, sir," remarked Smith more cheerfully. "I mean I'm glad we'll be better inspected, but I'm sorry the State's in danger."

"That's just it," said the Commissioner; "the State is in great danger. This is not known to the Units, and the information I give you is secret."

"Thank you, sir, you may rely on my . . ."

"Of course I can. . . If there had been the slightest risk of your passing the news on, I wouldn't have told you. The danger is from Ireland. That island remained Christian, and is still inhabited by madmen obsessed with a delusion, in itself a fable borrowed from pagan mythology. For a hundred years we've forbidden any communication with these people, but from secret sources we know what they're doing. At present there's a Unit in the island who calls himself King George XX. He and his people have now decided that it's their duty to destroy this great State of which you and I are humble Units."

"But surely it's none of their business, sir," asked Smith, a trifle eagerly.

"Of course (Continued on page 98)

THE steel wall was slowly lowered behind them, and the trolley was moving along the tunnel at the rate of three miles an hour

ERIC FRASER



HUSH!

Light and Shadow in the Secret Service

WHEN, during a long convalescence from wounds received at the Somme, I wrote *The Man With the Clubfoot*, the modest yarn created something like consternation in the ranks of the British secret service, as friends in the service told me later. The story was found to be dangerously plausible, the setting embarrassingly authentic—only an Intelligence officer, it was believed, could have written it. In fact, the tale was pure fiction; but, without ever having been in the secret service myself, I had studied the subject, very often at close quarters, during a dozen years I had spent before the war as a foreign correspondent abroad.

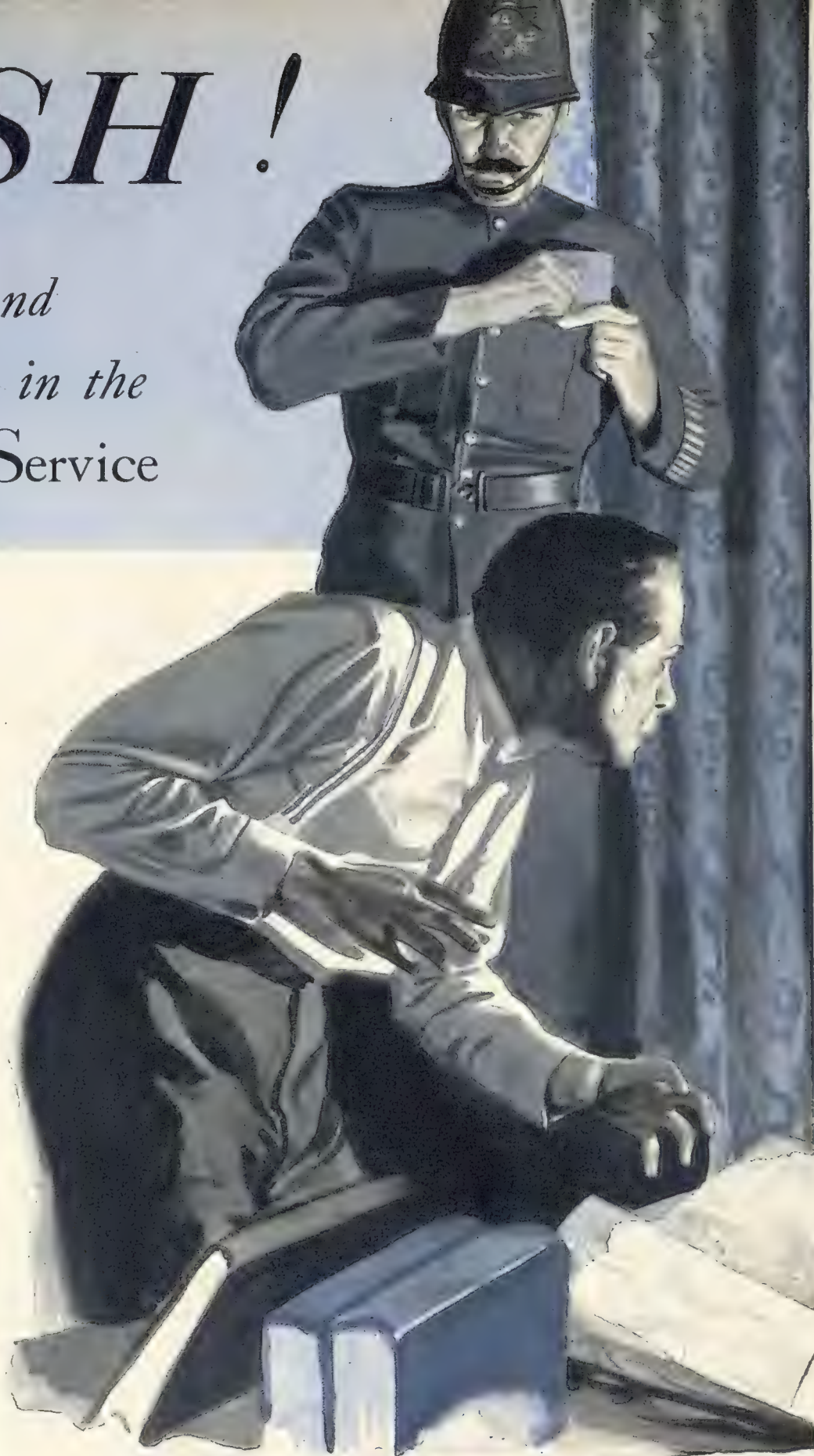
I had met and talked with spies: I knew the *agent provocateur*, the double cross; I was personally acquainted with secret-service heads in more than one country. I had discovered that the most stirring secret-service stories are those which cannot be told, but also that there is no plot the sensational novelist can invent which, for breathless excitement, romance and heroism of the purest order, the truth cannot eclipse.

This notwithstanding the fact that secret service is a routine affair. It is the indispensable complement of the work of the General Staff, with this difference that while, with the coming of peace, the combatants lay down their arms, the war between the Intelligence services never ceases. While armies and navies and air fleets exist, there must always be inquisitive eyes to note down and report their preparation and equipment for war.

Each new engine of war, every new system of attack and defence, ultimately produces its antidote, because these things are tried out in the open. The secret service, as its name implies, works in the dark. Silence, very often, literally of the tomb, envelops the thousand and one devices elaborated for the gathering and transmission of information, the treach-

eries contrived, the tricks invented, to baffle and mislead the enemy. For the war never stops—what has once proved its worth may be used again. The agent is nameless, a number, and as he lives so, not infrequently, he dies. The rushing waters of deep rivers, the waves of the ocean, a skeleton bleaching forgotten in the woods, or on the mountains or desert sands, write *Finis* to lives of incredible heroism as of no less incredible ignominy. And so the war goes on.

THE late Lord Ypres, better known as Sir John French, former Chief of the General Staff and afterwards Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, once showed me a leather album which never left his desk at his London house. Its cover was inscribed "The Travelling Party," and inside were the photographs of the small band of British Intelligence officers who, in the years immediately before the world war, under the personal guidance of Sir Henry Wilson, toured



POLICE officers called and twenty-one major agents disappeared without trace, behind barbed wire, while the carefully laid plans of years collapsed

with any particular risk. But this is not always the case.

The French Captain Lux, sentenced for espionage in Germany before the war, was a regular officer. His sensational escape from the fortress of Glatz was aided by the extraordinary ingenuity of the French Intelligence service, which contrived to smuggle in his cell a file, a rope-ladder, and German money by devices extensively adopted to help French and British officers to escape from the German prison camps during the war. Brandon and Trench, British agents convicted of espionage against Germany in the waterways about the Kiel Canal a year or two before the war and given long terms of imprisonment, were likewise regular

ably recompensed—Judas, by the standards of some of these people, was highly paid—their services are costly, because, utterly untrustworthy as most of them are, they have to be kept under constant surveillance by the counter-espionage services, their reports constantly verified and re-verified. Most of the spies executed in the war came from this category.

As the bulk of secret-service work, even in war time, is routine, not much more is asked of the hiring agent than that he should be bold, resourceful and discreet. Having regard to some of the duties required of him, it would be hypocritical to look for clean hands in addition. During the war a friend of mine in one of the allied countries heard that it was proposed to despatch, as agent at an unusually risky post in enemy territory, a certain neutral whom he knew to be a thoroughly unsavoury personage. The official to whom he made his protest remarked:

"You say he's a scoundrel?"

"Definitely."

"Resourceful?"

"Well, he's lived from hand to mouth for years, and he's never been very particular as to his methods."

"Reckless, eh?"

"He was restrained by nothing when I knew him, not even fear."

"And a good linguist?"

"He speaks half a dozen languages as well as his own. But he's a black-guard: an ex-police informer, if what they say of him be true, and a man who preys on women."

As my friend tells the story, the official smiled grimly.

"In this business," he pronounced, "it's impossible to insist on certificates of morals. By your admission the gentleman in question possesses certain qualifications we require. We shall employ him, but, thanks to your hint, we shall probably keep a sharp look-out in our (Continued on page 108)

By Valentine Williams

officers, Brandon a naval officer, Trench a captain of marines.

Thus it will be seen that, in taking its conception of the spy and his work from novels and plays, the public is not altogether at fault. The heroic, the thrilling, the romantic, in peace as in war, does exist besides the humdrum, the sordid and the base.

Attached to the regular Intelligence service are the salaried civilian agents, sometimes ex-officers, very often neutrals, established at fixed posts to recruit subordinate agents and collect and despatch their reports. In addition, there are other civilians whose conditions of employment give them unusual facilities for picking up reliable information unobtrusively—a wide selection, ranging from business men in touch with foreign governments, like international bankers, representatives of armament firms or shipping companies abroad, to hotel porters, maitres d'hôtel and even directors of touring circuses and theatre troupes. When I was in Vienna before the war I knew of a certain hotel porter at Cracow who was the local "post office" for the innumerable Russian spies in that region of Austrian Poland: and at one of the chief French ports, in 1915, at a bar much frequented by British officers on leave, the blonde and blue-eyed English barmaid was an agent of the British counter-espionage, and it was her duty to report officers who talked too freely in public of military operations.

Lastly, there are the professional agents—what Sir Basil Thompson calls the "hiring spies." Here the dregs of the espionage service drift together—it is a fine macedoine of cashiered officers, unfrocked clerics, forgers, dope addicts, souteneurs, prostitutes. Although miser-

Flanders, in civilian clothes, of course, on bicycles. Their object was to familiarise themselves with the probable field of operations of the British Expeditionary Force in the event of war with Germany and the execution of the Schlieffen plan involving the invasion of Belgium.

Such errands as these are entrusted to the regular Intelligence officers. In peace time many of their missions, such as those I have mentioned above, are not fraught



*Is Youth
so hard, so
knowing, so
very unsen-
timental?*

Illustrated
by Jack
M. Faulks

*THE door burst open and
Phillida came in, a white
figure in a cloud of gauze.
She held the door almost
shut and called through it:
"No, indeed I won't!"*



Wedding Guest

By

Kathleen Wallace



THE Kershaw wedding-reception was in full swing downstairs, and upstairs in Phillida Kershaw's bedroom Nana, an elderly and four-square figure in dark alpaca was laying out various garments on the bed with exaggerated care and folding others into a suitcase. Tanis Kershaw came flying into the room in evident bridesmaid's attire.

"She's just coming up, Nan."

"Yes, dear, very well. I've got her things all ready laid out. She made a sweet bride, didn't she, Miss Tanis?"

"Rather!" Tanis agreed heartily. "Everything's gone off awfully well, really. Better than I expected. Weddings are foul things, aren't they?"

"Miss Tanis! What a thing to say!" Nana's square and frog-like face was blankly shocked. "Why, a wedding's the nicest sight you could see—unless it's a christening . . ."

"Or a funeral, Nan? Here she is."

There was a noise of voices and laughter outside the door. A child's high voice called shrilly:

"Oh, do let me come in with you, Phil? Do! Let me see you change your dress—do!"

The door burst open and Phillida came in, a white figure in a cloud of gauze. She held the door almost shut and called through it: "No, indeed I won't! Get away, Babs! Get away, all of you. No! Nana's here, and Tanis—that's quite enough. Go away——"

A man's voice called gaily:

"Can't I come in? Can't I help, Phil?"

Phillida slammed the door and turned the key, swung round and stood with her back against it and her hands spread out on either side. Tanis stood by the bed looking amused. Nana looked scandalised and indignant.

"They oughtn't to go on like that"

Phillida threw her sheaf of lilies across the room so that it landed on the bed.

"Why do the men one marries have such pestiferous small cousins? That kid has nearly driven me mad to-day—I could cut her wretched little throat."

"There now, dear, there!" Nana interposed. "You're all worked up and tired out, and no wonder. Miss Tanis! If you was to slip down and tell Alice to bring her—to bring Mrs. Derek a nice hot cup of tea straight away? Or p'raps you'd better bring it yourself, dear; they're all run off their feet downstairs. That's what she wants."

"What I want is a cigarette," Phillida said. "Where's my case? I left it on the dressing-table."

"I put it in your dressing-case, dear," Nana said apologetically. "Right at the bottom, that is——"

"Damnation! I'll die if I don't have one. There should be a box about somewhere—I got a hundred yesterday."

"Here you are," Tanis said calmly. She put a cigarette between her sister's lips and lit it. Phillida

slumped on to the stool before the dressing-table and Nana came behind her and carefully detached the wreath and veil.

"That's better!" Phillida sighed with relief. "Now get me out of this beastly rig, Nan."

"That's an awful way to talk about your wedding-dress, dear," Nana rebuked, busily unfastening complicated press-studs. "Lift your arm a bit—that's better." Her voice quavered a little with disappointment and disapproval as she repeated:

"Now, what about a nice cup of tea?—Miss Tanis?"

"Not tea, Tan!" Phillida exploded as Tanis went to the door. "I'm starving! I've stood for hours and smirked till my face feels as if it was cracking—and all those *swine* stuffing away at the buffet. . . . Get hold of Ted and tell him if he can't undress me, he *can* feed me. Get him to sneak up with some sandwiches, and a glass of champagne—d'you *know*, I haven't had a drop yet? And, after all, as Nana says, I am the Bride."

"All right, you poor thing!" Tanis went off laughing. "I'll tell Ted to stay you with flagons."

Phillida sat at the dressing-table smoking, while Nana continued to put away the wedding-dress and veil in the couch-box, with much smoothing and crackling of tissue paper, her face a study in resentment and rebuke. The door was opened without a knock, and Mrs. Kershaw came in—completely the Mother-of-the-Bride in mauve and ermine, carrying a vast shower-bouquet of sweet-peas and crushed tulle.

"Here you are, darling!"

"Yes," her daughter assented. "Here I am, darling. Where did you expect me to be, mummie?"

Mrs. Kershaw and Nana exchanged an indulgent look. Brides must be humoured, said their faces. Nerves are the prerogative of a wedding-day.

"They're all waiting for you, dear," her mother said mildly.

"Are they? They can if they like. It's not as if we had a train to catch."

"No, that's what I keep reminding myself," Nana put in, with an attempt at a chuckle. "They don't have to miss trains these days. Mr. Derek's nice little car all ready and waiting outside—"

She moved heavily towards the door.

"Where are you going, Nan?" Phillida demanded querulously. I want you to—"

"Well, dearie," Nana said uncomfortably, "well, now, Miss Phil—"

Tanis swept in, colliding with the stout figure at the door.

"Sorry, Nan. What an elephant you are, dear, aren't you? Coming right up, Phil."

"Nan's trying to make herself scarce," Phillida drawled, lighting another cigarette from the stub in her mouth. "She feels that I ought to be left alone with mummie for a few last words. Is there anything I'd like to ask you, darling? No, but there are quite a few things I could tell you."

"Phil, dear, don't!"

"Not on your wedding-day, Miss Phil—"

Mrs. Kershaw and Nana chimed simultaneously.

There was a knock at the door, which instantly burst open to reveal the Best Man beaming above a gardenia and a loaded tray.

"Victim's last meal before the law takes its course. Sorry, Mrs. Kershaw! Didn't see you!"

"Evidently," Phillida's mother returned severely.

"Get out of the room at once, Ted. You oughtn't to be here at all. Go along down—I'm just coming."

"Oh, I say," Ted Masters said ingratiatingly to Phillida, "can't I stay and help? I've got Derek into his going-away rig with the most stunning results."

Mrs. Kershaw swept the young man before her out of the room, turning to say:

"Be as quick as you can, Phil?"

Phillida sprang up with her hands to her beautifully waved young head.

"Go away, everybody! Sorry, mum, but I shall scream if you all stay here badgering me. Which is just what Nana wants me to do, too."

"Me?" Nana quavered, blinking, "Me want you to cry, dearie? Well, now you speak of it, I

THE two who were standing arm in arm, raised their glasses. The stranger drank also, lifted his hand, and went out





believe that's just what'd do you good, Miss Phil——"

"Oh, my God!" Phillida wailed. She darted to her mother and kissed her, crushing the flowers and the mashed tulle still more.

"Darling, I'm sorry and all that, but I mean it. I could scream this very minute."

"Phil—dear child!" Mrs. Kershaw murmured helplessly. She went out slowly, followed by Nana, who looked round reproachfully and wistfully at Phillida.

"Shall I?" Tanis asked.

"No. You stay," her sister answered curtly.

The door closed and there was a short silence. Phillida threw off her wrap and was helped into the tweed costume lying on the bed. She made up her face intently and rapidly, while Tanis stood behind her and clasped a savage-looking necklace of beads about her neck.

"This is frightfully smart, Phil—but isn't it hideous? These things would make the necklace of a south sea islander look chaste by comparison."

She peered, bent forward, and pulled gently at a thin chain round Phillida's neck.

"Here—what's this? You've forgotten to take it off. What is it, anyway? I thought you wore your pearls?"

"Don't touch it," Phillida said quickly. "Leave it alone, Tan."

"All right," Tanis said equably. "You're ready, my girl."

Phillida surveyed herself in the glass, touched her plucked eyebrows.

"You go down now, old thing, and say I'm coming."

"All right," Tanis said, and went out.

Phillida sat down on the bed and lit yet another cigarette. She began to hum to herself in a hoarse little voice, staring before her. Her voice rose, and she got up and moved across to the glass again, humming quite audibly. Discovering that she was humming "O Perfect Love," the wedding-hymn of an hour or two earlier, she stopped abruptly with her lips parted, and began shrilly to whistle "Anything Goes."

Coming out of her bedroom, she stood for a moment looking down at the crowd of guests and came slowly down the stairs. Derek Cameron, a dark figure in tweeds, with hair surprisingly touched with grey at the temples, made his way to the foot of the stairs, shaking off the friends who jovially surrounded him. He was distinctly older than the young men in the crowd. His eyes and Phillida's were upon each other's faces as she came down, but what he said was:

"I say, you have been ages! Do you know it's long past lighting-up time? Are your clubs with mine? Sure?"

"Yes, yes, that's all right," Ted Masters cut in briskly. "I saw to them. I say, Phil, do try and get him to use his wooden clubs more! His game'll never be worth a damn till he does."

(Continued on page 136)



SOMETHING OLD

This Oxfordshire cottage above was originally two; each had a living-room and scullery downstairs and one large room upstairs. Now the dividing walls between the sitting-rooms and sculleries downstairs have been removed, making a large lounge and dining-room. A lean-to shed at one side has been made into a kitchen and bathroom. On the right is the room with the open fireplace which was disclosed when the range was removed. At the foot of the page is a row of old cottages which have been knocked into one, making a spacious country house for someone



WHEN I asked a certain country estate agent if he had any cottages to let in those parts, he looked at me with pity for my ignorance.

"If I had," he said, "they'd be snapped up before I had them."

And he wasn't Irish, either.

So, if you think you are the only person who nourishes a secret longing to regain serenity between whitewashed walls and, in the shadow of oak rafters, to commune with beauty—think again.

A country cottage is not easy to find. The increasing demand for week-end retreats, coupled with the inevitable scarcity of suitable houses, has sent prices soaring, and it is not unusual, nowadays, to be asked ninety to a hundred pounds per year rental for a modest cottage with sanitation installed.

But this is no reason to abandon your dream. If you are prepared to take trouble in the interests of your ambition, and to lay out a little money, you can have

SOMETHING NEW



By Winifred Lewis

the cottage of your dreams and, perhaps, at some later date, a nice little profit on the credit side.

All this can be done by taking an old cottage—sometimes even a derelict one—and reconditioning it.

Plenty of people who have no practical experience of property speculation or of building ventures have adopted this means of owning a country home at the right price.

Here and there, sound, if shabby, old cottages are to be found which can be bought, freehold, for a couple of hundred pounds. A further hundred pounds spent on renewing plaster, replacing floorboards, scrapping fireplaces, fitting a kitchen and bathroom, re-thatching, and generally sprucing up inside and out will make these places into comfortable homes, whilst increasing their marketable value by two or three times the purchase price.

I actually know of one case in which a courageous young couple, determined to have a country (Continued on page 96)



On the left is the kitchen of the reconditioned cottage at the top of the facing page. Hard to believe that this was once a lean-to shed, with its new atmosphere of cheerful efficiency. Above shows a stage in the re-thatching of the same cottage, and at the foot of the page a cheerful little living-room of a tiny converted cottage which the owners bought and reconstructed for £120





In the picture above you see a furnishing scheme that has been carried out with a view to economy whilst also fulfilling the requirements of modern taste in decoration. The simplicity of the setting and the restraint in the use of decorative detail have left room for more expenditure on the important items of furnishing. On the right is shown an easy chair that publishes its own virtues of comfort and appearance. Never economise on these. In the right-hand top corner facing this page a modern settee is shown. This was designed and made by Julie Jacob and costs £23 10s.; not too much to spend on this important item of the furnishing scheme. Below this, on the left, are a pair of beds—if wisdom is exercised, the most important and the most expensive item in furnishing a bedroom. Below, at the foot of the facing page, is a charming grouping of decorative accessories by Doris Howard Robertson.



WHERE THE MONEY

It is a fairly easy matter to decide how much money one can afford on furnishing a home, but to use the money to the very best advantage; to lay it out with scientific precision, is not so easy for the inexperienced.

To spend lavishly on that part of the furnishing equipment which will make the most show is a natural tendency, but not always a wise thing to do.

If money is not too plentiful and the home is intended to last, economy is sometimes best served by putting financial emphasis in places where it will hardly seem to show.

For instance, it is folly to attempt to economise on beds. These are expensive things, if they are to afford any real comfort. Face the fact that beds are going to knock a pretty useful hole in your capital without adding a lot to outward appearances.

The worth of a good bed in terms of comfort and health cannot be exaggerated; moreover, the better quality repays for its initial costliness by retaining its good qualities indefinitely.

The same applies to easy-chairs. You can't economise on these. If you attempt to—you'll pay for it some other way, either in discomfort, poor appearance or early replacements.

That's where the inexperienced so often trip up. It is *not* cheaper to choose the second best when the purchase of utility furniture is under consideration.

Easy-chairs will receive some hard treatment in the most carefully conducted home. Heavy weights, perpetual removal from one part of the room to the other, bouncing children—all put a strain upon frames, springs and coverings. If these are of inferior quality they won't weather the storm and the room will either be ruined by shabby, out-at-the-elbows chairs, or you will

have to replace them at a much greater cost than you would have incurred at first by choosing the better quality.

It is equally unwise to economise too drastically on carpets.

In the first place, a carpet of fine quality, good design and rich colouring lends a "tone" to the furnishing scheme that nothing else can do so well. These qualities will endure in a good carpet for many years, and signs of wear will be almost indistinguishable long after inferior qualities are gone to dust.

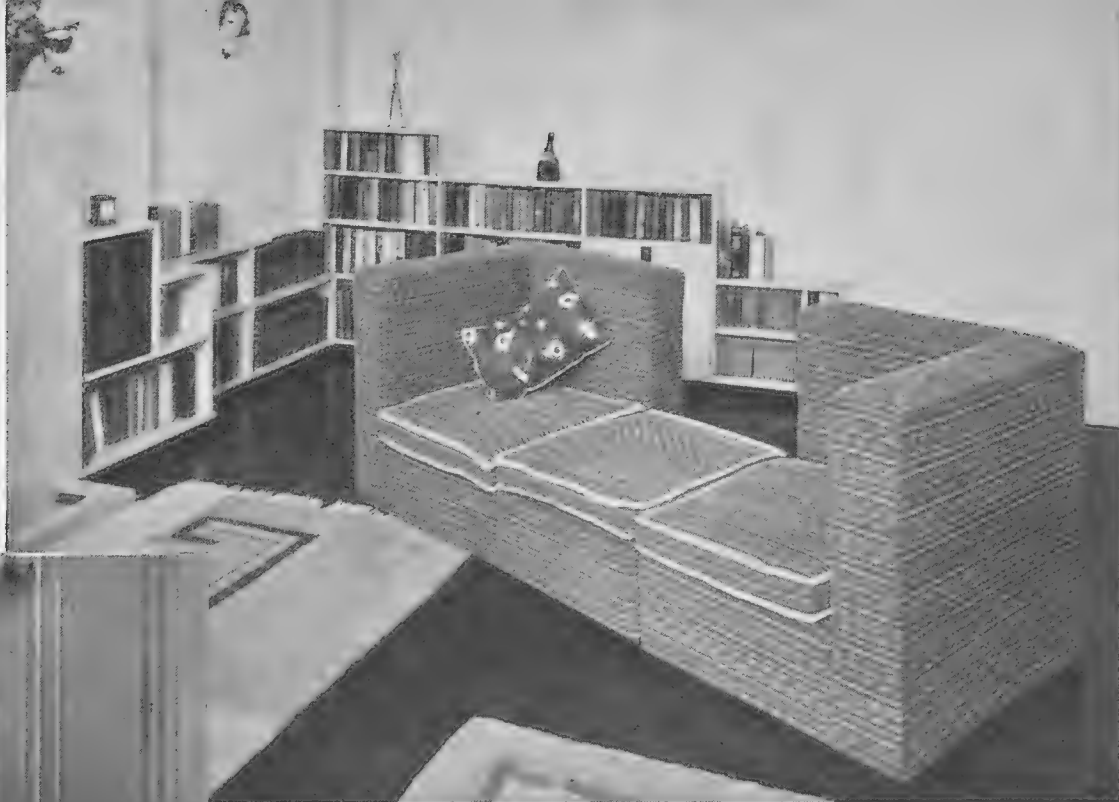
Where the economy axe *must* be used it should be only in connection with such fittings as do not receive hard wear or involve the sacrifice of personal comfort.

Purely decorative pieces can more safely be less robust than those which are required to face up to constant use. At the same time, inferior materials often mean inferior design, and this is something to be guarded against.

Simple modern furniture has this great virtue that it *can* be inexpensive and yet of reasonably good quality. The lack of ornamentation and intricate workmanship makes it possible for the makers to produce pieces that are quite pleasing to the eye and equally easy on the pocket. At the same time, great caution should be used in the choice of this furniture.

Showy "finishes" are best avoided. They too often camouflage bad materials. There are exceptions, of course, but in the case of inexpensive furniture it is always wise to avoid "pickled," "limed" and similar finishes.

Generally speaking, expenses can best be cut in connection with decorative accessories. Curtains, covers and similar items of the scheme can easily be effective without being expensive, when good taste and restraint are exercised in the choice of them.



How the Money Goes

Whatever the total sum you may have to spend on furnishing—we'll say a smallish flat—not including linen and silver and kitchen utensils, here is a table in which the money is apportioned as it should be, with emphasis in the right places and economies where they will do no harm.

Sitting-room.—Spend 40 per cent. of the total outlay.

Of the 40 per cent. spend a little more than a half on furniture; a quarter on the carpet; and the rest on curtains and accessories.

Best Bedroom.—Spend 37 per cent. of the total.

On furniture 55 per cent. of the above.

On the bed 20 per cent. of the above.

On the carpet 15 per cent.

On the accessories 10 per cent.

Second Bedroom.—Spend 18 per cent. of the total.

On furniture spend 50 per cent. of the above.

On bed spend 30 per cent.

On rugs and accessories 20 per cent.

Kitchen.—Furniture about 5 per cent. of the total outlay, depending somewhat on how the room is equipped already.

GOES



The draping of curtains and the colouring are so much more important to the finished effect than the cost of the materials used. This is where real ingenuity in furnishing appears, and true economy.

By bearing in mind some of the more important rules of furnishing, the appearance of the home can be made attractive.

Remember that, in decoration, the ceiling should be the lightest plane. Ceilings coloured a little lighter than the walls are infinitely more effective than those that are glaring white. The floor should, in most cases, be the darkest plane, especially where light-toned, delicate furnishings are used.

Draw a floor plan of each room, sketching in windows, doors and other architectural features, then diagram the furniture. By visualising the finished effect in this way you will avoid confusion and error in the final lay-out of the room.

Never put heavy or tall pieces in front of windows, and see that chairs and settees are arranged so that the occupants are able to converse in comfort. Small, complementary pieces of furniture—such as coffee tables and stools—should be situated within easy reach of the bigger pieces.

Where practical service is concerned money should not, if possible, be stinted; but where decorative effect alone is involved, good taste is more important than a mine of wealth.

Old Tales Re-told

*Written and
illustrated by*

F. Matania, R.I.

The Queen of Sheba, Mother of the First King of Ethiopia



THE valleys became lakes, and on the mountain-tops gathered beasts of every species, seeking refuge from the waters

WHEN that great traveller James Bruce returned to England in 1773, after the long and adventurous journey to Abyssinia which earned him the distinction of being the first explorer to reach the source of the Nile, he brought with him many trophies and treasures, but none more precious than the book which is called the *Chronicles of Axum*.

This is a book which authorities hold to be only one degree less important than the Scriptures themselves, and it is the only record of ancient times in which the beginnings of Ethiopian history are mentioned. It dates the creation of the world at 5500 B.C., and Ethiopia is described as a vast uninhabited land where wild beasts roamed at will. So it remained, according to the *Chronicles*, for a space of 3,692 years, until, in 1808 B.C. human beings set foot over its borders for the first time.

During the next two hundred years after this a slow and uneventful process of colonisation was taking place, when suddenly a great flood invaded and devastated the whole country. The valleys became lakes, and on the mountain-tops gathered beasts of every species, seeking refuge from the waters and driven by hunger to destroy one another.

So complete was this disaster that it transfigured the face of the entire region, which was afterwards known as "Ouré Midre," or "Land Laid Waste"—a

description which the Bible story fully corroborates.

Gradually, however, the waters subsided, and the hot African sun began to dry the earth. And gradually men began to venture back, although at first the terror of the past was still too fresh in their minds for them to dare resume complete possession. They confined themselves instead to the mountains, living in caves, which in the course of time they learnt to embellish with granite and marble. Later still, and by methods that are to-day unknown to us, they built magnificent houses and showed amazing artistry in the sumptuousness with which they decorated them. Then, when the memory of the flood had faded into the past, their colonising instincts asserted themselves once more, and they began to press inland on the high country of Tigré, which was now inhabited by a quiet pastoral people, the Agari. So friendly was the disposition of these shepherds, as it happened, that the occupation was effected quite peacefully.

BUT men have never yet been able to dwell side by side for very long without fighting, whatever their state of civilisation, and thus it was that intense rivalries soon sprang up among the pioneer colonisers. They were, above all, hunters, herdsman and fishermen. They grew no corn, living entirely on milk, the flesh of

their cattle and the booty of the chase. They came of different tribes and spoke different languages, and, as each tribe elected its own chief, bitter rivalries and feuds came into being, and they were often at war with one another, taking prisoners and selling them into slavery. In the meantime, as they grew in wealth and strength, merchants from foreign lands, from Arabia, Assyria, Phoenicia, Greece, and most of all from Persia, began to seek them out, each one making some contribution to their civilisation. First of all, of course, they imported only such things as were simple necessities of life, but later they began to acquire a taste for all sorts of elaborately wrought ornaments and weapons, and with wealth came a new sense of luxury.

In course of time, one of these tribes outstripped all the others in strength, culture and civilisation, and the territory they inhabited was called Sheba, or more correctly Saba, Azab or Azabo, these words signifying "south." Although the origin of the custom is not known it appears that the Sabeans were always ruled over by a woman, a fact which we to-day should probably know nothing about had not the greatest of these rulers become a figure as glamorous as any in the whole of ancient history.

It was in the year 1026 B.C. that the Queen of Sheba, whose journey to visit King Solomon we read about in the Old Testament, ascended her throne. She was

called Belkis by the Arabians, Maqueda by the Ethiopians, and she was no less famous in her lifetime than she has been in the ages which have passed since her death. Innumerable artists have sought to recreate her appearance in the costume of every country and every period, and however one chooses to think of her, it is plain she must have been a character of extraordinary personality and fascination.

In those days the idea of Kingship exercised a potent influence over men's minds, and the word "King" stood for a mystic power that everybody feared. Among the Arabs, for instance, it was a rule that the reigning sovereign should never on any account be seen by his subjects, and if by any chance he transgressed against this rule and appeared in public, he was inevitably stoned to death. When Solomon became King of the Jews, he did not use his power to inspire fear in his subjects, but only to govern them wisely and generously, and stories about him and his wisdom began to circulate like

wildfire. It was told in the market places and amongst the fisher folk on the seashore, and by travellers in ships, how he reigned in splendour at Jerusalem, freely admitting everyone to his presence, dispensing justice to rich and poor alike, living openly and in safety amidst his subjects and surrounded by the treasures of his capital.

Something of the nature of these treasures was already known in the land of Sheba, for its trade with Israel grew year by year, and all kinds of merchandise—strange woods, precious metals, minerals, spices, ivory, even rare animals—were constantly and in ever greater quantities being despatched to Jerusalem. It was not unnatural in these circumstances that the Queen's curiosity about her fellow monarch should be aroused, and the legends that she heard regarding his wealth and wisdom could only serve to fan it. She herself was a ruler of no mean distinction, and in addition to improving its laws had done much to enhance the cultural status of her country. The influence of Egypt was clearly to be seen in the great buildings of the capital, and the old barbaric taste in dress and adornment had now entirely given place to the refinement of Greek filigree work and embroideries studded with gems, while lovely Persian carpets and rare skins covered the floors of the royal palace. She listened entranced to the fables and parables of which Solomon was said to be the author, marvelling at their philosophical profundity, and at the deep human understanding that his songs and poems revealed. Gradually in her imagination he acquired the stature of a demigod, and at last she realised that nothing would satisfy her but she must see him for herself.

It was a fantastic project, and no one but a woman would have been capable of entertaining it seriously for a moment. The journey from Sheba to Jerusalem would be fraught with difficulties and dangers and would need to be organised on the scale of a properly armed expedition. To go by sea, for instance, was out of the question, on account of the Ishmaelite pirates, who would undoubtedly band together against so rich a convoy. But the more impossible it appeared, the more determined was the Queen to undertake it, and after long consultation it was eventually decided that she should follow the Red Sea coast right up to the point where now the



Eager to learn, she had listened with intense interest to the accounts of travellers who had seen the great and wise King Solomon

Suez Canal begins and from there make the transit across the desert by camel.

The next great difficulty was that of providing adequate defence for all the treasures she intended taking with her as presents to Solomon. There is no knowing whether it was her vanity as a woman or her pride as a Queen that spurred her on most in this direction, but she was certainly determined to appear as his equal, if not actually to impress him with her own greater grandeur. At length, however, everything was settled, and as the favourable season for travel approached, the protection of Hiram, King of Tyre, was obtained, and as an earnest of goodwill, he sent his own daughter to accompany the Queen.

For months beforehand the whole nation had been at work preparing for the expedition, from the humblest stable boys to the finest craftsmen. Weavers toiled away at their multi-coloured materials; embroideresses at their frames; palanquin makers and carvers of ivory alike contributed to the creation of vehicles the equal of which, for beauty and elegance, had never been seen before; cages were made to house the strangest animals and the rarest birds; the Queen, knowing that myrrh and frankincense grew only in her country, ordered immense quantities of these plants to be collected, and all manner of spices as well; nothing that contributed to the wealth of the Sabaeans was excluded, and, finally, not less than a hundred and twenty talents of pure gold were sealed up in suitable coffer.

LONG before the day on which the expedition was appointed to start, people were flocking in from the mountain regions all around in order to witness its departure. Scouts had already gone on in advance to make sure of the route and select suitably watered spots for camping, and when at length the caravan itself moved off, the head of it was already out of sight before the tail was formed. For hours on end the populace cheered what seemed to be an interminable procession, and when the Queen herself appeared, mounted on a superb milk-white camel that was the pride of the royal stables, and followed by a brilliant escort, their helmets and cuirasses flashing in the morning sun, the cheering rose to a frenzy. Thus Belkis, Queen of Sheba, started on the great adventure of her life.

How long did the journey last? What happened in the course of it? What unexpected difficulties were encountered and how were they overcome? History, alas! tells us nothing of this. All we know is that it was accomplished, that after a certain space of time the caravan drew near to the City of Jerusalem, fourteen hundred miles away, and was met by squadrons of King Solomon's finest horsemen.

The people of the Jewish capital were no less excited by the impending arrival of the Queen of Sheba than her own people had been to see her start. They were used to watching Princesses of various nationalities come to the palace, but only to be swallowed up immediately by Solomon's crowded harem, where they invariably fell into oblivion before long. In this case it was different; Sheba's remoteness and its wealth had captured the popular imagination, and the King himself was among the most anxious to give an impressive welcome to the royal visitor.



The entry into Jerusalem. The Queen of Sheba, pride of the royal stables, was accompanied in the morning sun. The magnificent procession



mounted on a superb milk-white camel, that was the by a brilliant escort, whose helmets and cuirasses flashed passed through a surging throng of madly cheering people



When the Queen entered for the first time the famous hall of Lebanon, she stood spellbound, finding no words with which to express her astonishment

At the last halt of the caravan, feverish preparations were made for a State entry into Jerusalem. The dust of the journey was shaken off, every animal was trimmed and groomed to perfection, and all the finest treasures of the retinue unpacked and displayed to their best advantage. The Queen retired to a temporarily constructed pavilion, and surrounded by her maids was bathed and anointed, perfuming her body with the smoke of musc, ambergris and incense. Then she was dressed in marvellous robes, adorned with many precious stones, and revealing in their colours and folds the consummate refinement of Oriental taste.

The procession started off once more, and at last the Queen of Sheba had her first sight of that city whose greatness she had for so long forced her imagination to try and capture. Their proud heads raised, and stepping delicately, the magnificently caparisoned camels passed in long procession through the gates and then through a surging throng of madly cheering people. When they reached the tall cedar-wood pillars of the palace façade, the escort came to a standstill, and the Queen's huge camel, docile and obedient to a single sign, knelt gently down to let the Queen dismount.

Splendidly regal, she ascended the steps, preceded by a group of courtiers walking backwards. A moment later she was in the presence of the King. They looked at one another and as their eyes met a single thought flashed through the mind of each:

"So this is Solomon—how young!"

"So this is the Queen of Sheba—how beautiful!"

Before long a host of officials, the Master of the royal household and many of the royal servants, were busy arranging for the accommodation of the Queen's train in their respective quarters, and for the stabling of the beasts . . . but the two chief figures of this pageant were alone, talking and talking, probing deep into each other's personality, exploring already the basis of a friendship that was destined to ripen into love.

The Bible says about their meeting that "she communed with him of all that was in her heart," and it is a story of which we can easily reconstruct the details in our minds, simply from knowing what we do of the characters of the protagonists. Solomon was a man of brilliant intelligence and a profound understanding of life; an indefatigable searcher after happiness both in the things of the spirit and in love. The Queen of Sheba was as much captivated by Solomon as he was attracted to her. All that she had heard about him was true and more than true; his wealth, his wisdom, his gentleness and incredible charm—how could she do other than tell him "all that was in her heart," and he answered her word for word. "Solomon told her all her questions," we read, "There was not anything hid from the King which he told her not."

In the intervals between the long, deep conversations they had together he showed her his palace and all the treasures of his capital. Before King Solomon's time the Jews had not been a race of builders, but now Jerusalem was rapidly being adorned with many splendid architectural evidences of their greatness. When the Queen entered for the first time the famous hall of Lebanon, with its triple rows of cedar-wood pillars,

she stood there spellbound, finding no words with which to express her astonishment. Almost every wall was ornamented with sculptured figures, and above them all kinds of foliage in relief. And, where the sculptors had not wrought in wood or stone, there were painted pictures, after the Assyrian manner, depicting famous episodes in history, battles, hunting scenes and the like. There were also fountains and candelabra cast in various metals and designed on such a gigantic scale that it was hard to believe they were the work of men at all.

DAY by day, the admiration of the Queen grew greater, and the thoughts of Solomon filled all her waking moments. Then at length the love which had sprung up between them was declared, and the visit which had started as one of state became a royal honeymoon. A period of fantastic happiness ensued, each new day bringing with it fresh joys, each starry night a dream that had become reality. It was a heaven on earth that one element alone could have destroyed, implacable Time, with its weapons of weariness and disillusionment. But Time was given no chance. The King, in accepting the gifts that his visitor bestowed on him, imparted a special significance to each of them: the precious woods he had fashioned into harps and other musical instruments whose harmonies would for ever remind him of her voice; her jewels would be about his breast and neck as once her arms had been; the subtle perfumes of the East would remind him of her presence when he walked once more alone in the high, vaulted chambers of his palace. Then he, in turn, chose presents by which she might remember him, the richest and most magnificent presents his imagination could devise, and led her to his most secret treasure chests, making her take all that pleased her best.

History does not relate exactly how long it was that she stayed in Jerusalem, but certainly the visit must have

lasted over a period of many months. Both of them realised, although they found it hard enough to do so, that this was only an episode in their lives; but the time for parting could not indefinitely be staved off. No wealth of gifts could ease the pain of separation, and yet they knew that they were leaving in each other's minds an untold treasure of happy memories, which their last embrace would seal to all eternity. Of their final moments together, before the caravan set out once more on its long homeward journey, we have only the formal Bible record.

"And she said to the King, 'It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom.'

"Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made He thee King, to do judgment and justice.'"

Every member of the Queen of Sheba's suite was loaded with presents, all according to their stations, and many of those who months before had

met as strangers were now parting as close friends. Once again the streets were thronged with cheering crowds, and the long file of camels started to pass through the gates. But the Queen herself saw nothing of this. Her eyes were dimmed with tears, and if she smiled it was in the secret knowledge that though she would look on Solomon no more, yet she carried his child in her womb.

At last the walls and towers of Jerusalem faded from view, and the travellers passed again through the same towns that they had seen so short a time—and yet so long—ago, until they reached the desert beyond which lay the wild country of her home. And before the end of the journey a son had been born to the Queen of Sheba who was the very image of his father, Solomon, and whom she vowed with all the fervour of which she was capable she would bring up to be worthy of the beloved King.

SOME years later another caravan was organised, and Solomon, in distant Palestine, looked anxiously forward to the moment when he would press his son's head against his breast and look deep into his eyes for the image of the boy's mother. Once again the fourteen hundred miles which separated the two countries were traversed, and the young prince, bearing rich presents and accompanied by a numerous escort, arrived in Jerusalem. Festivities of every kind were held in his honour, culminating in Solomon's proclamation and coronation of him as first King of the Ethiopians. This was subsequently endorsed by the Queen of Sheba, and she enacted that the crown should be hereditary in the family of Solomon for ever and that after her no woman should be monarch, but always the male heir, however distant. Three thousand years have elapsed since that boy, the first Menelik, felt the crown upon his head, and to-day there is another heir also, hardly more than a child, to that same crown—but who would dare predict that he will ever wear it?



THE son of Solomon and Sheba was crowned as the first King of the Ethiopians



HOLIDAY HEALTH

YOU should return from your summer change with a body virtually re-made by new habits, diet and surroundings.

Each organ should have been surprised into a quicker, fuller functioning by the unusual. But to obtain this awakening you yourself must depart from the customary and do all you can to assist the change.

Several Somerset farmers I know—up at 4.30 a.m. in the summer and asleep at 10 p.m.—go to Blackpool, Brighton and London in the autumn for their holidays. There they feed in restaurants, heavy with fumes of wine and smoke. They sleep in the gayest, noisiest parts of the city. They fall into bed at 3 a.m., roll out at 11 a.m. They dissipate.

Do they return to their farms stupefied and ill after a few weeks of theoretically unhealthy life? No—although they seem dazed and perhaps a trifle less alert with cow and pig for the first few days. They come back with a memory of fun that takes them through the long winter's mud and summer's sweat round to next autumn and the end of the year's work again.

Incidentally, although this may seem a flat contradiction of what has been said, they come back with a secret feeling of: "This is a far, far better life I lead than the life led by those mugs in town."

Similarly, the man or woman city worker who returns to the office after a vacation's contact with the manual and rustic, should feel: "Those weeks of country and camp life were glorious. But if I stuck it for long, and had no competition or tussles to sharpen my wits, I should just lapse into a mere cabbage. There are other things I was trained for and meant to do."

The housewife is likely to feel a healthy dissatisfaction with her home, which will find vent in an

outcrop of new brooms, curtains, dishes and embellishments, or a new hobby. Anyway, some stimulating fillip to the daily round. For a holiday is but half a success if it only provides a means of escape, a temporary respite.

It should open up new goals, bring an onrush of fresh impulse—am I reminding you of obvious facts?

Very well, we'll take a few common-sense health ways of putting this change into practice.

Eat sparingly for the first three days, whether you are on a cruise, are motoring abroad, or have moved to the mountains, seaside, or from country to town. Your body will have sufficient to do in adjusting itself to new conditions, an altered routine and different air, without being burdened with digestive problems.

When you start to feed up swing on to a complete change of food.

If meat has been your staple diet leave it for fruit, milk and vegetables. But if you have been bolting snatches of bun, cheese, biscuit, pudding and cocoa—then it's underdone liver and steak for you.

See that you cut down flour, in every case, in sauces, pastries and soups. Benefit by the essences of juices in meat, fruit, or vegetables.

If your habit has been to take a heavy meal at night take it in the middle of the day. Substitute a light breakfast for a large one, and *vice versa*. Alter your mode of living.

But don't rush the change. Be moderate in the first sun or sea bathes, the first golf rounds and long walks. While if you have been leading a very active life, mentally or physically, long sleeps are the best contrast.

Also as the quickest pass to health is to fit yourself against any possible ill-health, here are nine essentials for a medicine chest, not bigger than 6 cubic inches.

A tube of Dr. Bengue's balsam. This brings instant relief if rubbed into any limb affected with rheumatism or cramp. It is invaluable for neuralgia but, in cases where neuralgia strikes (Continued on page 107)

Have you heard of the new radiant heat pad?

One tablespoonful of cold water is poured on to a coffee-coloured powder in a bag—6" by 6"—which is then clipped to and shaken.

The chemical activity set up between the water and this powder causes a dry heat of 140° Fahrenheit to emanate from the bag for five hours. If further heat is then required another tablespoonful is added, and so on up to twelve tablespoonfuls, after which the chemical reaction of the powder to the water is exhausted.

A calico slip holds the bag. Four streamers, one at each corner. Tie it as a pad over any part of the body in pain. It gives wonderful relief.

HEALTH

HELP YOURSELF TO A NEW SKIN



"THERE now, forget your worries and go off with faith and hope in your new face," said the miracle worker.

This woman is quite the most fascinating and nearly best-looking girl in London. She recently persuaded her Scottish family to place their wealth behind her complexion secrets, and me to start on holiday with a little less money than I had budgeted.

However, as I've mealed out on my "new" face ever since, I may get home without a wild S.O.S. to the bank manager. . . .

We met at a house-party. Disaster had overtaken my powder-box, which had opened and spilled over everything in my dressing-case.

"You should have an *unspillable powder-box*," she said, tossing me over one of her spares. "You can play football with that, spin it, give it to the puppy, but whenever you open it—the powder will be level as though the box had never been stirred."

"I never saw anything like it," I said.

"My own patent," she said. "What powder do you use?"

I produced a scraping in the palm of my hand.

"I thought as much," she said, pinching it, "quite four times too thick. This powder will give a velvet mask to a greasy skin, but yours is a thin dry skin. You need a finer powder to bring out transparency."

She gave me some, an oyster shade. "My own discovery," she said. "And *don't wash*," she added severely. "Look at you. Before you've had a chance to taste the water here, and it's full of lime, you go and dash it on your face and become roughened up in consequence."

"Always let your inside get accustomed to the water first. So, never wash when travelling, on week-ends, or on holidays, unless you are in the high hills where the water is pure and very soft. That is, if you wish to look your best."

She let me in to her non-wash devices.

The routine is much the same whether you have a dry, normal or greasy skin, but the ingredients in the preparations are very different.

Briefly, equal parts of her lotion and cream will lather on the face like a soap at bedtime and leave it deliciously refreshed. Then a restorative skin-food (just to see that the complexion stays Ar) is applied on alternate nights. Patted in and wiped off, so that barely a film remains.

Next morning, a vigorous face-slapping with pads drenched in a bracing liquid makes the skin *jump* to after its night's feeding, tones up the tissues, exercises them. *This bracing is all-important, for it prevents that look of grease-oozing and general shine which indicates skin over-feeding.*

After this, the merest lightening

touch of foundation cream, while the skin is still wet, will keep your face looking radiant and smooth without running repairs the whole day, if you take twenty minutes over your make-up in the following way.

Start powdering from the tips of the shoulder blades in a line with the base of the neck. Work upwards along the neck muscles, under and over the chin, towards the temples and hair-roots, well pressing the powder into the tacky surface, till your face and neck look as if they had been in a flour-bag.

Leave them now for a couple of minutes while you tackle some other part of your dressing. Then return and dust off the surplus face-flour till not a trace of powder, as such, remains; only an impression of vital, untouched bloom.

Even the dullest skin can simulate this, if the bracing lotion has been generously used. But you must have the lotion suited to your particular skin.

Rouge, lipstick, eye-shadow, are all put on after powder, so moderately that they merge, without call for further powdering.

But best of all, because they are unique and unrivalled, are her five remedies:

An acne preparation, which actually soothes, takes away fieriness from the blemish, imperceptibly eases out the acne head, is antiseptic, and should be used as a make-up basis instead of the foundation cream.

If I swore by nothing else, I'd swear by this balm. I know what acne sufferers endure. Well, there's no need for them to endure any more. By the way, write to me for something very good to take internally for this, as well.

A chin-reducing cream. My holiday friend has already sent for another consignment. This time to rub into her arms. It thins like magic.

A hormone extract which feeds up and obliterates skinny neck muscles within three weeks. This extract is for women over forty.

The principle behind it is highly scientific. You know that there are certain life-giving glands in the body which dry up and cease to function as the years advance.

Now, the first of their secretions to dry up are those that lie immediately under the skin, hence wrinkles and other signs of age.

This extract-essence is specially derived from (Continued on page 123)

By
CHRYSIS

If you have any individual beauty troubles, or want further details of preparations mentioned in this article, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, enclosing stamped envelope.

AND BEAUTY



1. James Stewart
2. Eleanore Whitney
3. Robert Cummings
4. June Lang
5. Michael Whalen (with Shirley Temple)
6. Harriet Hilliard

*By Margaret
Chute*



Twelve More

*The New
To-morrow's*



HOLLYWOOD is bubbling with new talent. Young men and younger women are getting the chances that lead to fame, and seizing them. Last year I chose twelve players as probable stars, and they have been obliging enough to make good. This year it has not been difficult to find twelve more; actually, the difficulty lies in stopping at twelve, for there are several others who appear to belong to the names-in-light class.

There is a gangling young man, taller than Clark Gable, with thick brown hair that refuses to stay combed. His name is James Stewart. He is one of the young men who could never be called anything but "Jimmy," even by complete strangers. He has been in Hollywood something under eight months, and already he has been given good rôles opposite

some of the most glamorous actresses on the screen. Margaret Sullavan, Jeanette Macdonald, Jean Harlow, Wendy Barrie have all acted with young Mr. Stewart; and all of them have found him a fine trouper. Now Joan Crawford has collected him as one of three leading men in *The Gorgeous Hussy*, her latest picture.

He's an odd, awkwardly fascinating boy. It was his ability to play the accordion that helped to land him in Hollywood, and launched him on a dizzy career that will cause him, inevitably, to "go places." That accordion is white and blue; it was bought on the hire-purchase system, and Jimmy Stewart told me himself that the last instalment was not paid until he was on location with the *Rose Marie* company, up in the High Sierras. At night, under the stars, the boy with the lanky body and long artistic hands entertained Jeanette Macdonald, Nelson Eddy, and W. S. Van Dyne, ace director of films, for hour after hour with melodies old and new. He plays with character and gusto; he acts in the same way.

NOBODY could call Jimmy Stewart good-looking; but nobody who sees him on any screen will forget him. He is destined to be as





to Follow

Talent of Screenland: Stars are on the way up

popular as Gary Cooper, whom he resembles in a queer sort of way. He has arrived in Hollywood via Princeton and the New York stage. It was at Princeton that he started to study that accordion; he says it is the most valuable thing college taught him. He forgets, I think, that he was a fine track runner, that he won prizes for high jumping and hurdle racing. It is only the accordion that has registered with Mr. Stewart.

He liked the idea of being an architect, hugging a dream that he would one day design the world's greatest cathedral. Leaving college, he wanted a job, like every other normal youth. There was no job in sight. But some pals from Princeton had started a theatrical enterprise called the Falmouth Stock Company, which functioned at Cap Cod.

They recalled the ability of Jimmy Stewart in various Princeton Triangle shows; so he was offered a chance to join them. His acceptance was given with the utmost reluctance. He had never thought of working in a theatre, but he acted diligently through a long season, and was presented, as a final award, with a part in a special try-out of a play called *Good-bye Again* destined for the bright blaze of Broadway.

So excellent was Mr. Stewart in this try-out that he found himself playing the same character when the play marched to the Big Town. His next jump took him to Jane Cowl's aristocratic company (Continued on page 93)



- 7. Lionel Stander
- 8. Ann Loring
- 9. Alan Baxter
- 10. Beverly Roberts
- 11. June Travis
- 12. John Howard

Old-Man- *Afraid-of-* His Son

*But He Made a Pretty
Good Job of Making Good*

FREDDY LEALE, dozing on the wide verandah of Mena House Hotel, was awakened by a diminutive Nubian bell-hop who presented a cablegram on a silver tray. Freddy Leale rubbed his eyes, glanced at the Pyramid of Kheops to convince himself that he was far from Mayfair, then gingerly advanced his manicured fingers for the message. It was the morning of December 2nd, 1929.

Freddy stared at the unopened cablegram. Who could have traced him to Cairo? For eleven carefree weeks Freddy had been wandering in the Near East—Beyrout, Aleppo, Jerusalem, then by El Kantara to Cairo—and at moments he experienced great thrills when he remembered that London and the world in general knew nothing of his whereabouts. Now someone had discovered him. British consuls and passport officials must have helped the sender of the message.

"I'll wager it's from Young Bill," murmured Freddy. "He's broke and howling for coin."

He slit the envelope with a nail file. He leaned forward and stared at the message, stared for the space of ten seconds; then, so it seemed, the Pyramid of Kheops toppled over and half a dozen of its biggest stones fell on the shapely head of Freddy Leale. . . .

Fifteen minutes later Freddy Leale recovered sufficiently to take another look at the typed words. The dreadful words. That very morning Freddy had bought a copy of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, but no passage in that over-rated volume possessed the quality of clammy horror that came out from the cablegram. The small Nubian watched from the background. The frightened *walad* thought that Freddy was the victim of a witch-doctor who had sent a murderous jolt in a bit of paper.

The boy was not far wrong in his guess. The cable told Freddy Leale that he was penniless. He had been wiped out. With a brutal thriftiness of words the message conveyed the news of the smash. Freddy's broker had fled, and the little fortune that had come to him with his wife's death had been swept away. Save for a small sum still owing on a letter of credit he was penniless.

WHEN Freddy Leale recovered his speech and the use of his legs he taxied into Cairo. He wished proof of the storm. There was a possibility that some practical joker had sent the message. He clung to this hope as the cab rattled along the Shâri el-Gîza. It relieved the frightful pressure on his brain.

The proof was easy to find. A small crowd of men jostled each other before the telegraph board of the Ottoman Bank. A young man had attempted suicide in the lobby of the National Bank of Egypt. There was unusual excitement at Cook's, and immediately in front of the Continental-Savoy a stout American, hatless and perspiring, informed a group of wide-eyed Orientals that he was the world's prime idiot for wandering five thousand miles from Wall Street when stocks were about to crash.

Nervous and upset Freddy Leale mounted to the terrace of



By James
Francis Dwyer

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

Shepherd's and ordered a brandy and soda. The dreadful pressure on his brain had increased. It was, so it appeared to Freddy, a mighty weight that crushed out of the cells of memory all the horrors of bankruptcy that had been bred through forty years.

The pressure brought thoughts of Young Bill. It showed the lean, cynical face of Young Bill receiving the news of the disaster. Freddy had made and stored that vision of a sneering son when he had transferred the Leale fortune from gilt-edged bonds to speculative stocks. Now it appeared between him and the glass of brandy.

Young Bill, when told of the transfer of the money, had grinned. Freddy Leale recalled the words of his son. "So, you're in the market now," drawled Young Bill.



FREDDY LEALE read the note five hundred times during that evening—read it aloud. It helped in the fight to preserve his sanity

The father had countered with the words: "I'm thinking of you. They're good stocks."

"Sure they are," grinned Young Bill. "'T'other day one of our profs asked a gink what a stock was, an' the fella ups and tells him it's the part of a gun that kicks. Pad your shoulder for the recoil, Dad."

Memory seemed to give the words sound. For an instant Freddy thought that Young Bill was at his elbow. A grisly fear was upon him. A fear of Young Bill. He gulped the brandy, called for another. Again and again he told the accusing vision that he had acted with the best intentions in the world, but the lean cynical face grinned. He would never be able to convince Young Bill. Never.

There came a slight respite from the mental torture that

Freddy Leale was suffering. It probably saved his reason. Immediately in front of him sat a middle-aged lady who was amusing herself by counting the pieces on a necklace of imitation scarabs, and, when Freddy was on the point of screaming aloud, the thread on which the bits of porcelain were strung broke, and a number of blue beetles fell upon the terrace.

Freddy Leale retrieved them. The lady thanked him. Nice, smiling lady with a soft voice. She said modestly that they were of little value. She had just bought the necklace from a street vendor for the sum of twenty piastres. Could they be genuine scarabs at that price?

Freddy Leale clung to the conversational plank made by her question. Her words, her smiling face, her query thrust back the vision of Young Bill receiving the news of the smash.



SHE had found a slim, fawning Egyptian, and she begged permission to hire him and pay his wage out of her own pocket-money

Hysterically he chattered of scarabs. He had a great knowledge of the little pieces carved in a likeness of the beetle-headed god, Ra-Khepera. Hurriedly, breathlessly, he talked. His good angel had surely sent this smiling woman to ease momentarily the mental pain. He recited the whole history of scarabs. He explained the designs upon the bases. Now and then, when he halted, the fear sprang upon him and he commenced anew.

He asked questions, and the smiling lady answered. He thought she realised that he was seeking comfort in conversing with her. She had, so she told him, arrived in Cairo from Port Said some two hours before, and she was leaving that evening for Luxor to stay with friends who had rented a dahabieh. Before she left she had a desire to see the Pyramids of Giza. She asked Freddy Leale's advice. Should she hire a dragoman to take her to Giza?

Freddy, fearful of the terrors that her presence kept from him, assured her that there was no necessity to hire a dragoman. He was, he informed her, residing at the Mena House Hotel, with the pyramids only a few hundred yards away, then, bracing himself, he stammered: "I am going back to my hotel. Could I—Could I take you in my cab?"

Freddy Leale, besides being a gentleman, looked a gentleman. When he was younger he was rather hurt at the great confidence women placed in him. It gave wits a chance to make smart quips at his expense.

FREDDY could never remember what he and the lady talked about during that ride to and from Giza. Yes, he came back to the city with her after she had viewed the pyramids. He couldn't leave her. She was a shield against the darts of fear. Her presence kept off the vision of his son's face on hearing of the

disaster to the investments which Young Bill humorously alluded to as "the Old Stocks."

Freddy Leale piloted the lady through the bazaars. Through the Khan-el-Khalili to see the silk and tapestries, and by the street of the brass-workers to the Mosque of El-Azhar. And all the time he talked. Talked to block the horrible dread that came with the realisation of his position.

Sadly, at train time, he accompanied the lady to the station. The hours after her departure rose and jeered at him. They would torture him cleverly when he was alone again.

As the train was moving from the platform the lady leaned from the window and thrust an envelope into Freddy Leale's hand. The look of surprise on his face made her fearful that he would return it. Hurriedly she closed the window.

Standing on the platform Freddy opened the envelope. It contained a short letter folded around a ten-pound note! The letter ran:

"I don't know what to write. Something you said this afternoon made me think you were in trouble. I imagined—please forgive me if I am wrong—that some great disaster had struck you, and that you were staying with me only in an effort to forget. But yet, you might be a guide! If you are, I would like to say that you are the nicest, nicest guide that ever escorted a lone lady around a strange town."

Freddy Leale read the note five hundred times during that evening. Read it aloud. It helped in the fight to preserve his sanity. Helped a lot. There came a strange fragrance from the notepaper. She seemed to be close.

The ten-pound note was, strangely enough, the first money Freddy Leale had ever earned. Of course he had had

no thought of compensation when he offered to accompany the lady to Giza, still the fact that she thought his services deserving of a monetary reward thrilled him. Thrilled him immensely.

Long after midnight the idea came to him. Brought into being by the words in her note. She had written: "*But yet, you might be a guide!*" The possibility made him gasp. Young Bill's college fees and pocket money had to be found. Furthermore, Young Bill must be kept in ignorance of the loss. Work abroad would permit Freddy to guard the secret.

There were hundreds of English visitors during the Cairo season. Rich English who wished to see this and that in the time at their disposal. Generous to the guides who pointed out the most important curiosities. Perhaps these visitors would prefer a polished compatriot to the illiterate and predacious local guides.

"Stay here and try it," whispered a tiny voice. "You are Old-Man-Afraid-of-Your-Son. Good advice the lady gave you. You are a very presentable fellow, Freddy. You inspire confidence in the bosoms of ladies. Go out and wrestle for victims with the local dragomans."

THERE are one thousand ways of getting into conversation with strangers. In the months that followed the arrival of the cablegram announcing his ruin Freddy Leale mastered about nine hundred and ninety-nine. Local guides—swarthy galabieh-robed Egyptians—waited at the foot of the stairs leading to the terraces of Shepherd's and the Continental-Savoy, but Freddy, with fine diplomacy, hooked his fish while the fish was still in hotel territory. Freddy had the entree to the protected waters while the local guides had to wait till the goldfish left the bowl.

Husbands and wives, who had been taken here and there by Freddy Leale,

quarrelled in the privacy of their hotel rooms as to the manner in which they would repay his courtesy.

"He will never take money!" the wives would assert. "He didn't say that he was a guide. He is a gentleman, and he just wishes to show us around because he is English like ourselves!"

"Catfish!" the husbands would snort. "I'll admit he's a gentleman, but unless he's got a crush on you I don't see why he should waste his time running us around the country? Anyhow, I'm going to try him with some coin and see whether he'll take it."

There really were occasions when very timid tourists, fearful of offending Freddy Leale, put their thanks into a farewell dinner and a little speech, but Freddy did not mind. The fact that the departing ones offered him no monetary reward soothed his pride. He was, to that

section at least, a gentleman to whom money could not be offered.

Young Bill acknowledged cheques and made bright remarks concerning his father's prolonged stay in the Land of the Pharaohs. "Are you excavating?" he wrote. "Feller who rooms with me is crazy for a mummy. *Femme de préférence*. . . . How are the Old Stocks? . . . Scarabs are good givings if you can't trap a mummy. The janes like 'em for handcuffs."

A YEAR passed. Two. Freddy Leale was doing well. He bought an interest in an antique business on the Shâri Nubâr Pasha, and although he did bring the shop to the notice of tourists who employed him, he informed them on all occasions that he was a part proprietor.

He was quite an authority on Upper Egypt and the Faiyûm. He knew the attractions of every
(Continued on page 117)

FREDDY LEALE came to his senses in the arms of Marion Blanton. The lady was sponging the blood from his face and murmuring soft words of thanks



Dress Clothes *make* the Man



"**YOU** must get a dress suit" said the proprietor

*They made Luano,
greatest of Maîtres
d'Hotel, and this is
his story—an Epic
of service and
sentiment*

DRESS clothes have always interested me.

Men talk about them, you know, even if they wear them every night.

"Just put on a black tie," a host will say, as though he is conferring a favour. That merely means, instead of wearing long tails with your evening dress, you can wear a dinner-jacket.

I never understood what particular ease there was in a dinner-jacket as compared with the alleged discomfort of full evening clothes.

Then there are the jokes about men who cannot tie a white breadth of linen, and the jokes about the wives who have to do it for them.

No, a man can look all right in a lounge suit, but, often, when you put him into full evening garb, he looks preposterous. He looks dressed up, self-important, ridiculous, the same man who, at business, might look a jovial sort of guy.

Why is it that a white tie is such a psycho-analyst? It searches men out. It points out the "gentlemen." . . .

I remember a Lancashire man who, called upon to preside at a public luncheon in London, appeared in all the glory of evening dress, hired, for a guinea or so, from Clarkson's or somebody. He and the waiters shared the glory of mid-day importance. He had been recently to a London reception held in the morning at which foreigners were present, and they had come in evening clothes. He thought London did it always at functions. Anyway, they often do abroad. Fortunately no one turned a hair. Nor did he. . . .

Why is it that what is the rule at night is silly in the daytime? Why, at King Edward's funeral, did ex-President Roosevelt look so silly walking in evening dress behind the Kings in uniform? Surely foreign uniforms are much more funny.

And why did people, visiting Caruso's grave in his native Italy, look horrified, when the coffin was pulled out with its glass lid, to see that the great tenor was in evening clothes? The real shock to me was that his valuable stud had been stolen and a brass one substituted. . . .

No, dress clothes might form the subject of a



By
Hannen Swaffer



"I SAW on the ground a shiny dress suit, most carefully creased but worn, perfectly clean, but oh, so threadbare!"

whole volume, the philosophy of them, the many anecdotes they tell.

You hear of how, in the African jungle, although hundreds of miles from the next white man, a former public school boy administering a thousand miles of territory, puts on evening dress, to dine all alone in his tent, feeling a gentleman after dark.

Then there are the tragedies behind it. Have you noticed the ill-paid manager of a tiny cinema who, apart from the waiters, is the only one in the town who is dressed that night? Little do people guess the money he has to spend in clean dress shirts. Does it make him feel important, I wonder, or force him to realise more than ever just what a slave he is? Then there are the waiters, to whom a dress suit is ordinary attire, put on first thing in the morning and worn till bedtime. What do they think about it all? Whenever I see one on his day off, dressed like myself, I never recognise him until he has gone. Without his dress suit, he is merely one of a crowd, forgotten.

It is around a waiter and his dress clothes that my story is told. Perhaps the dress suits themselves could have told the story much better. . . .

DO you remember Luano? To those of us who, being middle-aged, can look back on the easy circumstances of pre-war days, Luano was part of our lives.

It was the Café Luano, of course, that put him on the geographical map of London. Exclusive though was its interior, because of the

prices they charged, anyone could stare at the affluence of which its very bricks seemed part. There was the name, big in white lights. The poorest of Londoners peeping in at its doors could get a glimpse of the richness of a life far removed from them.

Luano embodied, in his straight-backed form, the night life of London. His name went round the world. People in far-away Australia and in the backwoods far from towns said often to each other, as they talked of Home, "How would you like to be in Luano's to-night?"

London has changed since then. Its Opera is no longer exclusive. "Society" is something into which you can buy your way. Great industrialists have usurped the power once held by those who thought that the counties were called after them. Ascot has become a mere horse-race. Actors' sons have held commissions in the Guards.

But, in the days when Luano reigned, London was London. It started in May and it ended when Goodwood came round, and then, not till the winter again did it matter, people said. Why, the Poor-Rich pulled their front blinds down, sometimes, for months at a time and pretended they were out of town. "London is empty" explained that.

Then, a King went to the Opera nearly every night—and there was an Omnibus Box in which Royalty mixed with duchesses, and tiaras which were really worn instead of being talked about.

Now in all this world, as you will remember (Continued on page 112)



The Return of Peter Manning



PETER MANNING believed himself to be the loneliest man in London. There can, in fact, have been few lonelier men in the world. From the window of his hotel, which overlooked Piccadilly, he stared wide-eyed at the crowd of pleasure-seekers below, and found it hard to realise that he had ever been one of them. Yet he had been once—twenty years ago.

Slowly he moved from the window back into the room. With eyes closed, and arms hanging loosely at his sides, he stood for some seconds quite still. It was strange to breathe once more air untainted by the odour of carbolic. To wear a suit of clothes with pockets in it. To know that actually he was a free agent. Strange, and rather disconcerting. It would take a little time to accustom himself to the idea of being a person, instead of a number.

In a long, gilt-edged mirror that hung on the wall he examined his reflection closely. There stared back at him a man out of whose body the vitality had been sucked by years of soulless toil. A man oddly wax-like in appearance. His eyes, set in a gaunt face, were dull; and the thin, colourless hair without lustre.

Not that Peter Manning was surprised at what he saw. It was only to be expected; the natural result of such suffering as he had endured. One could not hope to remain buried alive all that time without resembling a corpse in the end.

Having helped himself to food spread on a table in the sitting-room he lit a cigarette and returned to the window. That stream of humanity on the pavements below held him fascinated. So long ago it was since he had enjoyed his freedom, yet what had happened to him then—in those hectic, crazy days of the Great War—seemed not to have been forgotten.

How wise the authorities had been to drive him up to town by car this morning. Had he come alone, by train, the reporters would quickly have been at his heels, badgering him for an inter-

RETURNING to the flat after the "all clear" had been sounded, Peter was confronted by a scene whose horror impressed itself upon his mind for ever

How a Lonely Man, guilty of one wrong, innocent of another, came back to learn the truth—and keep silent

By Sewell Stokes

view. As it was, they had managed to make a story out of him.

He picked up the newspaper which had published his picture—the picture of a smiling young army officer—and read again the words printed beneath it.

"AIR RAID MURDER "ECHO OF A FAMOUS TRIAL

"By his release from prison to-day, after serving a life sentence, the war generation will be reminded of the sensational case in which Captain Peter Manning was found guilty of the murder of Jenny Fane, a chorus girl. Miss Fane was shot during an air raid over London in 1916. It was owing to extenuating circumstances that the death sentence was afterwards commuted to one of imprisonment for life.

"Throughout the trial Captain Manning repeatedly declared his innocence. It was believed by many that he had not, at the time of the murder, been responsible for his actions. But although he was known to have suffered a slight attack of shell-shock, no doctor could be found to prove him temporarily insane.

"Captain Manning's present whereabouts are unknown, and at the prison this morning no definite information was forthcoming. It is thought that he may have decided to go abroad."

Throwing the paper aside, Peter Manning paced restlessly about the room, clenching and unclenching his hands, shaking his head, muttering.

"Jenny, you know I didn't do it," he said under his breath. "How could I, when I loved you? And I did love you, Jenny."

Often he had repeated those words. Hundreds of times his lips had formed them. "I did love you, Jenny." With him they had become a kind of litany.

To-night he wanted to revisit the scene of the tragedy: to look at the outside of the little flat in Maida Vale where Jenny had always made him so happy. What jolly times they'd had together! He would go now, he decided. The air, and the exercise, might do him good.

Simulated by the nightly pageant of the West End, he walked at a good pace to Park Lane, from there to Marble Arch, and on up the Edgware Road. After the drab world from which he had come, the brilliant electric signs, and that gentle roar which is the voice of any city, began to excite him. He saw everywhere men and women who looked alive, even happy. And he felt that perhaps he, too, might learn to live again. He was only forty-seven.

Hardly though it had used him, Peter Manning felt no real bitterness against the world. Partly, he was able to blame himself for what had happened. He ought never to have become Jenny's lover. Of course, it was human to love one woman while married to another.

*Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*

Very human. But that didn't make it right. And Margaret had been a good wife to him, always. Poor, loyal Margaret. He could feel very sorry for her, now.

Peter's marriage to Margaret, in 1912, had not turned out a success. Neither of them had been to blame. It was just that they were different types of people, seeing life from different angles. The birth of their only child, Jean, had helped to keep them together. But not for long. The war had taken Peter to France, and when he came home on

leave, it was to find himself more than ever out of tune with Margaret's way of living. She was altogether too serious-minded, too fond of what she called "the enduring pleasures of life." She had loved him, he knew. But her love had not been enough. He had wanted, during his few days of leave, a gayer companionship than Margaret could provide. And he had found it.

He had met Jenny after being sent home to recover from a not very serious attack of shell-shock. She was a sweet little thing. One of many sweet little things whose aim at that time had been to help the boys forget; to blot out with smiles and embraces the memories which haunted them of mud, and blood,



ONE afternoon, in a shady part of the large garden surrounding the house, he found himself alone with Jean. She had joined him for tea . . .



THEY were quite alone in a little wood. Neither of them Margaret leant against the trunk of a tree for support.

and death. A cheery soul she'd been. Very different from Margaret. And for that reason most attractive to Peter.

His visits to Jenny's flat had been secret. Margaret had known nothing of them, and, but for the tragedy, might never have known. When he remembered the frightful circumstances in which the truth had been brought home to his wife, Peter was amazed at her loyalty. Throughout the trial she had stuck to him bravely. Whether she had believed in his innocence he had not been able quite to determine. All he had been certain of was that she loved him. And her love had made him feel ashamed.

Turning from the main road into Elgin Avenue, it seemed to Peter but yesterday that he had walked in this same direction. Only with a lighter step, then. He stopped, looked around, uncertainly. The house he sought had vanished. In its place rose a vast block of modern flats.

For some seconds he stood blinking up at the great, new, unfriendly building. It made him feel more than ever alone—an unwanted figure from the dim past. Suddenly he was very tired, and with a heavy sigh flopped down on a seat at the side of the road.

Sitting there, a huddled figure, ignored by the passers-by, he remembered how dark the night had been on which he came to see Jenny. Came to see her for the last time. London had been really dark then, when people lived in hourly expectation of an enemy attack from the air.

No detail of that night's adventure, and of its tragic conclusion, was forgotten. Often Peter wished that he might forget, and

break with the past altogether. But that was not possible. Jenny had been particularly gay that last night. She had laughed a great deal. She had danced with him to music of the gramophone. She had bubbled over with that glorious, youthful energy of hers. So full of the joy of life, she had been. So free of any care in the world.

"Oh, Peter, I'm so happy!" she'd cried, smiling up at him as they waltzed round the room, clinging to him tightly. "Kiss me, Peter! . . . Again! . . . And again!"

It was unbelievable that the end—Jenny's end—had then been so near at hand. Incredible that within a few minutes she was to lie dead at his feet, and he be accused of killing her.

"What," she had asked him that night, "do you think of my hair, darling?"

"Why, Jenny," he cried, "it's changed colour!"

"I dyed it this morning, Peter. Specially for you. You said you liked red hair. Now say I don't love you!"

"I'll never say any such thing. Jenny, you're the sweetest girl in the world."

"The sweetest red-headed girl?"

"The sweetest any kind of girl."

"Peter, you're a lamb. . . ."

Those had been almost her last words to him. Confusion had then surrounded them. From the streets had come suddenly the sound of hurrying feet. Screams. A warning to "take cover." An explosion. "Quickly, Jenny," he had cried. "Get down to the cellar." He had tried to drag her with him. But she had refused to move.



seemed to have anything left to say.
She felt suddenly weak and frightened

"I'd sooner stay where I am, Peter. I'd hate to be buried alive. I'll take my chance here."

She'd smiled, seeming not to know the meaning of fear.

"But, Jenny. . . ."

"Run along," she'd urged him, "and see if you can't be of some help to them out there."

Sounds of panic reached them. People, as usual, were losing their heads. Running round in circles. One policeman could be seen from the window, trying with little success to establish some kind of order.

"I won't leave you, Jenny."

"Oh, I'm all right." She had laughed at his concern for her. "Run along and help with the crowd. The sight of your uniform will calm them. By the time you get back I'll have a nice stiff drink ready."

He must have been about half an hour in the street, during which time he did what he could to persuade women who had lost their nerve to take cover, instead of staring at the sky. Even in the darkness his presence must have been noticed by those to whom he paid particular attention. Yet, during his trial at the Old Bailey, only one woman had come forward to support his alibi. And, upon cross-examination, her evidence had been badly shaken. She *thought* he was the man who had helped her to find shelter. But she couldn't be *quite* certain.

Returning to the flat after the "all clear" had been sounded, Peter was confronted by a scene whose horror impressed itself upon his mind for ever. At first, seeing Jenny's dead body lying on the floor, and the blood soaking through her evening

frock, he had somehow connected it with the air raid. Then he had noticed the revolver—his revolver, which he had left with his belt on a chair—in a corner of the room.

At the trial it was conclusively proved that Jenny could not have shot herself. Two shots had been fired, at close range, with Captain Peter Manning's revolver. And the jury had found it impossible to believe that Captain Peter Manning had not fired those shots himself.

"But I loved the girl," Peter had protested. "I loved her, I tell you."

So the jury believed. Loved her too well, perhaps. Jenny, it had been said, was going to have a child. Might it not be Captain Peter Manning's child? And might not Jenny have tried to make her lover marry her? And might not her lover have been afraid of his wife? Thus reasoned the jury, who were as ignorant as Peter was himself of what actually had happened.

THE interview Peter had with his solicitors on the day following his release was not without its awkward moments.

"Would it not be advisable," the senior partner in the firm suggested, "to let the past remain the past? Your wife married again after her divorce. She is living with her husband, very happily, I believe, in New York. Surely no good purpose can be served by reminding her of those unfortunate incidents which she has done her best to forget."

It was a sane enough point of view. Peter saw that. Yet he could not bring himself to accept it.

"I would like," he said, "to see her just once again. For such a long time I've looked forward to seeing her that it's difficult now to give up the idea. I've never had an opportunity of telling her that I really wasn't guilty. She may even think that I was. I'm afraid a great many people do."

It was obvious that the solicitor himself did.

"And then," pleaded Peter, "there's Jean, my daughter. I've often thought about her. She must be a big girl now."

"I won't," said the solicitor, "withhold Mrs. Shenston's address if you really want it."

"I do want it."

Peter had been firm. And he left the office knowing where he might find Margaret again. Jean, he understood, had been brought up to believe that Mr. Shenston, a wealthy American broker, was her father. Well, in the circumstances, that was possibly the best thing that could have happened.

He did not immediately cross the Atlantic. For it occurred to him that, after all, the solicitor had been right in advising him to let the past remain the past. With a changed name, and the adequate income he fortunately possessed, it should be fairly easy, he thought, to make a new life for himself.

But he found it less easy than he had supposed.

New acquaintances he made, but their companionship afforded him little satisfaction. His secret weighed heavily upon him. Confession would have helped him, enabled him perhaps to make a real friend of some man, or woman. He hated always having to pretend, to keep back the truth about himself. But, although several times he had been on the point of telling everything, his courage at the last had failed him. He dreaded too much that look of horror which might come into the eyes of his confidant. An unchanged murderer! That was how he would be regarded. So he kept his secret to himself.

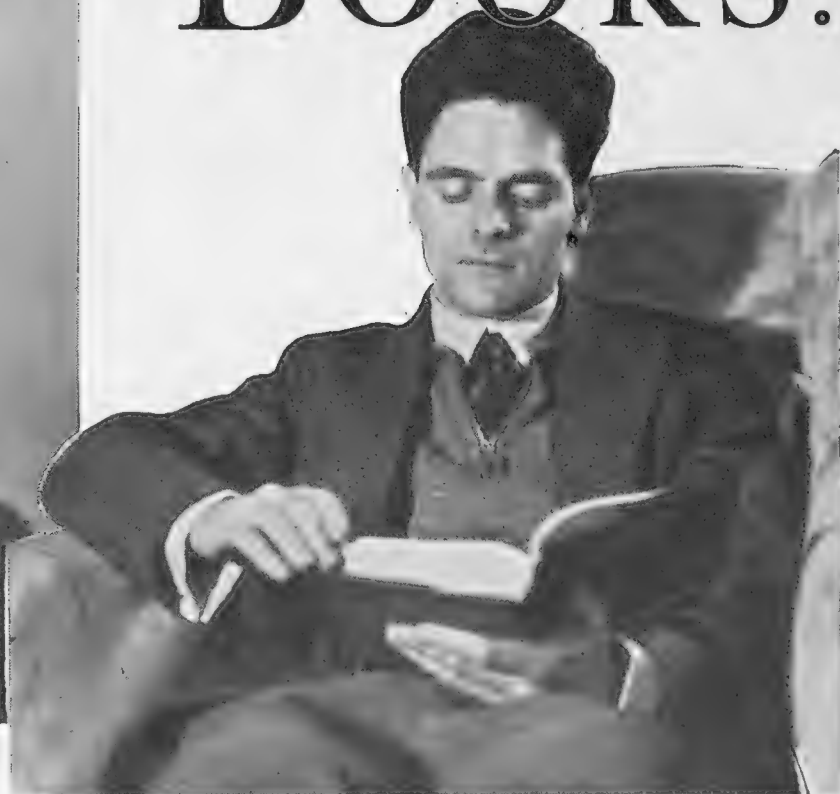
Many lonely hours Peter spent, wondering about Margaret, and about his daughter. Jean must be almost twenty now. And he could only remember her as a very small child, playing in the garden of their Hampstead home. He found himself, when walking in the streets—and he walked a good deal these days—noticing young women of the same age, and imagining that Jean was like them. He thought of her as fair, and tall, and sparkingly alive. Not very like her mother, who had been beautiful, but in a cold, statuesque way.

A year in England was about as much as he could stand. All that time he was restless, and there tugged at him constantly the desire to see again the woman who had been his wife. Even more anxious was he to see his daughter, who had now become the centre of so many fond imaginings. And finally, unable any longer to postpone the strange reunion on which he had set his heart, he booked his passage to America.

It was a bright June afternoon on (Continued on page 134)



MABEL LETHBRIDGE, author of "Against the Tide," a sequel to "Fortune Grass." This author, more than anyone else writing to-day, is expressing the outlook of the utterly emancipated, socially unambitious, vital women of thirty



FRANK TILSLEY, whose novel "I'd Do It Again" is a simple tale, related with great skill and freshness and most exciting to read

THE author of that memorable fragment of autobiography, *Fortune Grass*, has written a sequel to it—a dangerous thing to do, but she is used to danger, and perhaps (though it sounds complacent to say so) is not happy when too long deprived of it. Readers of the first volume will remember how Mabel Lethbridge, terribly maimed by an explosion in a munitions factory, fought her way back to life and independence, refusing all assistance which threatened her complete liberty. In *Against the Tide* (Bles, 8s. 6d.) the struggle continues; the disasters are new, but just as they are to some extent caused by the old fear of subordination, so they are met with the old courage. Miss Lethbridge is an extraordinary woman—energetic and restless, egoistic and prone to self-dramatisation, warmhearted and impulsive, and as brave as a family of lions. In detail, she often writes badly, but her personality is so strong and generous that it must always irradiate every book she produces. To pick holes in her work would be easy. But it would also be unsatisfactory, because the final verdict must inevitably be this: that she, more than anyone else writing to-day, is expressing the outlook of the utterly emancipated, socially unambitious, vital women of thirty. That does not mean that she is typical of them. On the contrary, she speaks for them because she is worth any dozen of them rolled

together. There are times when one wonders whether, if she went in for politics, she might not become the first woman Prime Minister. She would do the job very well until the day, not long delayed, when visitors to Downing Street found No. 10 locked up and the occupant gone, leaving no address.

A Little Instruction

"HERO DUST," by James Kemble. (Methuen, 6s.)

THE author of this volume of biographical studies is a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, a qualification which the reader will do well to remember since it indicates the angle from which Mr. Kemble writes. He here takes half a dozen notabilities of the past—Mary Queen of Scots, Epicurus, Catherine the Great, Milton, Brummell and Omar Khayyam—and reveals their "mental and physical dispositions." In case any reader should take alarm, it must be promptly explained that Mr. Kemble writes for the layman. Indeed, like most specialists, he rather underrates the layman, and if he had been a little more "difficult" he would have been even more interesting than he is, and still some way from being really difficult. There is an enormous contribution to History due from medical men. It cannot be made too soon.

"FRANCE," by Cloudesley Brereton. (Heffer, 1s.)

BETWEEN last September and the beginning of this year Dr. Brereton delivered three wireless lectures as an introduction to the study of French, and he afterwards repeated them from the Paris studio at the invitation of the French Government. These talks compose the booklet mentioned above. They are not guides to conversation or hints on phonetics, but something anterior to the taking of lessons since they are intended to give a brief resumé of the shape of French history and of the nature of French culture. Within the narrow limits of their origin they fulfil their purpose admirably.

MR. FRANK TILSLEY is as modern as Miss Lethbridge—but this word "modern" needs a note. It is often reserved for novels full of gin and promiscuous affections, but I am not using it in that sense. The people in those books are usually incapable of any but the most fitful effort, whereas Miss Lethbridge and Mr. Tilsley find no difficulty in sustained effort but only in the direction in which that effort should be made. Mr. Tilsley has written a novel called *I'd Do It Again* (Secker, 7s. 6d.). It is a realistic story of a young clerk with a pretty wife. On his wages, £3 a week, he will either lose her or see her turn into a drudge. He therefore swindles his employer, for a considerable period, out of £2 a week. He is clever enough, and lucky enough, to avoid detection, and in the end we leave him with his wages raised and the need for dishonesty removed. That is all; but the simple tale is related with great skill and freshness, and is, indeed, most exciting to read. But the interesting point about Mr. Tilsley's hero is his attitude towards his crime. He dislikes

A Number of New Novels

Reviewed by
Arnold Palmer

"Away, Away"

"THROUGH FORBIDDEN TIBET," by Harrison Forman (Jarrolds, 18s.)

HERE are two books by people who are not altogether happy amid the blessings of Western civilisation. Mr. Forman is probably right in claiming that Tibet is the most interesting and satisfying portion of the earth's surface left to the explorer; and, being brave and adventurous, he penetrated far into that exclusive country. But Tibet is not exclusive for nothing. Its frontiers may be rushed, but not its secrets; and the spectacle of Mr. Forman—with his manner of a breezy New York reporter, his knack of being a good mixer, his camera, his confidence, and his eye for the snappy and the sensational—chumming up with everyone from Grand Living Buddha to bandit queen ends by being depressing. It is true that he didn't, probably, make the smallest dent on Tibet. But what of the thousands like him who will inevitably follow him?



NORA ALEXANDER

"WANDERINGS IN YUGO-SLAVIA," by Nora Alexander. (Skeffington, 18s.)

MRS. ALEXANDER, with a woman friend, tramped over all the western Balkans, a feat demanding unusual courage and endurance. She has written a quiet, delightful account of her expedition, successfully imparting her enthusiasm to the reader. Her unforced humour, which often stood her in good stead on her journey, adds to the attraction of her pages, and her photographs are a fitting mixture of the splendid and the homely. A pleasant book to read, it will doubtless make many people think of following the author's trail. Fortunately, they will abandon the idea.

cheating, and is made miserable by it; and he has to bear the burden of it alone, because his young wife has what he calls "old-fashioned" ideas about honesty. But he sees no chance of happiness on £3 a week, and with his eyes wide open and without any self-pity or muddled morality, he decides to take the risk. The strain on him (very well brought out by the author) is tremendous; but it quickens his wits and steadies his nerve, and it is typical of the realism of this excellent novel that when, at the end, the clerk is promoted, his employer congratulates him on the added sense of responsibility which he has shown of late.

MR. ERSKINE CALDWELL'S earlier books revealed him as one of the most brutal and powerful of realists. Of late there has been a little less brutality, but no less power, and it surprises me that he is still so short of recognition here in England. His fellow-countrymen Mr. Faulkner and Mr. Hemingway (to name only two) are loudly and flutily acclaimed by young men with the beard and the shirt, but Mr. Caldwell's name is never on their lips. That may—who knows?—all be for the best. He goes on doing good work and I am romantic enough to believe that that tells in the end. His new volume, *Kneel to the Rising Sun* (Secker, 7s. 6d.) contains seventeen stories, as local in



AILEEN SMILES, whose novel "Indian Tea" is a story of England and India and Anglo-Indians



LINTON C. HOPKINS, author of "The Candle," a novel handled with skill and gusto

setting and as strong in treatment as the work of Eugene O'Neill—the only author to whom, perhaps, one is tempted to compare Mr. Caldwell. That he can still be brutal when he must is apparent in *Masses of Men*, as terrible a story as ever was written; that he is also capable of a beautiful tenderness as far as possible removed from mawkishness can be seen in the first story in the collection. This is the third, I think, or the fourth work of this very distinguished writer to cross the Atlantic, and everything of his that I read confirms the striking impression made on me by his first book. I am sure I have not made a mistake; but I admit that I should be feeling lonely if it were not for the comforting presence of Mr. Compton Mackenzie.

VICKI BAUM, too, has been faithful to realism after her fashion, and it is a fashion that has given me great and growing pleasure. It is disappointing, then, to find her following up her best book, *Men Never Know*, with her worst, *Career* (Bles, 7s. 6d.). The central theme, or what I take to be the central theme, of this novel—the disintegrating effect of a long term of imprisonment—

is a great one, and frequently the treatment seems about to become worthy of it. But the theme is always being lost amid decorative digressions, until one wonders which is design and which ornamentation. Was Miss Baum afraid of boring us?

Doesn't she know, most accomplished of novelists, that the one safe way of boring the reader is to be afraid of boring him?

The story begins well—"Authentic Baum!" one murmurs, as one responds to the admirable first pages—and throughout the book good scenes keep on turning up in the nick of time. But there are too many bad and careless passages, too much uncharacteristically slovenly writing. (E.g.: "Doris wanted to interrupt him, but a glance from Sister Leofcacia warned her that the blacker she painted herself, the better it would be for Basil." What a glance!) Like her heroine, Miss Baum seems tired. Unable or unwilling to rest, she drives herself on, and the result is the least satisfactory and longest-seeming book she has yet written. If it is true, as is sometimes said, that every author must write at least one bad novel, then Miss Baum's admirers have the consolation of knowing that the worst is over. We can face the future with serenity, as far as she is concerned.

With *My Aunt in Pink*, by Richard Blake Brown (Secker, 7s. 6d.) (Contd. on page 96)



We build our homes with flat roofs these days and deliberately plan a proportion of our lives out of doors

The small radio-like object is the very newest device for ventilating your room with clean air. It comes from America



AIR CONDITIONING

By Joan Woollcombe

THE problem of fresh air resolves itself into two main questions: How to get "fresh" air inside the home, whether it is conditioned or just common or garden air; and how to get out-of-door conditions into our daily lives, whether we live in town or country.

The ordinary housewife, directly she sets out to do something about this

fresher air business, is at once aware of the forces against her.

The natural thing, if you want fresh air, is to throw open the windows of your room and let it in. The twin menaces of atmospheric pollution and din are out there waiting to come in, too. And we are only just learning how to fight them.

The installation in one of London's most famous hotels of an air-conditioning system is something of an event, and rightly. So, one imagines, was the installation of bathrooms and hot and cold water years back. Now we all have them.

It is within reason that we shall soon all demand that designers of new homes follow the example of this hotel.

What can the ordinary woman in the modern small house or flat in a city do about getting clean fresh air and quiet?

She cannot, obviously, wait till the powers-that-be see fit finally to curb conditions that make open windows difficult or impossible at certain hours of the day. But she can get an inexpensive machine that circulates the air (simple in itself, but beneficial), and she can get machines that extract the vitiated air from her room and permit the new clean air automatically to flow in to take its place. She

can also get an air filter equipment that circulates air cleaned of dust, bacteria and pollen (this for hay-fever victims) at the rate of some 450 cubic feet a minute.

In what rooms in her small home will some such equipment justify its initial cost, which varies from 4½ guineas to about the cost of a family-size refrigerator? Obviously, the noisy bedroom of a town house and the nursery; equally obviously the smaller sitting-rooms of today where both entertaining and meals must be staged.

The sickroom is, naturally, as important as the nursery, and the vital elements in recovery, rest and fresh air, can often only be assured by artificial means. Only those who have seen the sufferings of a sleep-starved patient can appreciate this.

The practical remedies? Find out, as I have, about foolproof electric fans, the cheapest and the simplest way of setting air in motion and thus ensuring a degree of simple ventilation. If you select a fan, make it a ribbon-bladed one that is harmless to children.

If you want to clean out the fumes of cooking and to keep the air of your room fresh, that is, constantly renewed, there is a very inexpensive and most effective machine that cleans the air in the normal room some three times in every hour. It is a simple enough affair and fits into your window-pane.

Actually a change of air twice an hour is considered vitally necessary to good



Here you see the Six Exhaust Fan, actually fitted to your kitchen window and cleaning out the atmosphere for you three times every hour in silence

health. This fan changes the air 300 times over a period of one hundred hours for one unit of electricity.

Supposing, however, you want to carry the matter even further, and it is a question of air filtration and additional silencing. The new Filteraire is an inoffensive small radiogram type of unit some 9 in. high, that circulates about 450 cubic feet of *clean* air through your room every minute.

It costs about as much as a 40-watt lamp to run, and it cuts out dust and that special summertime terror of the asthma sufferer, pollen dust.

In addition to this, the machine is fitted with a special acoustical deflector that rejects noise, and it really does act as a silencer.

This, an entirely new idea and only just available, is worth exploring. It costs very little more than a refrigerator for the small home and a good deal less than a smart radiogram.

There are also air-conditioning units of the Sterilizair type that hang from the ceiling. Air conditioning, in fact, is occupying the attention of designers and engineers interested in the small and medium sized home to an increasing extent.

Meanwhile, there arises that equally vital question as to the sane use of "out of doors" whenever this is possible:

What about your garden, your backyard, even your small flat roof or the leads?

We all know the vogue for roof gardens, but a roof bedroom and a roof gymnasium are even more exciting and quite possible.

Just go and look at your roof. You could shield it from being overlooked by simple garden fencing. You could either furnish it with sturdy washable garden furniture or make a children's playground of it with a tiny five-foot house and garden.

Every variety of the modern beach or garden *chaise longue* is useful here. And there is the normal health equipment, punchball, shower, wall bars and so on that, protected by a waterproof awning and equipped with side curtains for occasional use, give you an extra room and an open-air gym.

Gardens and roofs in London still suffer from smuts and general grime. I do not pretend that this is not a grim disadvantage in the business of planning for town open air. But very simple expedients, mosquito netting among them, make it quite possible to sleep in peace if the equipment is adequate.



Windows are, after all, the essential way to normal fresh air. Here, in this modern home, is an ideal window layout



You see here the possibilities of our flat roofs. Above is an open-air gymnasium. Below, a decorative open-air extension to your sitting room



Soon it will be built into small homes. Meanwhile there are clever air freshening and changing devices

I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW



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IT'S sticky hot in the office this afternoon. Directly I type the last word on this page I'm putting on my hat, dashing home, undressing, and taking a shower.

It makes me feel cooler even to think of a shower.

Taking a bath wouldn't suggest the same thing at all.

Pleasant to reflect that ex-Barbara Hutton, the Paget Twins, Claudette Colbert and who knows who do the same thing when they want to cool off. So you can't tell the difference between them and me, except that my shower enjoyment is intenser than theirs, because I'm new to showers, and they've probably had them all their lives.

Looking back on pre-shower days, I realise that the luxury life hadn't begun for me until I spent the ten and



sixpence that this little bathroom pet costs.

Actually, I'll confess it was born as a shampoo spray. And as a shampoo spray it is excellent for those who wash the hair at home, because they can at last have a thorough rinsing, which they could never do without discomfort, dipping down in the basin.

I don't wash the hair at home, so I use the thing in the bath instead. It is simple as pie to fix to the unions of the taps. (Did you know that there's nothing like cold water to keep the bosom young and firm?)

You can get these sprays in pink, blue, green, mauve, black, white rubber, chromium fitted.

Thrown in with the half a guinea, there is also a rubber massage attachment. A free booklet tells all.

BEFORE leaving baths behind us, I want to talk about a new friction cloth. Readers of this page will know that I am a one for frictioning. Just getting in the bath and sponging yourself lightly isn't good enough. Your skin wants to be frictioned and toned. Once you've tried it, you know how grand you feel afterwards, how refreshed, invigorated, cleansed.

Well, this little cloth is made of terry towelling, the fibres of which are impregnated with latex rubber, surgical quality, giving it body and—don't ask me to explain how—helping with the lather. Even with hard water, you get a luscious lather on these cloths.

Suggest to your men that they use one before a shave, and see how it helps.

NOW, what are you doing about the hair on your legs? This remains the most irritating and annoying of the smaller problems with which we gals have to contend. It is bad enough to have hairs showing through thin stockings, but when it comes to bathing time and lying-in-the-sun time, the problem becomes urgent.

It isn't any good letting things slide, just removing surface hair. You really have to get down to rock bottom—

in this case the root. And here is how to do it at home, quickly, simply, without a hurt.

The treatment consists of four things: a removing balsam, a lotion, a powder, a cream. You first pat on the lotion, which soothes the delicate nerve endings of the skin while the actual root extraction takes place. You follow with the powder to prepare the skin for the removal. This makes the hair stand up. Then comes the hair-removing balsam, which is very easy to use, as it is simply a cylinder, packed in a tinfoil cover. For regular use, the cream keeps the skin soft and smooth and discourages re-growth.

The makers believe in it so much that if after thirty days you are not satisfied that it is going to rid you permanently of unnecessary hair, they send your money back.

IN case you are beginning to fall for hand-made gloves, as a lot of smart women are now that gloves can look chic if they have a slight clumsiness, you ought to know of a fascinating shop which makes them to your order, or sells skins, patterns and instructions if you want to make them yourself.

It's fun to have a shot at them. So that you shouldn't waste beginners' efforts on anything too good, they sell a chamois skin with pattern, thread, needle and detailed instructions for making for 3s. 9d. (post free).

Patterns separately cost a shilling each for slip-on or button gloves, and 1s. 2d. for gauntlets.

When you've experimented, you can soar a little and get washable suèdes, nappa, cape goatskin. These cost from 1s. 6d. to 2s. a foot. And you need 2½ to 2½ ft. (about half a whole skin) to make a pair of gloves.

BY now, you must have made up your mind whether you can or can't tan. If you can, you'll want to do so as quickly as possible, with as little discomfort as possible. If you can't, you must protect. There's no need for anyone to look red and hideous, or to suffer any pain.

Non-tanners should use a special protective cream which is an excellent powder foundation, sunproof and waterproof.

If you feel like looking different sometimes, you can buy it in a bronze shade, and with sun-bronze powder, you will surprise your buddies.

For tanners, who get brown ultimately, but are inclined to initial redness, use a cream which is also a non-sticky powder base.

This deflects the burning rays of the sun, and allows the health-giving ones to penetrate.

Gradually, as you acquire a tan, change over to sun-tan oil, which deepens the tan and keeps the skin supple and soft.

If you are the lucky one who tans right away without reddening at all, you can use this oil from the beginning without the soothing cream.



HOW TO LOSE A MAN

THE average man has, I think, funny ideas on women. He might forgive a woman for running off with his best friend, but he will not tolerate one who sniffs.

Little faults get him down, silly habits, of which we are probably unconscious, aggravate him beyond endurance.

An absurd, but irritating, habit almost wrecked the love-affair of a girl I know. She developed a

trick of twanging her suspenders. She used to clutch the fasteners through her dress, pinch them up, and let them go with a snap.

Though it must have hurt her more than it hurt him, her fiancé smacked her in public for it. It cured her.

There is another feminine idiosyncrasy which is far from rare—corset-tugging.

We must have all seen the monstrous sight. An elegant woman tricked out in a lovely dress, stops suddenly, seizes her thighs and heaves.

Men don't want to know nor guess at the intricacies of our underwear, and they are naturally shocked.

Men are not, unfortunately, the half-dazed, uncritical creatures women assume them to be. I should say there's very little about a woman's dress or make-up that escapes the average man.

For instance, no detail about a woman's legs eludes him. He will usually tell you whether you have your seams on straight or crooked. No matter how nice the legs or expensive the stockings, twisted seams upset the logical masculine mind.

He will notice your shoes, and dislike you if you are silly enough to wear high heels on country walks, or sandals at a sherry-party.

Moreover, he unreasonably expects a girl's legs to be as smooth as her cheeks. So look to your depilatories.

To discover if men really possess this all-seeing eye, I asked three men to write down a number of faults which they found irritating in women. Here are some of their disconcerting criticisms.

They disliked women who "Get lipstick on their teeth; pick varnish off their nails; wear anything that dangles or jingles; have moles on their backs; raise their eyebrows and get rail-lines on their

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foreheads; look hot after tennis; take shoes off under the table; flutter their eyelids; have coat collars littered with fallen hair; flick cigarette-ash everywhere, usually on our trousers; show untidy shoulder straps; fidget with their hair."

These criticisms fall into three groups: points men dislike about make-up, dress, habits.

Between man and his girl's make-up lies a host of trouble. Each man's taste varies, and the make-up of a curate's wife will not suit a band-leader's fiancée.

There are, nevertheless, general rules. Men like make-up provided it looks natural, and whether one applies a liberal amount of lipstick or not, it should never, never come off.

Love, however ardent, cannot stand a badly-made-up face, a disconcerting dab of powder stranded on a neck, shiny nostrils, enlarged pores, and eyebrows fringed with tiny, unplucked hairs.

Most men will forgive the type and colour of a woman's dress, provided the clothes are clean and fit her. A dirty collar, a soiled handkerchief, divorce a man's affection.

Other men, particularly young ones, become exasperated with the girl who hides a good figure under loosely-fitting, graceless clothes.

Unconscious, usually nervy, habits are the most dangerous of trouble-makers between men and women. If someone has a particularly revolting trick, one is timid of pointing it out. The only advice for this is: watch yourself, and if you have any of the faults described in this article, or others which belong to the same groups, check them immediately.

If, when you are worried, you find yourself picking at the varnish on your nails, link your fingers, and you will soon cure yourself.

Some nervous girls have a horrid habit: when they are worried, they pull at their ears, or, worse, scratch their heads. Others twine their legs round and round like contortionists, or worry at their shoes until they get them off.

To be lovable in men's eyes, we must not only discover their prejudices, but forestall their criticism by keeping ourselves well-groomed, well in hand, and never acquiring small, insidious faults.



"Twisted seams upset his logical mind"



"Seizes her thighs and heaves"



"Show untidy shoulder straps"

FASHIONS

BY JEAN BURNUP
EDITOR WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT



Garden-party gaiety and formality crystallised in a dress of pale cyclamen organza, full sleeved, basqued, with horizontal tucks adroitly spaced on the wide, floating skirt. Model Gowns, Debenham & Freebody

LARGE hats, larger than they have been for years, are made of soft silky straws, black and pastel felts. Jeff's 'black velvet, largest of all, has a twenty-five-inch brim, red roses and celluloid dolls for trimming . . . Appliqués are fortune-making this season . . . Every other flower-printed dress has the pattern cut out and appliquéd somewhere, round the collar, on the cuffs, dotted over the sleeves. Pretty, but needs lots of pressing.

Prints try so hard to be amusing, original, witty that it is almost a relief to see a pretty, if dumb, conventional flower design . . . Schiaparelli's contribution to the lots-of-fun-in-prints-department are elephants and palm-trees, claret-coloured Cupids and ducks disporting on a pale-blue ground, playing-cards, love messages. There's no knowing where it's going to end . . . Other Schiaparelli mid-season news is a three-quarter loose heavy white satin evening coat, with large hand-painted *motifs* on the high-puffed sleeves, a long oil-silk evening cloak and hood, like a mackintosh (for wet parties?), buttons made of fairy lanterns, pigs, leather tassels, decorative evening head-bands hiding all hair, a walking skirt zipping from waist to hem. Madame S. had a long start with these pliant zip-fastenings for every sort of dress, now seen everywhere.

Norman Hartnell shows flared tunics, narrow waisted, over pencil-straight skirts, with slit centre front or sides . . . Taffeta or organdie coats, tunic shaped . . . Some bolero day suits, very simple . . . And continues that superb evening dress line of his, moulded to knees, or just below, with swirling hem.

Peter Russell does some really new things with skirts; like them or not, they're different . . . He makes chiffon garden-party dresses, crystal pleated, to the ankles only, and gives them double hems, making them look unpressed, swingy . . . He puts ten-inch-deep hems on day dresses (no show-throughs here) . . . He makes the skirt front longer than the back, either hanging as a panel or looped under, if the material is soft . . . He puts row on row of white floss stitching on a pale lavender full-skirted organdie, and it looks like braid . . . Full marks for his brown chiffon gloves, tailored to fit like gloves, and the usual beautifully made slips that accompany all his garden-party and evening frocks, which are sheath-like evening dresses in themselves.

Houston Rogers



SUMMER PRETTIES

● First a dressing-gown. Wine-coloured silky fabric, patterned with white ships. The wide stitched, padded revers, cuffs, pocket edge and belt lining are white crêpe. Also to be had in brown, navy and royal blue backgrounds. £1 5s. 6d.

● Then, something you must have on a holiday, a large cotton square which can be scarf, sun top, sun hood and what not. This is coral and white, the neatest design. 3/6.

● Below it is a play-suit—another must for a holiday—in pale-pink piqué with navy-white spotted tie and navy buttons. There is a tuck-in shirt top, good shorts, with pleats front and back, and a wrap-around skirt. 13/11.

● The beach-bag, to hold all you take along, is proofed linen, natural ground, gaily, colourfully patterned. 2/11½.

● The tuck-in shirt is mercerised lisle thread, brown, white striped. Or you can get it in navy/white and red/white. 12/6.

● That Tyrolean belt would do things to any dress. It is coarse, natural linen edged with gold braid, embroidered with coloured flower bunches in wool and beads, and red felt hearts. Four gold hooks fasten. 11/6. The red heart-shaped buttons cost fourpence each.

● The hat is the lightest weight baku straw, biscuit, trimmed with a petersham bow (you can get other colours too). The lightness of the straw, the styling of the hat, makes it, we think, the buy of the month for 15/9. Although the natural mesh gloves (also obtainable in other colours) run it pretty close at 2/11.

● The flower posy costs 6½d. and the hair garland 1/3.

● For further details write to the Editor, Woman's Department, Britannia and Eve, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4., enclosing stamp for reply.



MID SEASON STYLES



Above :

Dress and bolero coat in blue-green, white starred surrah, the skirt fulness springing from tucks. Flat horizontal tucks at the dress neck and coat shoulders bring the stars nearer together. *W. W. Reville Terry, Ltd.*

Right :

White crêpe dress, printed with small green shamrocks. At the collar edge, the shamrocks are cut out, appliquéd. Over it a short, green jacket, with a rounded, flaring back. *Norman Hartnell.*





Above :

Ankle-length, garden-party dress, grey chiffon over a cowslip yellow slip. The skirt, sleeves and collar are crystal pleated, and the hem is double, giving a free, unpressed look. Real-looking cowslips (made of rubber) trail from the left shoulder. *Peter Russell.*



Above, right :

Black satin low-cut evening dress with fulness nicely arranged at back of skirt. An interesting drape ends in a frill low at the left side of the corsage. The loose, accompanying coat has ostrich feather sleeves, white, black-tipped. *Norman Edwards.*

Right :

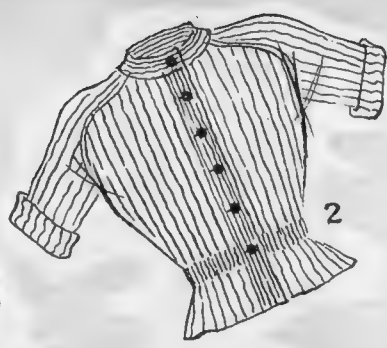
The cleverest, Simple Dress of the year. Double white organdie, fitting the figure, then swirling, a little turn-down collar, deep pleating widening the shoulders, a celluloid belt, and a front posy of pink paper roses. *Schiaparelli.*



When the Wind Blows



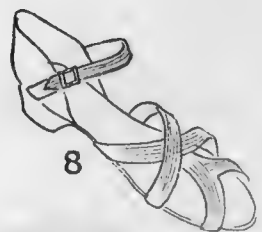
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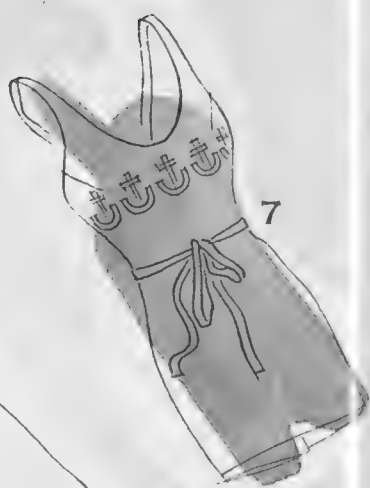
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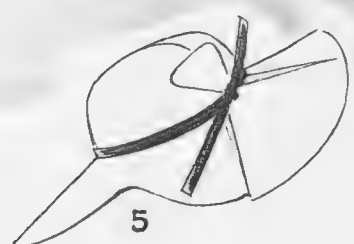
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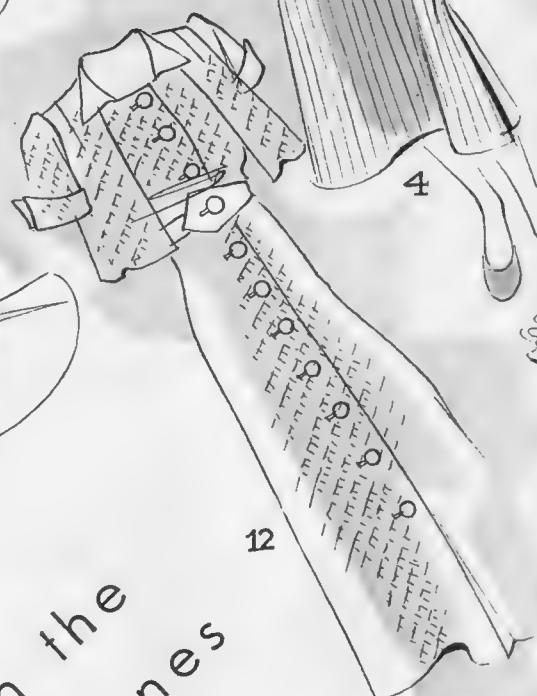
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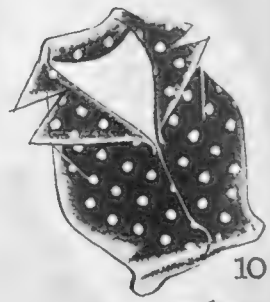
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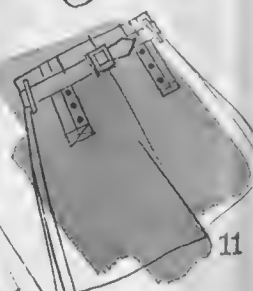
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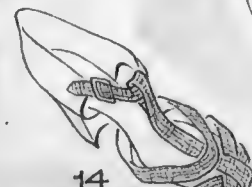
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When the Sun Shines

HOLIDAYS

feel a holiday is going to be a success if I can pack my all into one large suitcase. Too much luggage is a bore and a tie. Taking all you've got, just in case, or to cause a sensation, is silly. On the other hand, you have to have enough with you to meet any weather, and any occasion.

Assembled on these pages is a little of everything, arrived at after planning, discarding, replanning, discarding again.

Actually there is all you need for any ordinary ashore or afloat holiday. If you are going mountaineering, fishing, walking across Mexico or something, of course you need specialist clothes.

1. Travel suit, beige knit coat and skirt, tailored as if it were cloth. *Burberry*. (The coat can go over anything, as a woolly.) 5 guineas.

From *Studd and Millington*, the grand travel coat, brown and white check tweed, with a touch of red. £7 7s.

2. Coarse rib woollen sweater, obtainable in scarlet, white, grey and navy. *Debenham and Freebody*. 29/6.

3. Tailored shirt in natural linen (other colours also) to wear with travel suit, with shorts. *Debenham and Freebody*. 25/9.

4. Pale blue wool bouclé dress, slightly ribbed, excellent line. *Richard Sands*. (Sands, by the way, have a long sale, as they're merging with another firm.)

5. Soft felt travel hat, beige. Can be worn with everything else you've got. *Marshall and Snelgrove*. 25/9.

6. Three-piece play or sun suit. Brassière top, brown and white stripes, brown panties, little skirt, which can be a cape. You can swim in the bras and shorts. *Jaeger*. 35/9.

7. Swim Suit. Black with woven anchor design. Cross back, tie front. *Jaeger*. 16/9.

8. Rubber swim sandals. *Abbotts*. 2/11.

9. Pink slub silk dress, with slotted contrasting scarf. *Richard Sands*.

10. Sun top in spotted woven woollen, backless. *Jaeger*. 12/9.

11. Worsted flannel shorts. *Jaeger*. 25/9.

12. Sun back dress with short-sleeved boxy coat, in a cotton and silk mixture. *Marshall and Snelgrove*. 59/6.

13. Smart canvas holiday handbag. *Marshall and Snelgrove*. 15/-.

14. Natural raffia sandals. *Abbotts*. 13/11.

15. Beach or deck sandals, multi-coloured canvas, tie front, Cuban heel, rubber soles. *Abbotts*. 3/11.

16. Soft white straw hat, with navy bands. *Marshall and Snelgrove*. 39/6.

17. White piqué coat, short-sleeved, link-buttoned. This will go over any day or evening dress. *Richard Sands*.

18. Lace dinner dress and little coat. (Always have one lace "evening." Lace is a heavenly packer.) In beige, black, grey, mauve, light blue. *Debenham and Freebody*. £7 17s. 6d.

19. Black, soutache lace evening dress, patent leather cord belt, stiffened white lawn collar and cuffs, edged with white lawn flowers. *Marshall and Snelgrove*. *Model Gowns*. 10½ guineas.

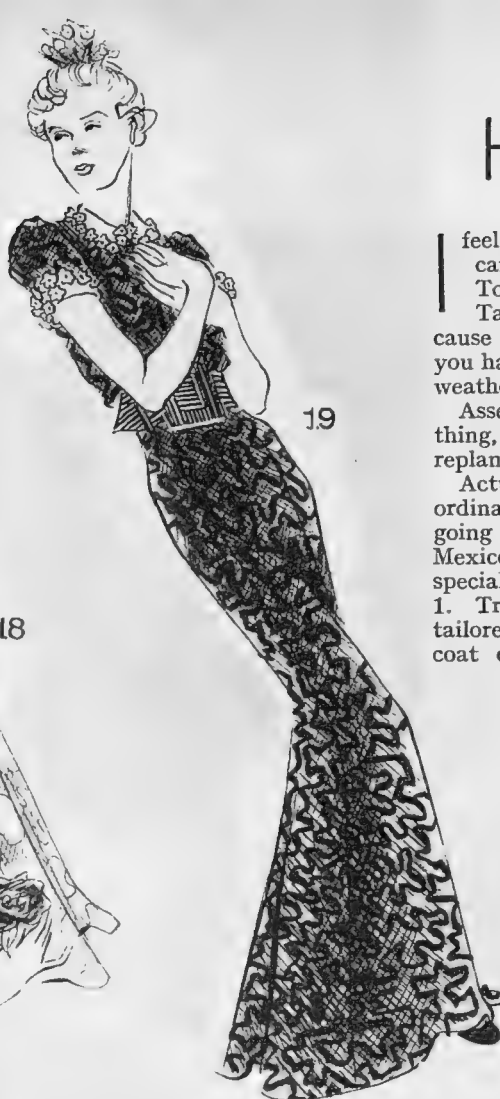
20. Washing, crease-resisting cotton evening dress, frilly, young, in brown and coral, with brown taffeta sash. (Other colours if preferred.) *Marshall and Snelgrove*, *Débutante Department*. 40/-.

21. Navy printed cloqué dress, patterned with white flowers. The piqué flaps come off, leaving the pretty bows behind. *Marshall and Snelgrove*, *Débutante Department*. 70/-.

Evenings



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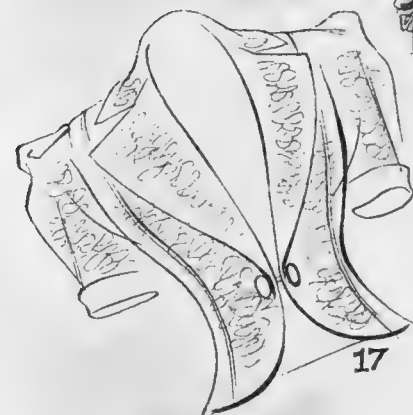
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LIVING IN THE GARDEN



Further details on application with stamped envelope to Editor, Woman's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.



Here is a most comfortable lounge-bed on which to sun-bathe in complete luxury. The mattress in gaily coloured cretonne has a green rot-proof back, so that it can be used on lawn or beach independently of the bed. Bed and mattress complete cost 27/9, while the bed alone can be bought for 14/9. The head-rest can be adjusted to three different positions or can be let down flush with the rest of the bed, which then makes an excellent emergency bed for house or bungalow.

2. A garden umbrella, 6 ft. diameter, in fancy striped canvas and fitted with a special revolving joint, is particularly good value at 31/6. The iron table with enamelled top and a hole through which to place the umbrella, is 10/-.

3. This upright folding chair has a particularly comfortable back which adjusts itself to any position desired. The folding side tray is an additional luxury, most useful for holding drinks, books, writing materials. Price 11/9.

4. For real comfort the "So Cosy" chair with a head pillow, knee-pad and arms is an excellent choice. It is adjustable to any position. 8/11.

5. The "Silverdale" Table-Tray is grand for garden and verandah use. The legs fold under so that tea can be carried out on a useful-sized tray which is instantly converted into a table. It is made of hardwood with a plywood top and is polished self colour. Price 15/9.

The lemonade set, ornamented with yellow, red, blue, black and frosted glass bands, costs 5/11. The glass-topped, wicker-edged tray with handles, 2/11.



REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS

By Len Chaloner

WE read frequently in the text-books that "rewards and bribes are dangerous" in the upbringing of children. I often wonder why no one ever says the same about punishments.

In principle, punishments have just the same danger of artificiality as rewards and bribes, with the still greater drawback of being negative and frustrating, often only exciting afresh the very emotions of hate or jealousy or fear which first brought about the troublesome behaviour.

No, you may be quite certain of this. If you find frequent need for either punishment or bribes in the nursery, then your system of management needs overhaul.

Reward is the reverse side of the coin of punishment. Both are the measure of your anxiety to get obedience.

Yet three-quarters of the time the obedience that you want to secure is about some simple item of routine, such as feeding or dressing or going to bed.

Often unwillingness or difficulty over such things dates back to a time when your child was still smaller and urged "Let me do it!"

That would have been a very slow, laborious and even messy process. You could do it in less than half the time yourself. So you said, "No, let mummy help you; it's quicker," and took away the spoon or grasped the sponge or toothbrush and the child gave way to your insistence.

Mealtime faddiness or routine perversity can soon grow from such management, and when a second baby follows and you would be grateful for self-help in the firstborn, your troubles are likely to begin, urging you toward the pitfalls of bribes or punishments.

The natural disposition of the small child towards independence, being able to do without you, would have saved the need for bribes in such matters.

Yet the no-reward-but-virtue school of thought is equally unreal and absurd. Children are like the rest of us, and in a world of reality we should all do very little without a reward of some sort.

The aim of your education, therefore, should be not so much to banish all thought of reward from your child's mind as to help him gradually, through an increasing interest in effort, to find courage to wait for a *delayed* reward.

In ideal education, the effort itself gradually emerges as the main part of the pleasure or reward. The greatest trouble about bribes is that they make for suppression of the effort, in looking instantly for the return. Much patience is needed in helping small children to work and wait, when you appreciate that time to them means very little as yet.

They understand at first only "now" or "never." To-morrow or yesterday are so shadowy as to be almost negligible.

Nevertheless this should not stop you from making a beginning. The child who gathers up his toys from the floor before going out (hanging over each one as if he never expected to see it again) may be encouraged by such a suggestion as "Clear up as quickly as you can and I will help you a little, so that we may have a good game in the park."

It is always more useful to put the suggestion in its positive rather than its negative form.

A small child in a pram finds it fun to throw a toy overboard and watch his nurse retrieve it just when it seemed almost gone. Back it is dropped on to his cover. But at the third time perhaps he is surprised and very aggrieved to receive a sharp slap as a "naughty boy."

He is far too young to realise consciously that this is because nurse has begun to get annoyed. But he will soon sense something of the kind very clearly and his sense of resentment may even make it pleasurable, in spite of the

consequences, deliberately to annoy nurse for what he feels is her injustice.

A logical method would have helped him far more. Nurse could say "It's gone now," and keep the toy under the cover at her end for a time so that he gradually sees the reality between throwing things away and having to do without them.

It is the unreasonable, illogical punishment as such that does the harm, fanning the child into a conflict of hating someone whom at other times he loves or feels very dependent on. He will bear with a surprising philosophy the consequences of something which he perceives to be his own action.

It is good that he should meet with the ups and downs of such reality, so long as you do not add "I told you so."

Sometimes mothers look for a too clockwork obedience in a child, because they don't understand that his immediate activity or occupation is of importance to him, or because they never care to feel "thwarted" by the child.

Yet even a flat refusal on the part of an emotionally charged child is often quite simply overcome if you can remain good-tempered and suggest quietly "Then perhaps you will do it presently?"

If you have never tried this in difficult moments you will be surprised at the results.

Here is the beginning of self-discipline for the child and the first step on your own part to a new and much more interesting method of management.

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SUMMER WOOLLY



TO SHAPE SHOULDER :

Knit until 7 stitches remain. Knit back. Knit until 15 stitches remain. Knit back. Knit until 23 stitches remain. Knit back. Cast off.

Return to other side of neck and work in same manner.

THE BACK :

Work as for front until armhole is reached. Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of the next 2 rows and then decrease at the beginning of each row by knitting 2 stitches together, until there are 92 stitches. Continue in ribbing until work measures 6 inches from armhole.

TO SHAPE SHOULDERS :

Knit 30 stitches, cast off 32, knit 30. Work each side separately as for front.

THE SLEEVES :

Cast on 80 stitches on No. 10 needles and knit in rib of K. 1, P. 1 for 1 inch. Cast off (not too tightly), leaving the last stitch to put on crochet hook and make s.k. and d.c. into every 4th stitch. There should be 20 patterns.

Continue until sleeve measures 4 inches from beginning.

Decrease armhole as follows :

Slip stitch along to centre of 2nd pattern * 2 s.k., 1 d.c. into centre of next pattern, * repeat from * to * to end of row but leaving the last pattern unworked (17 patterns).

Turn and s.s. along to centre of 1st pattern in previous row, and continue with 2 s.k. and 1 d.c. into centre of pattern to end of row (16 patterns).

Repeat this last row until only 5 patterns remain. Work a row of d.c. along these 5 patterns. Break off wool. There should be 11 patterns from the beginning of sleeve.

Join all seams. Press only the seams.

THE FRONT :

Cast on 98 stitches on No. 10 needles. Knit in rib of K. 1, P. 1, for 2½ inches. Then cast off (not too tightly) until one stitch remains.

With crochet hook pick up this stitch and crochet 2 s.k. and 1 d.c. into 4th stitch of ribbing. Work to end of row, making 2 s.k. and 1 d.c. into every 4th stitch. This makes 24 patterns.

To turn for next row make 2 s.k. and 1 d.c. into centre of pattern in previous row; continue in same way to end of row.

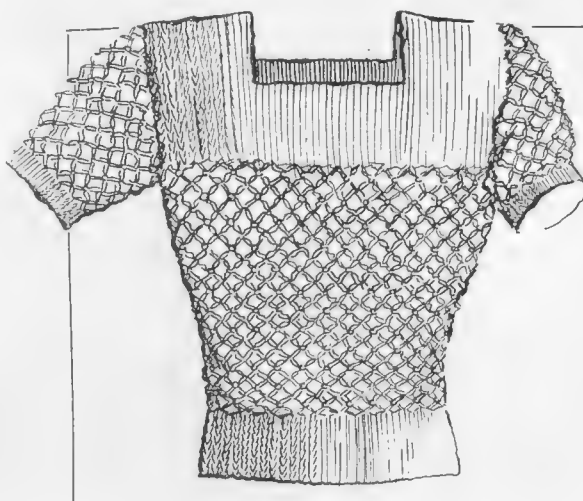
Work 30 rows of s.k. Put loop left on crochet hook on to a No. 10 knitting needle and cast on three stitches, put needle through centre of s.k. pattern and knit a stitch, making five stitches on needle. * Cast on four stitches, put needle through centre of s.k. pattern and knit a stitch. * Repeat from * to * to end of row, thus making 120 stitches.

Knit six rows in rib of K. 1, P. 1.

TO SHAPE FOR ARM-HOLE :

Cast off 6 stitches at the beginning of

the next two rows. Knit 2 stitches together at beginning of every row until 92 stitches remain. Continue without shaping until work measures 2½ inches from armhole. Knit 30 stitches (still in ribbing), cast off 32 stitches, knit 30 stitches. Work on these 30 stitches until work measures 6 inches from armhole.



● It's crochet mixed with a little ribbed knitting ● So simple a design that beginners can make it instantly ● So quick to do, it grows like magic under your hands.

MATERIALS :

4 ozs. wool; 1 pair knitting needles, No. 10; 1 crochet hook, size 14.

TENSION :

2 patterns to 5/8th of an inch.

ABBREVIATIONS :

d.c., double crochet; s.s., slip-stitch; s.k., Solomon's knot: Make a 3/8th inch loop on hook, thread wool over, draw through loop, insert hook into back stitch of loop, wool over hook, draw through, wool over, draw through both loops on hook.

To fit a 34-inch bust.

FLOWERS KNOW ME...



YOU have been irked, as I have, by those women who brood over their flower vases, cutting a stalk tenderly, patting a blossom with emotion, saying as likely as not, "Flowers know me."

Whether flowers know you or not, there is undoubtedly a green finger in arranging flowers, just as much as in making them grow. It certainly takes imagination and skill to get the perfect combination of flowers, in just the right vase, in just the right corner of a room, instead of popping a few blooms in a vase haphazard.

A mixed bunch of country flowers is one of the most completely satisfying decorations for this time of year. If you have a garden, there'll be no end to the mixtures you can invent. Those who buy their flowers, though, need not imagine that it is necessary to spend half the housekeeping money to get a big enough selection.

For the arrangement at the top of this page, I bought half a dozen roses, a small bunch of stock and of ixia, and half a bunch of snapdragon. They threw in what is known in Covent Garden circles as a "bit o' gyp," lovely, feathery gypsophilia, which looks so banal used with pink carnations, and so delicate in a mixed bundle.

Other suitable flowers would be love-in-a-mist, cornflowers, delphiniums, larkspur—tall flowers to spread fanwise at the back of the vase, with denser, shorter blooms at the base.

Start off with your short, bushy blooms—in this arrangement the stocks. Then put in your tall, important flowers, spreading at the back. Build up with the spiky ixia, keeping in mind (Continued on page 107)



By
Vere Denning



THE NICEST SOUND ON A HOT DAY



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Jugs and glasses by courtesy of Hamptons

I never hear ice clinking in a glass without taking a mental journey back through time and space to a tropical island where I once lived.

There we used to sit in the cool of the evening, lazily swaying in rocking-chairs on verandahs heavily coloured with creepers.

Strange scents filled the air; big lizards made queer noises; moths, the size of tea saucers, fluttered about the lights already partly obscured by hundreds of brightly coloured, tiny creatures.

We gossiped vaguely, fanned ourselves and were too lazy to play bridge. There we sat for hours, it seemed, and the whole scene was rather like a fantastic dream.

Suddenly, first from the depths of the dark, cool house and then coming nearer and nearer, we would hear the most delicious tinkling noise. No footsteps announced it, there was no rattling of glasses, for it was the bare-footed negress deftly carrying her large tray of glasses and jugs of icy drinks, and the lovely music was made by the lumps of ice in their jugs.

This was the signal for all of us to become almost energetic. We would even pass the jugs round and pour out our own drinks, and after the first few mouthfuls, life seemed to wake up again, and soon we would be astir in earnest dancing to the gramophone or grossly over-calling our hands.

Even now I cannot see lumps of ice, jugs, glasses and cocktail shaker without a sort of thrill, and although I no longer sit in rocking-chairs on tropical verandahs, I certainly continue to enjoy all the collection of summer drinks as much as ever.

Everything of course is made so much easier now, as every conceivable ingredient is available in all the shops,

so let us make up a list of drinks for all summer occasions, starting of course, with cocktails.

Cocktails, like everything else, are subjected to fashion, and this year's favourites are simple affairs whose chief ingredients are fruit juices and gin. Tomato juice is still very much in demand. So I will remind you of the real American recipe in case you have mislaid it.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL. Take four wine glasses and divide among them the juice of a lemon. Add a pinch of celery salt, two drops of Yorkshire Relish and then pour into each glass a quarter of a shilling bottle of tomato juice, previously iced. Swirl each glass gently round to blend the ingredients and serve at once.

ORANGE BLOSSOM. This is one of the best and most refreshing of the summer cocktails, and is just a mixture in equal proportions of orange juice, gin and ice. Shake well and serve.

For all these fruit cocktails I would recommend Libby's orange juice. First of all it is so easy to handle and you can have it already iced in the tin before you open it. Secondly, to make a perfect cocktail the juice must be absolutely clear, so if you use Libby's you need not bother about straining it.

OPALE. Put one third of gin, one third of Libby's orange juice and one third of Cointreau into the shaker with ice. Shake well, and let the shaker stand for a minute before pouring out.

Drinks for afternoon occasions are naturally lighter than those served at an evening party, fruit drinks and a light cup being the most suitable, and cider is obviously the thing to use for the cups which you make, in this

IS ICE CLINKING IN A GLASS

case without spirits; therefore you must be careful in your choice of the cider.

Gaymers have a wide selection of brands, varying from extra dry to medium sweet, but for a cup I should choose either their Gaysec (dry) or their Gayflag (medium sweet).

Before I forget, I must mention a little booklet of recipes for new summer drinks which Gaymers have arranged. It contains recipes for all sorts of drinks, also a section on the use of cider in the kitchen, and is quite one of the best booklets I have seen. I am sure that you would find the booklet most useful, and we shall be delighted to send you a free copy if you will write to BRITANNIA AND EVE asking for one.

If you want a really good soft drink, try Schweppes Sparkling Lime. It is delicious. Another important summer item is barley water. It had already become easy enough to make with Robinson's Patent Barley, but now, with their lemon barley water, you have the drink ready in a second.

Not only does this make a really perfect hot-weather soft drink, but is a useful ingredient in many other drinks as I will show in the recipes which follow:

GAYSEC CUP. Put at the bottom of a jug a few lumps of sugar, a slice of lemon, two slices of orange, some mint, borage and cucumber rind. Now add the juices of the remainder of the orange and the lemon.

Stir a few times, cover the jug and stand it on ice or in the refrigerator for about one hour, after which you strain it into a clean jug, pressing the fruits and herbs well against the sides of the strainer, to extract all the juice which you keep cold until wanted.

Just before serving add a few strips of orange and lemon peel and a small bunch of fresh borage, then pour in one quart of Gaysec Cider, previously iced, also a splash of iced soda water.

GAYFLAG CUP. Put about six lumps of sugar into a saucepan with enough water to melt them, the juices of an orange and a lemon. Add a few cloves and a little cinnamon. Bring to the boil and cook for a minute or two.

Strain and let the syrup get cold when you put it into a jug, adding a sprig of mint and setting the jug on ice or in the refrigerator. Add one quart of Gayflag Cider and some soda water, both of them previously iced.

GINGER AND BARLEY. Put one portion of Robinson's Lemon Barley in each tumbler and fill up with iced dry ginger ale.

FRUIT CUP. Put into a jug a few pieces of pineapple, a few strawberries or raspberries, and herbs as used for other cups. Add a portion of Robinson's Lemon Barley for each person, stir well, mashing the fruits roughly with a fork.

Cover the jug and stand on ice for about half an hour. Strain into a clean jug and dilute at the last minute with iced soda water to taste, adding also sufficient castor sugar. You can also add a few nice strawberries or raspberries before serving.

You can let yourselves go a little more, when you are preparing party drinks, and have something with a kick in it.

The Gaysec cider cup would go very well if you add a little spirit (brandy and an orange-flavoured liqueur, or a little Chartreuse) which should be put in when you start making the cup. Meanwhile here are some more gay evening drinks.

PIEAPPLE PUNCH. Use a large glass bowl and fill it to one quarter with crushed ice. Add the juice of four oranges (or the equivalent of Libby's orange juice) and two lemons.

Have ready one small pineapple cut into shreds or one small tin of cubes, also cut finely, and put this, with the juice, into the bowl, also a port-glassful of Maraschino.

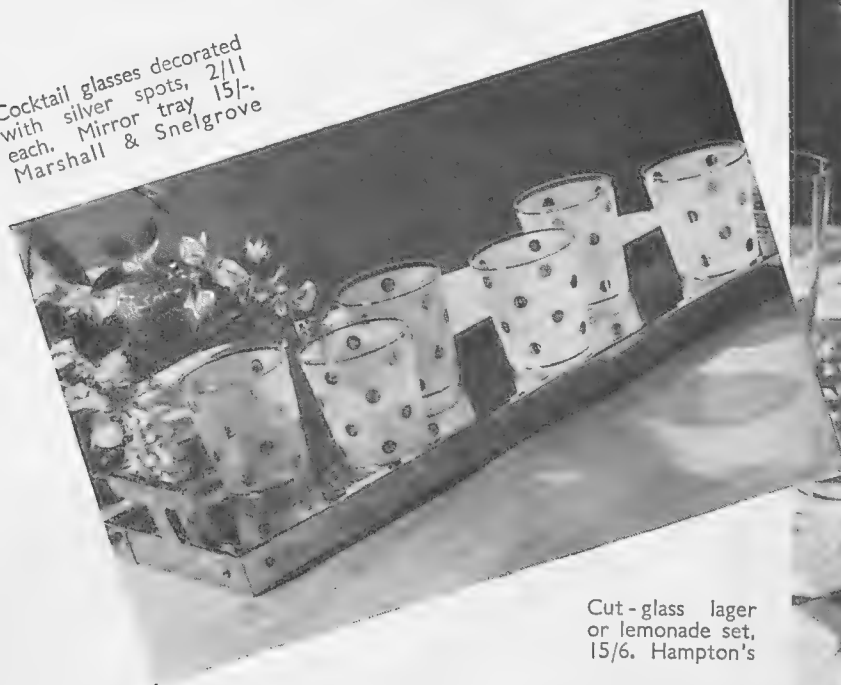
Pour in two bottles of sparkling Moselle, and stir well before serving. A little sugar may be added if necessary; this is a question of taste.

ROSEMARY PUNCH. Have tumblers ready about three-parts filled with crushed ice. Add a teaspoonful of castor sugar, several leaves of rosemary and a thin slice of lemon, and pour in a port-glassful of rum and brandy in equal proportions. Serve with straws.

MINT JULEP. One teaspoonful of crushed mint leaves and half a teaspoonful of powdered sugar for each glass, the two being crushed together, after which you dip the rim of the glass all round in the mint sugar.

Put in crushed ice (to almost the top of the glass) and add the mint sugar and a port-glassful of rye whisky. Stick a few leaves of mint round the glass and serve with straws.

Cocktail glasses decorated
with silver spots, 2/11
each. Mirror tray 15/-.
Marshall & Snelgrove



Cut-glass lager
or lemonade set,
15/6. Hampton's





PICNICS AND SO ON

JULY is the month of emergency meals, and whether they are eaten indoors or out, picnic fashion, you should be prepared for all sorts of unexpected catering, as so many things happen to throw your usual routine out of gear.

You have been playing golf or tennis, for instance, and suddenly decide that it would be nice to ask a few friends back to an impromptu supper. "Of course it will be a real picnic," you say, "and you won't get much to eat."

Meanwhile you are making rapid mental calculations as to what exactly there is in the larder. . . .

Somebody rings up and asks if you would like to drive out to that new bathing-place for a swim before dinner. . . Thanks awfully, you would love to. The moment you have accepted you can't help wondering what you can have for dinner, coming back just in time, so to speak, to eat it. . . You wake up and find that the weather is really perfect for a picnic. But what can you take with you? And you rush to the kitchen to see.

Well, I am perfectly certain that all these little difficulties could be overcome once and for all if, at the very beginning of the out-of-door season, you spent a little time in stocking your store cupboard with a few well-chosen standbys. Only the other day, when somebody sent me a list of Heinz preparations, I thought how easy it all is.

In that collection alone, and supplemented with just a few things such as cold ham or other meat, salads, cheese and fruit or a cold sweet—even this you will find among the famous 57 varieties in the form of a delicious liqueur-flavoured jelly—you have a

Thin, dry biscuits are excellent for some sandwiches



perfect meal, ready at a moment's notice to be taken out in the car or enjoyed on the lawn with your unexpected guests.

To show how simple it is, I will give a few practical suggestions for last-minute meals.

Heinz Mulligatawny Soup.
Salade Panachée.
Heinz Liqueur Jelly.
Cheese.

Heinz Spaghetti.
Cold Chicken and Ham.
Green Salad.
Rajah Pickle.

Lemon Curd Sponge Sandwiches.

Here you have two little supper menus which take literally no time to prepare, and yet each of them includes one hot dish.

The SALADE PANACHEE is made with a tin of Heinz vegetable salad, well drained and put into a salad bowl.

Add some lean cooked ham, cut into dice or strips, a few stoned olives, fillets of anchovy, and pieces of hard-boiled egg. Mix well, dress with Heinz Mayonnaise and mix again.

Garnish with a few leaves of crisp lettuce, and you have an excellent main dish, both light and nourishing.

LEMON CURD SPONGE SANDWICHES make a very pleasant sweet. You can buy a few sponge fingers on the way home, spread them generously with Heinz Lemon Curd and serve them sandwich fashion.

You must now think of provisions for unexpected picnics. Here again substantial mixed salads come in useful, but my advice is not to mix them until you get to the chosen spot. There is probably some cold meat left in the larder; if not, you could easily buy a few slices of ham, or use a tinned tongue.

Anyway, have the meat well trimmed and cut into pieces, and take separately hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, cold boiled potatoes, and a bottle of Heinz Salad Cream.

Heinz Sandwich Spread will also come in useful as something to begin with. You can either make it into sandwiches or spread it at the last minute on some dry biscuits, so that with these and a few stuffed olives there is no reason why even a picnic should not have its *hors d'œuvre* course.

Many other amusing sandwiches can be made with cheese, smoked salmon, sardines, eggs, anchovies, and so on, but the great point is to have them well filled and well seasoned. A touch of mustard, or pickle or sauce makes all the difference in the world.

Here is a Wonder Fat which means

EASIER COOKING

By A. H. Adair

TO people who say that cooking is a dull, boring, tiresome occupation, I can only answer that they simply don't know what they are talking about.

It is true that some kitchen work is tiresome, but isn't the whole of life made up of pleasant moments and others not so pleasant?

Cooking, like everything else, is a very varied pastime or duty, as the case may be, and in my opinion quite an exciting one, too.

Look at all the new inventions and discoveries which keep cropping up, and how everything is being made easier and easier. In the end, I suppose, the cook of the future will simply make a few magic passes over a collection of ingredients, press a button and wait until the meal appears, perfectly cooked.

The latest discovery is "Spry." This is an almost uncanny fat which is not only used for frying but for roasting as well, and is an important ingredient in such widely different things as sage and onion stuffing and walnut cake.

First let me tell you something about Spry as a frying fat. It will keep for months (you must strain it, of course, to collect small particles of food) and evaporate hardly at all.

It does not absorb flavours, so you cook both fish and sweet things in the same fat, and as the makers explain themselves: "You can, for example, cook onion rings dipped in flour for a garnish, fillets of fish, and then fritters or choux paste . . . One more point in Spry's favour is that frying with Spry is quite odourless. Because you can heat Spry up to such a high temperature you do your frying without any smoke or smell. Your kitchen remains free from fumes, and the food itself has no taste of fat on it."

Well, apart from the use of Spry as a frying fat it becomes, as I have said, an ingredient for every dish of the cook's repertoire, and as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, let me give you some Spry recipes which will speak more eloquently than I ever could of its versatility.

TOMATO SOUP. Have ready one onion, finely chopped, and (for four people) a pound of tomatoes cut into rough pieces, also a small clove of garlic finely chopped.

Melt a tablespoonful of Spry in a saucepan and put in the onion, letting it cook slowly and gently so that it "melts" and becomes soft without browning too much. Now add the tomatoes and garlic, salt and pepper.

Stir and simmer for about five minutes and then put in *six* portions of boiling water. Let the soup simmer gently for about half an hour when you pass it through a fine

strainer into a clean saucepan in which you keep it hot until required. To make a cream soup, add, at the last minute, the yolk of an egg diluted in a little cream or milk after which the soup must not boil.

FILETS DE SOLE EN GOUJONS. Have your filets of sole flat on a board and then cut them in strips about half an inch wide. You should do this in a "criss-cross" way, not straight across the width of the fillet, thus getting longer strips.

Have a cloth ready sprinkled with flour, and roll your pieces of sole in this. It is not a question of coating the fish, but of drying it, so that you must shake the fish in another cloth to free it of superfluous flour.

Meanwhile you have been heating up your Spry. When it is really hot, that is to say, when you see a thin wisp of blue smoke arising from it, put in the fish and fry it, this being a matter almost of seconds only.

When you see the pieces are a nice golden brown, it is time to remove them; shake them well and drain them on a piece of blotting-paper, having also sprinkled them with salt.

While this is being done, throw into the fat a few little bunches of parsley (without stalks), taking care that they are quite dry. Remove them also at once and drain.

Arrange the *Goujons* of sole on a hot serving dish, sprinkle with the dried parsley and garnish with pieces of lemon.

(Continued on page 123)

Brochettes of Lamb—lean pieces of lamb, grilled on a skewer, served with potato straws



A Feature drawing your attention to Reputable Advertising Products to whose merits we are glad to give Editorial Endorsement

WE CONFIDENTLY RECOMMEND . . .

CUTICURA toilet preparations have a long-standing reputation for their soothing, cleansing and antiseptic properties, and are ideally suited to the delicate skins of infants, their daily use being a guarantee against the minor skin troubles and irritations to which babies are so subject.

A new presentation set of toilet preparations for baby has recently been born. In addition to containing Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Brand Ointment and Cuticura Talcum Powder, a big fluffy Iva Fur Powder Puff is included as a free gift. The set, which is attractively packed, can be obtained from any chemist for 3s. 6d.

A TONIC FOR DOG-DAYS.

If the weather has got you down, if the holiday you so badly need is still some weeks ahead, if you feel overtired, nervy, irritable and generally below par, get a bottle of Phosferine.

There's nothing like it for toning up and invigorating the whole system, smoothing away tired lines, banishing depression and restoring vitality. All chemists sell it in tablet or liquid form from 1s. 3d.

TATTOO HAWAIIAN.

What's in a name? A very great deal in many cases, and in naming their newest lipstick "Hawaiian," Tattoo have succeeded in conveying to the public a vivid picture of this shade, which mirrors all the glamour of the red hibiscus flower from the romantic South Sea Islands.

It is quite definitely red, a lovely rich flattering and rather daring red, with no hint of that unbecoming purplish tint, and, like all Tattoo lipsticks, it is definitely indelible if properly applied. Just put it on, let it set, wipe it off and only the colour stays. "Hawaiian" costs 4s. 6d. and is sister to four other seductive Tattoo lipsticks, "Coral," "Exotic," "Natural" and "Pastel."

WATCH YOUR STEP.

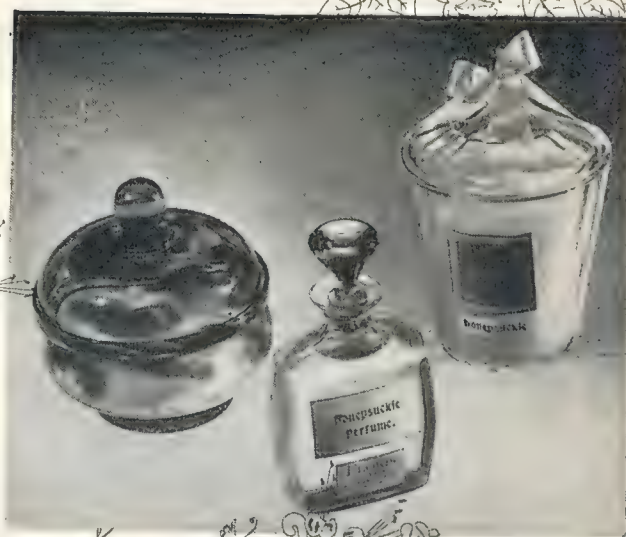
To be well shod is half-way to being well dressed, but do not think that if you buy good shoes the matter ends there. Daily attention is necessary if you are to maintain a really high standard of footwear.

No matter how many pairs of shoes you have, or how varied the materials or skins of which they are made, of one thing you can be quite certain, there is a Meltonian dressing for each one.

For summer you will be wearing white buckskin and white canvas, and these will always look as good as new if cleaned with Meltonian Liquid White. This cleaner will not rub off, and costs only 6d. a bottle.

Their Linen Cleaner is a new one in the Meltonian range. As soon as any new material is popularised for the manufacture of shoes, the manufacturers of Meltonian obtain a specimen of it and promptly experiment until they have created a suitable and efficient cleaner for it.

Liquid Suède Cleaner, Suède Sticks for dry cleaning suède shoes, a dry cleaner for satin, crêpe de Chine, silk and fabric shoes, a special cream for brown lizard and reptile shoes, a liquid cleaner for grey lizard and reptile shoes, blue cream for blue kid shoes . . . these are a representative selection of Meltonian dressings. Special mention must be made of the Gold and Silver creams



Trio of fragrant loveliness from one of the most fascinating shops in London, Floris of Jermyn Street. Perfume, bath crystals and bath powder all have the sweet, high, country-garden scent of honeysuckle.

The Floris family have been making and selling exquisite flower perfumes in Jermyn Street for over two hundred years. Hardly a flower grows whose scent they haven't captured with uncanny accuracy. Spray their red rose on the air . . . the scent seems more like a red rose than the flower itself. Dab their gardenia perfume behind the ears . . . you might be wearing gardenias all the time.

The perfumes cost from 6s. 6d. a bottle, upwards, according to size. Toilet waters, matching most of the perfumes, cost the same.

There are also flower-scented hair lotions, brilliantines, setting lotions, soaps, sachets, even rose and violet mouth-washes. And a few drops of their concentrated bath essence turns an ordinary bath into a glorious experience.

which will really give a new lease of life to gold and silver kid shoes.

SUCCESSFUL JAM-MAKING.

If you make your own jam you must use Certo. You will be delighted with the result, for this concentrated fruit pectin makes for certain success.

Besides ensuring that your jam will set properly it is economical in use, in that it yields more jam pound for pound, and also uses less fuel, since jam made the Certo way does not have to be boiled so long as that in which this pectin is not included.

Strawberries, in particular, being deficient in pectin, often make very disappointing and liquid jam, but by using Certo, 4 lb. of strawberries and 6 lb. of sugar will yield 10 lb. of perfectly set jam. A booklet of practical and easy to follow jam recipes is given away with every bottle of Certo.

Another invaluable hint for jam makers concerns the sealing down of their preserves. The best method of ensuring that jam will not go mouldy is to seal it with a white mineral wax. "Coverax," price 6d. per packet, is ideal for this purpose, and full and clear directions for its use are printed on every package.

Cooling...

Time for leisure
Time for pleasure

WHO wants to spend hours in the kitchen, these summer days?

Kellogg's Corn Flakes—ready to eat, crisp and flavourful—have opened the door to coolness and leisure for millions of women!

Everybody likes Kellogg's. And they can be put on the table in a twinkling. Just pour from the easy-open packet and serve with cold milk or cream—sliced fruit or honey! Nourishing. Easy to digest. So much more tempting than hot, heavy foods!

Kellogg's—the *original* Corn Flakes—have a delicious flavour and crispness that have never been equalled. Kept oven-fresh by the patented *heat-sealed* inner wrapper.

Let Kellogg's save you time and effort. Money, too—for they're an amazing value. Many generous servings in each packet.

Order Kellogg's from your grocer today, and enjoy them often. Breakfast, luncheon, supper or bedtime snack—they're always a delight. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Canada.

Kellogg's

CORN FLAKES



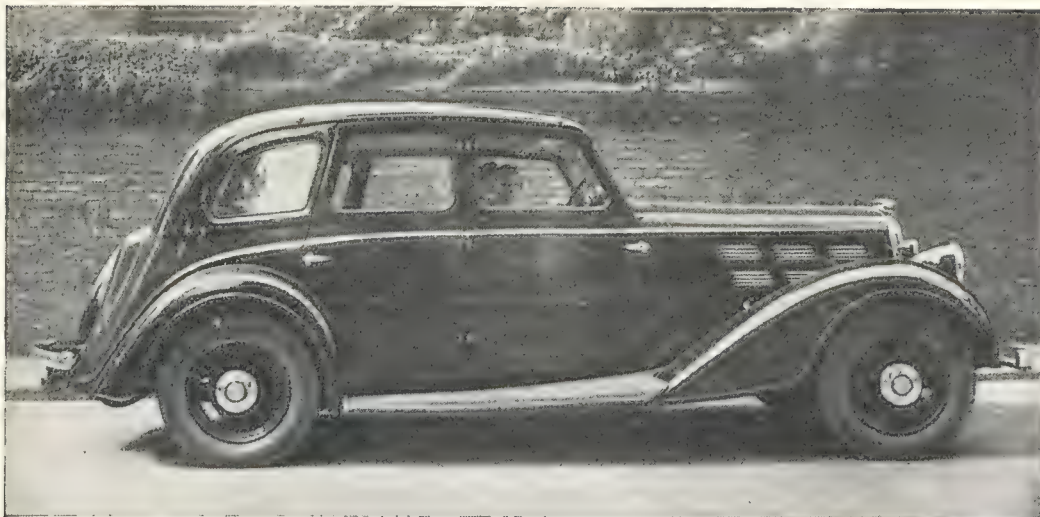
Now
5 1/2^D
PER PKT

*"They delight my
taste and respect
my throat"*

CRAVEN "A"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

10 for 6d. 20 for 11-



THE Morris "Eighteen" is a big and thoroughly comfortable car. At little more than £250 it represents very unusual value for the man who, like so many of us, has "big-car" tastes with a small-car income

A Medium-Powered Car of Outstanding Value

The Morris "Eighteen"

IT cannot any longer come as much of a surprise to motorists to hear praise being given to a Morris car as a fine value-for-money proposition. It is rather surprising, however, to the professional motor critic to find how extremely consistent the Morris company is in producing, year after year, the sort of car which is outstanding in this particular respect.

One would think that, once in a way, there would be a new Morris of only "fair to middling" value. But no; one is forced to exclaim on each occasion at the quite exceptional array of motoring virtues which are packed into a car of the most moderate price.

This year, there is no doubt that the great feature of the Morris range is the way in which this value-for-money principle has been applied to cars which are really substantial both in size and power. At prices around £250, there are now four Morris models which provide the degree of luxury and performance which one would formerly have looked for only in the £400 class. These are cars which can hold their own in any company.

The particular car loaned to me was the 18 h.p. "six," having saloon coachwork with a sliding head. In the course of a day, I drove it 150 miles, including about 20 miles of heavy traffic. Consequently, I had the fullest opportunity to get acquainted with it.

On a fairly long run, the new six-cylinder engine shows itself to very great advantage. It has plenty of power, which it develops in a smooth and unobtrusive manner. It does everything the driver can ask of it in the way of climbing or acceleration, while never making the slightest fuss or bother about it.

The maximum speed is close on 70 m.p.h., with a second-gear maximum of 45 or 50 m.p.h. A feature to be valued is that the cruising speed is unusually high. On several stretches, without making any particular effort at speed, I found myself maintaining a steady 60 m.p.h.

D*

The gearbox provides three speeds, and, in ordinary country, there is no need of a fourth—nearly all the work being done without the gear lever being touched. The top and second gears are synchro-mesh, and, with a slight pause, can always be engaged quite silently.

The springing is extremely comfortable, and is notably effective in absorbing any minor road shocks. Steering is good, and there is just the proper amount of self-centring action. Throughout the chassis, all possible squeaks and rattles have been weeded out, so that one gets a truly luxurious effect of silent operation.

The Morris "Eighteen" in Brief.

Engine: Six cylinders with side valves; 17.71 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, top and second synchro-mesh.

Performance: Second gear, 45-50 m.p.h.; top gear, close on 70 m.p.h.

Steering: Good, Bishop cam type.

Springing: Semi-elliptic, comfortable.

Brakes: Of hydraulic type, pleasantly progressive.

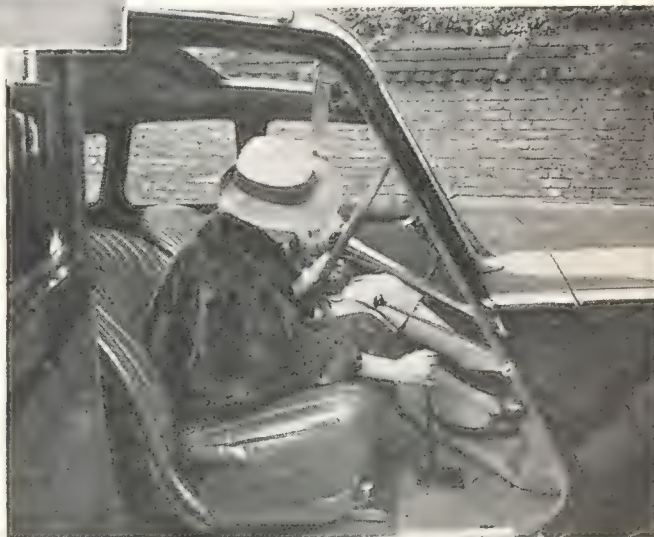
Coachwork: Very roomy and well equipped.

Price: Fixed-head saloon, £250; with sliding head, £265.

THE engine is a perfectly straightforward side-valve unit which, however, is unusual in the silence and smoothness with which it operates. The road performance is of a very satisfying character

The brakes are of the hydraulic type, which I personally have always liked very much. I do not know of any braking system which gives a more pleasantly progressive action. Nowadays, this is of real importance. Any modern braking system will give ample stopping power; but it is not in every case that one can "step on" the brakes with the assurance of getting just the right graduation of power that is required.

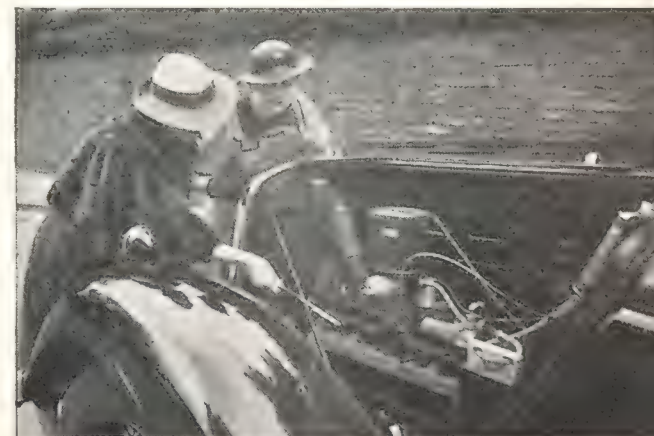
There is another hydraulic feature of the chassis which must not be (Continued on page 124)



NOT the hand brake (which is situated centrally), but the lever which actuates the hydraulic jacks. Without leaving her seat the driver can, without effort, raise all four wheels from the ground



THE doors are of unusual width, so that there is no difficulty about getting in or out. Plentiful space is a marked characteristic of the new Morris range of "sixes"



★ **HE** gives you



Map by courtesy of Bartholomew

MORE MILES PER GALLON

★ *HE is the winged symbol of*

NATIONAL

BENZOLE MIXTURE



NATIONAL BENZOLE CO., LTD.,
WELLINGTON HOUSE, BUCKINGHAM
GATE, LONDON, S.W.1.

(The distributing organisation
owned and entirely controlled by
the producers of British Benzole.)

National Benzole is the essence of British Coal and is the most potent spirit known to man. Blended with high grade petrol as it is in National Benzole Mixture, it imparts added power and new life to your engine. The Benzole controls combustion

and exerts a steady even pressure on the piston instead of a hard hammer-like blow. Thus every atom of energy is fully utilised, and that is why you get more power for the quantity of fuel used, and more miles per gallon.



THE 12 h.p. Wolseley is a decidedly good-looking car. Although of modest power, it carries genuinely roomy coachwork and at the same time has a very businesslike performance on the road

A New Addition to the Wolseley Range

The Lively 12 h.p. Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

I NEVER know whether or not it is a good thing when, on a day when I am trying out a new car, I find myself being "rushed" from one appointment to another. In a sense, it prevents me from carrying out a logical and ordered road test. On the other hand, it gives me a wonderfully good idea of what the car will do under the very conditions in which most of us have the misfortune to live.

(Right)
NO difficulty about jacking up the wheels. The control for the hydraulic jacks is under the front carpet, and a few moments' work with the lever will raise all four wheels from the ground

(Below)
THE engine is highly efficient and develops, for its £9 tax, an actual output of 48 h.p. The valves are overhead and are push-rod operated



The 12 h.p. Wolseley in Brief

Engine: 12 h.p., four cylinders with overhead valves.
Transmission: Four-speed gear-box, third and top ratios synchro-mesh.
Performance: Top gear, 70 m.p.h.; third gear, 50 m.p.h.
Springing: Semi-elliptic, good at all speeds.
Steering: Light, efficient.
Brakes: Of hydraulic type, progressive and powerful.
Coachwork: Comfortable, and plenty of room.
Price: Saloon model, £225.

(Below)
THE doors are wide and, with central control, it is easy to slip in and out. Note the unusual type of road wheel, which has the merit of being very easy to keep clean



"80 JOURNEYS ROUND THE WORLD"

ESTABLISHED 1910.
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT GT. BRITAIN
The **British School of Motoring Ltd.**
HEAD OFFICE AND CENTRAL ENROLMENT DEPT.
COVENTRY HOUSE, 5 & 6, COVENTRY ST.,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1.

22nd April,
1936.

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co. Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2.

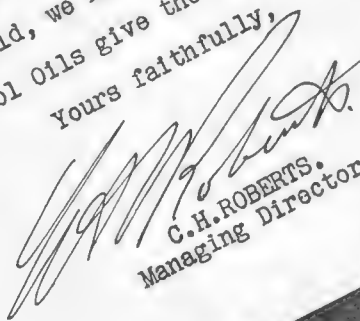
Dear Sirs,

We have been using Patent Castrol Oils on all our tuition cars for the last six months, substituting them for the cheaper motor oils previously used.

We are pleased to inform you that not only have we obtained 100% efficiency and satisfaction during this period, but we have found your oil a definite economy, again in consumption and performance.

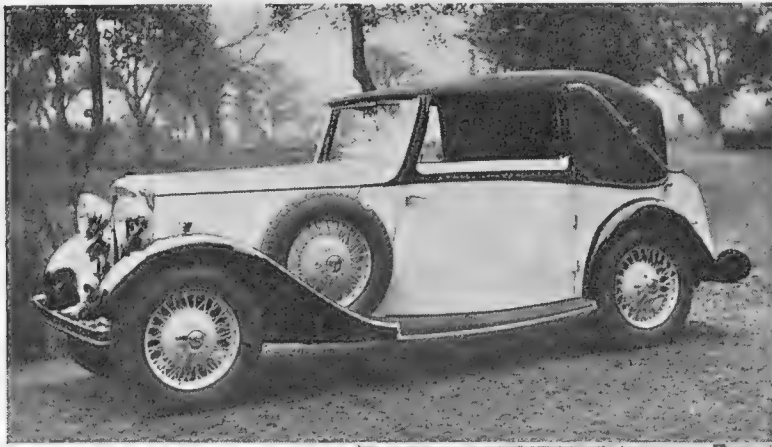
As you no doubt know, tuition is the most arduous task any car can be asked to perform, and as B. S. M. Instruction Cars do a yearly mileage which is equal to eighty journeys round the world, we have no hesitation in saying that Patent Castrol Oils give the best results.

Yours faithfully,


C.H. ROBERTS.
Managing Director.



"PATENT CASTROL A DEFINITE ECONOMY"



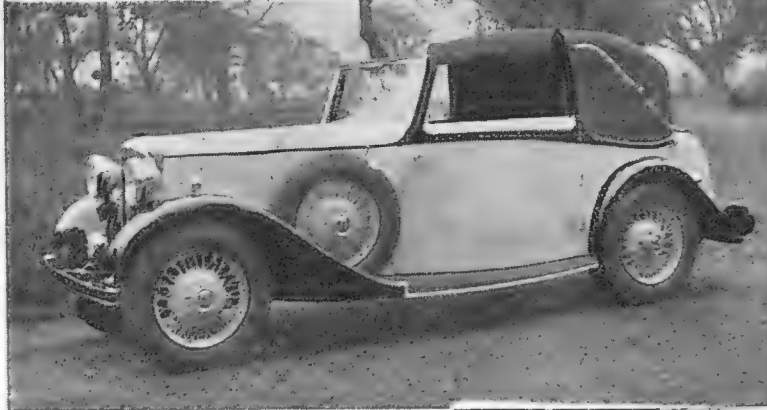
AN example, on the Daimler chassis, of a popular variety of "Tickford" coachwork. With the head completely extended, we have, in effect, a Sports Coupé

BROADLY speaking, there are two ways of building coachwork for motor cars. One is to set up a number of enormous hydraulic presses. It is then possible to feed into the presses large sheets of metal. These are stamped into the desired shapes, welded one to another, and thus converted, after a few operations, into the shells of conventional bodies.

It is a good method—this of mass production—but it must often leave something to be desired. The alternative is, while making reasonable use of all modern mechanical aids, to place greater reliance on individual craftsmanship in building each individual body. Few will deny that a higher degree of perfection is thus achieved, and more complete and lasting satisfaction given to the discriminating type of purchaser.

To see in full swing this latter, individual method of coachbuilding, one can hardly do better than pay a visit, as I have just done, to the Newport Pagnell works of Messrs. Salmons and Sons. (Incidentally, visitors of all sorts, provided they are genuinely interested in high-class coachwork, are extremely welcome here. There are no secrets or "hush-hush" departments.)

The best-known activity of the Newport Pagnell works is, of course, the building



Above: HERE, the front part of the head is folded back, so that we have a car of the "de Ville" type. The driver is in the open, while the back-seat passengers still have the protection of the hood

Right: THE entire head is now folded, and the car is, to all intents and purposes, an open tourer, ideal for a country trip in summer weather

of the popular "Tickford" saloon. I need hardly explain what this is. It is a type of coachwork designed to provide in combination the best features of both the open and the closed car.

The "Tickford" head does not slide or fold in the ordinary way. It has a positive folding action, which is controlled by the simple process of winding a handle which is fitted into the rear quarter of the coachwork. The head folds down with just as much certainty

build a 'Tickford' body so that, from the outset, no rattles can arise."

This is a big claim—and I did not accept it in a moment. Before I left the works, however, I had become convinced that here is no idle boast. It is inexact workmanship that leaves room for rattles, and the workmanship throughout a "Tickford" body is undeniably first-rate. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that, in the case of most of the cars which leave the Newport Pagnell works, the coachwork may be expected very greatly to outlast the chassis.

Nowadays, when many people do not keep any car for more than a few years, the question seriously arises whether the "Tickford" body is not almost *too* good. Is it a strictly economic proposition to put it on a low-priced modern chassis which is likely to be "scrapped" or exchanged in a few years' time?

Messrs. Salmons are quite alive to this problem, which affects many of their less wealthy customers. They have studied it, and they have found an answer to it. The answer may be summed up in one word, "conversion."

If you have not a lot of money to spend, but wish to own a car with the "Tickford" type of coachwork, the procedure is as follows. You buy an ordinary saloon car, which is sent direct to Newport Pagnell. There Messrs.

(Continued on page 124)



HERE, on a Vauxhall chassis, we see how it is done. The handle is inserted, and only a few easy turns are required to raise the head or to lower it

First announcement of the new Cedars Close Estate

Hendon N.W.4

CEDARS CLOSE lies off one of the best roads of old Hendon—the road which, until a year or so ago, led up to the truly historic Hendon Place, surrounded by its gardens and old orchards. Here, amongst some nine self-contained acres of trees and woodland, Cedars Close is quietly being built—individual houses of some reasonable size planned by approved Architects so that each takes full advantage of the natural, mature beauties of the grounds, the light and the air. The houses are being built by C. W. B. Simmonds Ltd. who, after forty years experience, occupy a leading position as house builders in London. These 'Simmonds-Built' houses will be outstanding for their quality, their individuality, comfort and detailed convenience.

For houses designed by approved Architects and built by the Leading House Builders of North London, write to:—

C. W. B. SIMMONDS LTD.

Building Owners

75, SHOOT-UP HILL, N.W.2

for the fullest details

SOLE AGENTS — JOHNSTON EVANS, F.A.I.

For Flats of equal character

MULBERRY CLOSE, HENDON, N.W.4

Write for the Photo Album of Mulberry Close—75 Shoot-up Hill, London, N.W.2

Through the courtesy of the Editor of "Britannia & Eve", the first announcement of this new Estate, appears in the columns of this paper.



CEDARS CLOSE has a Golf Course and Swimming Pool within 5 minutes: travel facilities by Bus and Tube: Shops and Cinema at convenient distances

HEALTHIER • HAPPIER, MOTORING



WITH TICKFORD SUNSHINE COACHWORK

It's a proved impossibility to obtain sufficient fresh air in a closed saloon—hence headaches and ill health when the windows are closed, or cutting draughts and chills when they are down. The solution is—a TICKFORD FOLDING HEAD, open when the weather is good, closed when it is bad. The Tickford Folding Head is draughtproof, drum-proof, rattle-proof, troubleproof, and weatherproof.

IT IS A SIMPLE MATTER TO HAVE ANY CLOSED CAR CONVERTED
Have the Tickford Folding Head fitted to **your** closed car. It is quite inexpensive—and gives you the benefit of a closed or open car at will.

IT TAKES LESS THAN A MINUTE TO OPEN OR CLOSE BY TURNING
SMALL HANDLE, AND ONLY ONE PERSON IS NEEDED TO WORK IT

It is the product of a firm with 116 years of coach-building experience—it is ALL-BRITISH—and the head mechanism is Guaranteed for all time. You cannot afford to risk your health and that of your passengers—you want the maximum of enjoyment from your motoring—therefore insist on Tickford Sunshine Coachwork for your present car or when purchasing a new one.

Tickford

unshine Coachwork

Built by SALMONS & SONS, 13 NEW BURLINGTON STREET, W.1
Established 1820 ... Works, NEWPORT PAGNELL, BUCKS.



HOUSES of DISTINCTION

Designed by well-known architects, Basil Gordon Houses embody the newest ideas in modern planning and construction. They are built not merely with a few showy fittings to catch the eye but to meet the actual requirements of present-day living. Sliding sunshine windows, built-in furniture and lighting, trouble-free heating and water heating equipment, fitted bathrooms and large balconies are amongst the many attractions of these up-to-date homes.

PRICES:

4 bedrooms, with garage, from £1695 freehold.
3 bedrooms, from £1295 freehold, garage £75 extra.

Basil Gordon Ltd.

MOWBRAY ESTATE

EDGWARE

TELEPHONE: EDGWARE 1260, 1261

MODERN HOMES in an HISTORIC SETTING

By Winifred Lewis

I HAVE recently been house-hunting myself. So, believe me, this is not written with any careless detachment from the practical problems of that important but rather harassing task.

True, problems are very personal things. They vary as widely as individual circumstances, but there are certain basic ones which we all share.

For those who, whether by necessity or consent, must live within easy approach of London, the choice of a house is difficult.

To find a district which is reasonably safe from undesirable development is the first big difficulty to overcome. In the populous outskirts of Town it is not an easy matter to fix upon a property which is safe as an investment whilst fulfilling also the requirements of comfort and æsthetic taste.

The indiscriminate building of which we hear and see so much complicates the problem enormously. The house-hunter must sift and sift, as with fine sand, in order to segregate such places as are likely to prove a worthy investment.

My own experience shows that the north-west side of London holds its own extremely well, if not considerably better than others, from a point of view of discriminating development.

Added to this, there are the important facilities of an excellent Tube service into the City and West End and the further inducement of a charming unspoilt countryside—Hertfordshire and Berkshire—within very easy access.

The impression I already had of this side of London was, I confess, enhanced by inspection of the houses illustrated on this page.

"Estate" is not a word I care to use in connection with such a charming and

secluded quarter as Cedars Close—the term is too easily associated with the "jerrybuilt" community—but an estate it actually is.

In Hendon, not long ago, five minutes from shopping and Tube stations, yet fortunately secluded and away from commercial development, stood Tenterden Hall, that grand old mansion of historic association, and it is on the site of this once famous home that Cedars Close has appeared.



This is one of the houses on the Cedars Close Estate, Hendon, erected by C. W. B. Simmonds, Ltd. There is no monotonous repetition at Cedars Close. Every house is different. (Left) The staircase at Mrs. Marks's house is artistically panelled with Dekart panelling



In laying out the estate, every care has been exercised to preserve the mature charm of the former gardens. No callous lopping of trees or sweeping destruction of fine old traditions.

The lay-out of the estate follows the natural contours and boundaries of the gardens. New houses are embowered in green and the roads themselves take on a matured dignity from the trees which continue, undisturbed, their centuries of growth.

The houses themselves are best described as perfectly adapted to and infinitely worthy of their setting.

No monotonous repetition. No glaring newness of materials to conflict with subtler things, though in every practical respect they conform to the best standards of comfort and equipment.

Several well-known architects have been engaged to design the houses so that the estate shall be as varied in conception as possible.

The fitted kitchens are perfect. The bathrooms comfortable and handsomely equipped.

The prices of these houses range from £2,225 to £3,350. The leases are for 999 years and the ground rents £10 per annum.

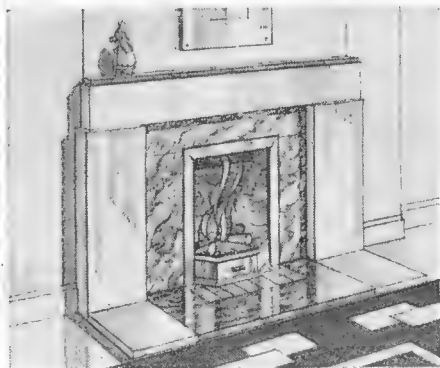


The lounge of "Whiteoaks," Cedars Close, Hendon. This very charming room is decorated in shades of peach and brown and connects, by a modern sliding partition, with the equally attractive dining-room. Pictures by kind permission of Mrs. Leslie Marks

Here is the kitchen in Mrs. Marks's house at Cedars Close. The colour scheme is primrose yellow and blue



*Beautifying
your home*



**Marble Fireplace Design No. N.D.27
in Roman Stone Napoleon and Black.**

Froy fireplaces interpret the trend of modern taste by their quiet beauty and faultless design to harmonise with any decorative scheme. Write for Catalogue.

F R O Y

W. N. FROY & SONS, LTD.

Brunswick Works, Hammersmith, London, W.6
Showroom Entrance: 107 New Bond St., W.1
64 King Street, (Sanitary Fittings only)
Hammersmith, W.6. Mayfair 2004.
(Riverside 4101).

MOTHER'S THE ICE CREAM MAN NOW



*She makes all
they want with a 'RAPID'*

● She just fills the Inner container with Ice Cream Mixture, charges the outer space with ice and salt and soon the most delicious Ice Cream is ready! No fuss, bother or handle turning. Low priced and fully guaranteed. Sizes 1-4 Qts. from 13/6.

Of all Ironmongers and Stores.

**BELDRAY VACUUM
'RAPID' ICE CREAM
FREEZER**

For complete price list and sizes write to:
CONDROP LTD. (Dept. B.E.),
77-78, Fore Street, London, E.C.2.



The front elevation of a house designed by Messrs. Welch and Lander, FF.R.I.B.A., and built at Edgware by Messrs. Basil Gordon Ltd. to the order of a well-known doctor

EQUIPPING the NEW HOME

NOT the least important thing in the equipment of a house is the choice of fireplaces which will enhance the character of the rooms and fulfil all the requirements of comfort and service.

On a tour of the great showrooms of Messrs. Froy and Sons I was impressed by the immense variety of designs which make it possible to have a fireplace in keeping with any type of architecture and any decorative ensemble.

Modern chromium and wood surrounds stand side by side with slightly less emphatic but still modern tile fireplaces.

Mellow brick period designs for spacious interiors jostle with delicate tile fireplaces designed for the small bedroom.

Even faultless reproductions of Adams mantels are displayed in this showroom, and every conceivable variety of electric fire is shown in a suitable setting.

My impression from this display was that marble fireplaces are definitely back in favour. Messrs. Froy are artists in the use of this delightful medium for decorative purposes, and the highly polished marble fireplace surround with framing of some finely polished timber is difficult to surpass for beauty.

FOR people who are settling, about this time, into new houses the July Sales are in the nick of time.

New furniture and new equipment is inseparable from the new house, and at



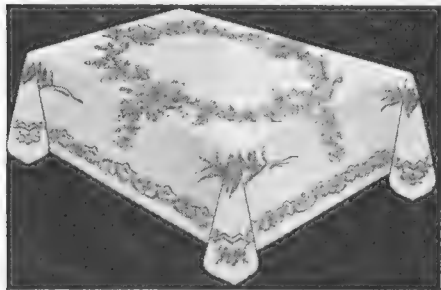
A modern fireplace by W. N. Froy & Sons, Ltd., with marble surround and raised hearth fitted with a rustless metal electric fire. The marble surround is £22 10s. and the electric fire £6 10s.

such an expensive time even a little saved is a great benefit.

Advance information on Messrs. Hamp-
tons' sale promises some really thrilling
bargains in household linen. Here are
some bargains chosen at random from the
list submitted to me.

Irish linen double damask tablecloths
and serviettes reduced to half-price.
The cloths are in one size only, 2 yards by
2½ yards, but they are reduced from 50s.
to 25s. Serviettes 24 by 24 in. are re-
duced from 50s. to 25s. per dozen.

Hand-embroidered luncheon sets made
from fine quality Irish linen of a natural
shade and finished with Madeira hand



A sale bargain. Extra fine quality
Irish linen double tablecloths and
serviettes, reduced to half-price at
Messrs. Hampsons' sale. The table-
cloth illustrated above is of really
delightful quality damask, made from
fine quality linen. Supplied in two
designs, Fruit and Vine and Lily of
the Valley. Finished with rolled
hems in one size only, 2 x 2½ yards.
Usual price 50s., reduced to 25s.

embroidery of a deeper shade to tone are
reduced from 10s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. a set.

Hand-embroidered luncheon-cloths of
good quality linen in a natural shade,
reduced from 30s. to 15s., are also among
the best bargains, and natural linen tea
sets, with hand-drawn stitching and
beautiful hand-work motifs, are reduced
from 15s. 11d. to 7s. 11d. a set.

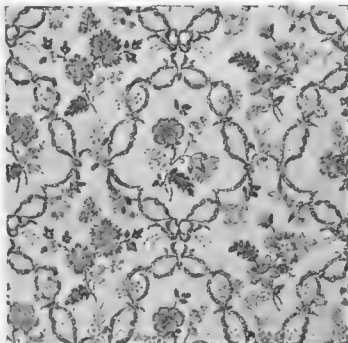
Fine quality Egyptian cotton sheets,
usually 22s. 6d., will be 15s. a pair in the
July sale, and corded Irish linen sheets,
single bed size, are reduced from 45s. 6d.
to 35s. 6d. a pair.



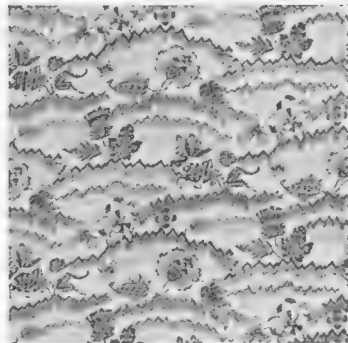
A bargain in Down Quilts. Messrs.
Hampsons' have had made up, from
odd and discontinued numbers of
their best quality printed sateens and
cambrics, down quilts for single
bed size only, 5½ feet x 4 feet, for
10s. 9d. each. They are filled
with good quality feather down

HAMPTONS' GREAT JULY SALE OF HOME FURNISHINGS TO-DAY and Until 31st inst.

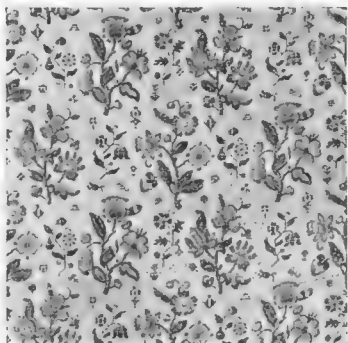
Gigantic Sale of good quality Printed Linens
and Cretonnes in Period designs and colourings.



Hampsons' No. K. 9043. 1,200 yards of a
useful design printed Linen, in a Chintz
colour scheme, on a Tussore ground; a Blue
and Brown scheme on a Beige ground, and
an Orange and Brown scheme on the same
ground. An exceptional offer. 31 in. wide.
Reduced from, per yard 2/9 to 1/8½.



Hampsons' No. K. 128. 1,200 yards of a
heavy quality flax Linen. Printed in a
rich Chintz colour scheme; also in a Blue
and Green scheme on a Natural ground.
An ideal cloth for Loose Covers where hard
wear is involved. Fast colour. 31 in. wide.
Reduced from, per yard 3/11 to 2/11½.



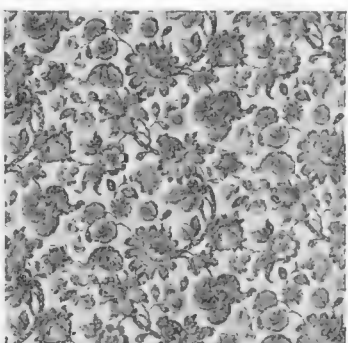
Hampsons' No. K. 8327. 1,000 yards of a
heavy quality domestic Cretonne. A
very useful design for Casement Curtains.
In a Blue, Green and Rose scheme;
also a Red, Orange and Green scheme,
on a Beige ground. 31 inches wide.
Reduced from, per yard 2/11½ to 1/5½.



Hampsons' No. K. 140. 1,000 yards of
finely woven Linen. A Persian design
printed in two colour schemes. A Blue and
a Rose on a Tussore ground. 31 in. wide.
Reduced from, per yard 3/6 to 2/3½.



Hampsons' No. K. 9086. 1,500 yards of
a Jacobean design Linen. Printed on a
finely woven cloth in antique colours,
on a Tussore ground. 31 inches wide.
Reduced from, per yard 3/11 to 2/11½.



Hampsons' No. K. 8231. 2,000 yards of
heavy quality flax printed Linen. The
design adapted from an old embroidery in
a rich Rose colour scheme, a Blue, and a
Copper scheme. An ideal fabric for Loose
Covers. Exclusive design. 31 inches wide.
Reduced from, per yard 3/11 to 2/11½.

For illustrations of innumerable examples of other unequalled Bargains in
Furniture, Carpets, Fabrics and Home Furnishings of every description, see

HAMPTONS' SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE

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The King's Ambassadors

(Continued from page 9)

Downing Street falls to another great Ambassador of the modern school, Sir Eric Phipps. British diplomats may be divided roughly into two categories—the athletic and the æsthetic. Sir Eric Drummond definitely belongs to the former category: his Berlin colleague equally definitely to the latter. Sixty years old, but looking fifty, short, silken-haired, suave, monocled, smiling, Sir Eric Phipps combines great elegance of manner with great precision of mind. His father, Sir Constantine Phipps, was a British Minister in Brussels. Several other members of his family have been connected with diplomacy. He has served in Rome, Madrid and Paris, and in pre-war Constantinople and St. Petersburg.

He was secretary of the British delegation to the Peace Conference, Minister and Chargé d'Affaires in Paris, Minister to Vienna during the brief and tragically terminated Chancellorship of Dr. Dollfuss, and was subsequently appointed, soon after the advent of Hitler, to our Embassy in the Wilhelmstrasse, which carries a salary of £8,100 a year. Sir Eric's chief advantage as British Ambassador to the Third Reich is that he knows, intimately and sympathetically, the mind of post-war France. He was one of the artisans of the Treaty of Versailles, and one of the delegates to The Hague Conference which ended the Allied occupation of the Rhineland. He has great charm and infinite tact, a ready wit, and an inexhaustible curiosity—all valuable qualities in a diplomatist. He speaks French and German perfectly. His wife is a daughter of the late Herbert Ward, well known in Paris as a sculptor of talent.

THE embassies in Paris and Washington are traditionally the plums of the British diplomatic service. The former brings its occupant a salary of £14,575, and is housed in an historic mansion in the Faubourg St. Honoré which was the home of Napoleon's favourite sister Pauline, Princess Borghese, and was sold by her to the British Government in 1825. Since the war a series of distinguished Englishmen—Lord Derby, Lord Hardinge, Lord Crewe and Lord Tyrrell—have been Ambassadors to France. Their successor in that much-envied if arduous and critical rôle is Sir George Clerk, who had previously been His Majesty's Ambassador to Turkey and to Belgium.

Sir George is 61, tall, lean, monocled and reputed to be the best-dressed Englishman in Paris. He is an excellent shot, a keen trout fisherman, and a Rugby football enthusiast. He is the only ranking ambassador who has had continuous and intimate experience of life in Abyssinia, having served as Assistant Agent and finally as Acting Agent at the British Mission in Addis Ababa in the early years of this century. Sir George was the first British Minister to the republic of Czechoslovakia. In 1926 he left Prague for Turkey, to spend the next seven years between Constantinople and Angora as Ambassador to the republic of Mustapha Kemal (now Kemal Atatürk). After a year at the Embassy in Brussels he was appointed to Paris in 1934, and since then his tall, angular figure and grave, distinguished features have been easily recognised at all public functions in France. Lady Clerk, who was formerly Miss Muriel Whitwell, was one of the most talented pupils of the French painter Chagall, and has frequently exhibited her work. Recently, under the inspiration of the well-known Spanish *animalier* Mateo Hernandez, Lady Clerk has taken up sculpture.

The British Ambassador to Washington is Sir Ronald Lindsay, who receives the highest salary paid in the British service—£15,875 a year. Sir Ronald is 59, and has had probably the most complete and varied career of any British diplomatist. He has seen service as attaché in St. Petersburg, Teheran, Washington, Paris, The Hague; has been Ambassador to Constantinople and Berlin,

and has been permanent Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office. He has been in charge of the handsome Embassy on Massachusetts Avenue in Washington since 1930, and is one of the most popular figures in that gay and feverishly social capital. Sir Ronald Lindsay is the fifth son of the Earl of Crawford and has been married twice, in each case to an American. His first wife was a daughter of ex-Senator Donald Cameron. The present Lady Lindsay was formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Sherman, a daughter of the late Colgate Hoyt.

ANOTHER British Ambassador who has followed the prevalent diplomatic fashion of marrying Americans is Sir Henry Chilton. Sir Henry succeeded that brilliant and popular bachelor Sir George Grahame in the Madrid Embassy. Previously he had been Minister at the Vatican and in the Argentine. He is 58 years old, bald, affable and musical. He was a highly popular Counsellor of Embassy in Washington some years ago. His wife, whom he met in Stockholm, was formerly Miss Katherine O'Brien, the daughter of the jovial Thomas J. O'Brien, a former United States Ambassador to Japan and Italy. The salary Attached to the Madrid Embassy is £5,850.

The duties of a British diplomat in Spain are more social than political. British and Spanish interests are not in conflict in any part of the world. Republic has succeeded monarchy in Spain, and a British royal princess has lost her queen's crown without endangering friendly relations between the two countries. Very different in character and infinitely more complex and delicate are the functions of a British representative in another modern republic whose dethroned royal house was even more closely related to our own—the republic of the U.S.S.R.

The British Embassy in Moscow is in the Sofskaya Naberezhnaya, and is a considerably less impressive mansion than that which the late Sir George Buchanan occupied in St. Petersburg in the days of the Tsars. The present Ambassador, Viscount Chilton, has one important advantage, however, over his pre-revolution forerunners. The hospitality he is expected to dispense, under the more modest and less ostentatious régime of the Bolsheviks, is well within his comparatively moderate salary and allowance of £6,125.

In the old days so modest a salary would have exposed an ambassador unendowed with large private means to much social embarrassment. The envoys of the Great Powers in pre-war St. Petersburg were called upon to rival the Grand Dukes in their lavish hospitality, and one thrifty French Ambassador, the late Georges Louis, has left it on record that his modest dinner-table was shunned by the Russians because of the frequency with which the bourgeois leg-of-mutton appeared thereon as its *plat de résistance*.

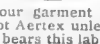
Lord Chilton is 60 years old, and is a specialist on Eastern European affairs. Thanks to the initiative of his colleague, the American Ambassador in Moscow, William C. Bullitt, he and other golf-playing diplomats in the Soviet capital are now able to find recreation on an 18-hole course. Other amusements in modern Moscow are rare: the ballet and the opera in winter, swimming and tennis in the summer, varied by occasional visits to the Moscow racecourse to watch the steeple-chasing and flat racing of the crack Soviet cavalry officers, and, on May 1st and the anniversary of the November revolution, the annual military parades in the Red Square.

Lord Chilton's predecessor in the Moscow Embassy, Sir Esmond Ovey, who was recalled during the trial of the British engineers, is now Ambassador in Brussels. Sir Esmond is 56 years old, is married to a Frenchwoman, is an ardent golfer and motorist, and has travelled widely in the Near East. His diplomatic career rivals that of Sir Ronald Lindsay for variety. (Continued on page 86)



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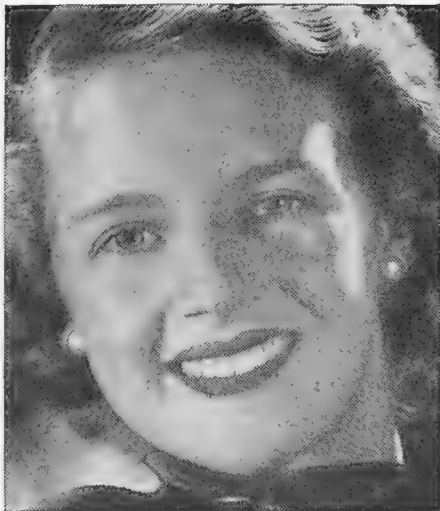
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He has been successively Attaché in Tangier, Stockholm, Paris, Washington and Cuba, a very successful Minister to Mexico, and the first British Ambassador appointed to Soviet Russia after British recognition of the Bolshevik Government.

ONE of the subjects almost certain to be discussed during the visit of a British Ambassador to the third-floor, sentry-guarded room of Foreign Commissar Litvinoff, in the grey, gaunt Narcomindel building in Moscow, is the latest development in the Far East, with particular reference to Japan. Two thousand miles farther east, in Tokio, another British envoy, Sir Robert Clive, is similarly concerned with the shifting facets of the situation in China, with a particular eye on the progress of Japan's profound hostility towards the U.S.S.R. Sir Robert Clive receives a salary of £5,875, and is, at the not immature age of 58, one of the most promising of the junior ambassadors in the British service. He has been Minister in Teheran and at the Vatican, and knows the Near East as well as the Far East. Lady Clive is a daughter of the late Lord Muir Mackenzie.

Another British diplomat with an extensive and varied career is Sir Howard Kennard, Ambassador to Poland. Sir Howard is 58, has seen service in Rome, Teheran, Tangier, Belgrade, Stockholm, and Berne, and is paid a salary of £5,512 to live in a city which, for all the beauty of its churches and the charm of its people, is still but half European. Lady Howard was formerly the American-born Miss Harriet Norris.

The youngest of our ambassadors is Sir Percy Loraine, British envoy to the Republic of Turkey. Sir Percy is only 55, and has therefore ten years of active diplomacy before him. He was a soldier before he became a diplomat, and fought in the South African war. He divides his time between the old British embassy in Constantinople, now renamed Istanbul, and the modern and far less commodious residence in Angora, Kemal Ataturk's new capital in the Anatolian uplands.

The diplomatists I have named are those who figure most frequently in the news. They are, politically speaking, in the posts of danger, for the countries to which they are accredited are those most intimately and immediately concerned in the critical international disputes of our day. There is one British envoy in Europe who, although not yet of ambassadorial rank, should be included in this survey. He is the British Minister to Austria, Sir Walford Selby. Sir Walford went to Vienna in 1933 to succeed Sir Eric Phipps. Previously he had been principal private secretary to three Foreign Secretaries—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Austen Chamberlain and the late Arthur Henderson. He is short, red-haired, industrious and quick-witted, and still in the early fifties. Since he was appointed to Vienna a rapid succession of dramatic events, beginning with the assassination of Dollfuss, have kept Austria on the front page of the world's newspapers. At the first renewal of Nazi threats against Austrian independence the British representative in Vienna may be called upon to play a leading rôle in a major European crisis.

These, then, are the men who, in Bacon's ironic and equivocal phrase, "have been sent to lie abroad for the good of their country." They represent in their own persons the historic continuity of British foreign policy. Whereas revolutions and the fall of dynasties have drastically changed the diplomatic personnel of many great or once great Powers, the British monarchy and its representatives in other countries have remained subject only to the mutations of time and mortality.

A British ambassador is one of the few remaining symbols of the royal prerogative. He is the sovereign's personal envoy to the court of a friendly foreign ruler. It is his duty to announce his sovereign's accession, marriage and demise. If his royal master goes to war the ambassador's request for his passports is the last diplomatic act which

The King's Ambassadors

precedes the opening of hostilities. It is the modern equivalent of the herald's challenge and the flourish of trumpets. In recent times the functions of the envoy have more and more reflected the duality which invests the functions of his sovereign's crown. He is at once the representative of the King and of the King's Government, the mouthpiece of an ancient monarchy and the servant of a modern democracy.

The presentation of his credentials to a foreign chief of state is a ceremony in which the tradition of centuries is still rigorously followed. The new envoy arrives at the royal or presidential palace in the carriage sent for him by the ruler, accompanied by a mounted military escort. He is ushered into the ruler's presence by the Court Chamberlain or other protocol officer. He presents at the same time the letters of recall of his predecessor and his own letters of credentials. The chief of state makes a formal reply, assuring the ambassador of his affection for the ambassador's sovereign, and after a few minutes of informal conversation the audience is over, the ambassador is escorted with the same ceremony back to the ruler's carriage, and returns under military protection to his embassy.

On one occasion in modern times this ceremony has ended disastrously. The unrehearsed incident occurred at the court of ex-King Alfonso XIII of Spain, a court which, with the solitary exception of that of the late Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, was the stiffest and most archaic in Europe. The newly arrived Ambassador had been presented to the King in the presence of a large number of grandees, and was engaged in the awkward business of bowing himself backwards away from the throne. Suddenly his feet stumbled over a carpet and he measured his length on the gleaming floor. There was a moment of consternation, and then, contrary to the rules of decorum, the King laughed. The Ambassador recovered from his embarrassment sufficiently to enjoy the joke. Afterwards he and Alfonso became very good friends, and their friendship lasted until his death. The envoy in question was the late Alexander Moore, the United States Ambassador to Spain.

British diplomatists form a close professional corporation. They are rarely soldiers, and never men of business. Their lives, speech and actions are patterned on a rigidly conventional model. As has been seen, they frequently marry Americans. And they retire at the comparatively early age of 65, although there is no limit to the age at which a politician may undertake the onerous duties of Foreign Secretary. If they have reached ambassadorial rank, at which stage in their career they have spent roughly forty years in the service of their country, and have acquired much curious if unprofitable knowledge of cities and peoples from China to Peru, they retire with a peerage. Thereafter they lead the lives of elder statesmen in the House of Lords, and in the intervals of bridge and gossip at the St. James's Club they write elegant, ironical but carefully-edited memoirs in which future historians will search diligently for enlightenment on hitherto mysterious events.

The principal actors and the décor of the international stage have notably changed since the early years of the reign of George V. The Ambassadors of King Edward VIII, instead of making their bow to Tsars Emperors and Sultans, have to deal with dictators, demagogues and democracies. But the change is one of title and not one of kind. Hitler in the Imperial Chancellory is hardly less capricious and no less unpredictable than the Kaiser Wilhelm II at Potsdam. Stalin in the Kremlin is far more inaccessible and far less amenable than Nicholas II in Tsarskoe Selo. Mussolini has relegated his own diminutive sovereign to a position of impotent obscurity. The intrigues and Oriental splendour of the Sultan's Court in Constantinople have been replaced by midnight poker parties and indifferent tennis at Kemal Ataturk's (Continued on page 88)



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stucco villa in dusty Angora. Vienna, once the seat of a great Empire, and for many years the nerve-centre of European diplomacy, is reduced in diplomatic prestige to the site of a mere Legation. Paris alone has not changed in aspect or in importance to a long series of British diplomats. The Gobelin-hung room which was Talleyrand's in the Quai d'Orsay, the room in which Lord Hardinge once rebuked the late M. Poincaré for provoking Lord Curzon to humiliating tears, is still the scene of the most critical diplomatic conversations of our time, and Foreign Ministers of the French Republic

The Davis Cup (Continued from page 11)

Championship—described as such under new regulations that had to be drafted as interest widened and entries increased. Something like thirty-three nations compete annually for the "old silver bowl," and so involved are the arrangements necessitated that the world is divided up into three "playing zones" to minimise travelling. The qualifying competition for the European zone produces the apparent anomaly of overlapping contests—some countries have actually been knocked out of the 1937 Davis Cup tournament before the 1936 tournament has been decided! For twelve months of the year the world's best players are practising continually with the main object of bringing the Cup back to their native lands; and national lawn tennis associations spend thousands of pounds in sending them abroad in what frequently proves a fruitless quest.

Only ten years after the first of the Cup matches, Dwight Davis was said to have expressed regret that his trophy had not been hammered in gold rather than in silver, so great had its importance become. That was twenty-six years ago, and on the same arguments he must now feel sorry that each ornamental whorl of the Cup is not inlaid with a precious jewel! Actually, of course, the intrinsic worth of the Davis Cup matters but little. Its essential worth is something quite abstract: it is a token whereby all men may recognise its possessors as Champion Lawn Tennis Nation of the world. For this reason alone, it is the most valuable prize that has ever been offered, or ever will be offered, in lawn tennis; and the beneficial influence it has exercised on the game can scarcely be overrated. In no other realm of sport will you find a true parallel to the Davis Cup. Perhaps Mr. Punch's mythical cricket "ashes" and the Ryder Cup in golf approach most nearly to it, but neither can be said to have achieved in their particular sphere what the Davis Cup has done for lawn tennis.

The complete story of the Cup can be properly divided into a prologue, an entr'acte, and five main chapters, each chapter denoting a period of supremacy of one particular nation. It is not possible here to cover in detail all these phases: we can but review them in general, and see how the world's greatest sporting contest has sprung from a challenge thrown down in friendly rivalry.

The first of all the Cup matches, played on the Longwood courts, was much more than a fine American victory. It was an object-lesson in the folly of complacency. No one in Britain believed that the British team could lose, even allowing for rumoured American improvements. Then M. D. Whitman proceeded to whip Gore in three sets; and after dropping the first set to Black, Dwight Davis took the next three quite comfortably. A revelation, indeed—but worse was to follow in the doubles. Halcombe Ward and Davis peppered the British pair relentlessly with their fast, sliced services, and not all the deceptive wiles of Roper Barrett or the steadiness and stamina of Black could prevent a rout in straight sets. Speaking later on this match, Roper Barrett described the soft American ball coming over the net with so much spin on it that it resembled an egg, and when it landed it broke so much he thought it had hit a stone.

In the following year, no British team went to America, and a cynical New York critic reflected that perhaps the English cousins

The King's Ambassadors

in the year 1936 are little different in character, habits or idiosyncrasies from the Delcassés and Vivianis of the pre-1914 era.

Nor is the essential drama of the European situation very different from that which confronted the statesmen and diplomats of King George in the years 1910-1914. The successors of the Goschens and Bunsens and Buchanans and Berties of that era are no less arduously engaged in keeping the King's peace abroad.

END

were still suffering from their shock of the previous summer. This sneer, though probably not unkindly meant, was quite unjustified. The Lawn Tennis Association actually did challenge for the Cup, but later found it impossible to raise a really representative team. In effect, the postponement was the sincerest compliment that could be paid to the Americans. Further, it was in this same year, 1901, that Davis and Ward, the terrors of Longwood, entered for the Wimbledon Championships, and were vanquished in the Challenge Round of the doubles by the champions—the Doherty brothers, of splendid memory.

The Dohertys went out with Dr. Pim in 1902 to challenge for the Cup. Everyone was confident they would succeed—and everyone was disappointed. Looking back now, it seems that Mr. Collins, the non-playing captain, made a grave mistake in playing Pim for the singles instead of Laurie Doherty, the Wimbledon Champion. At any rate, Pim justified the critics by losing both his matches, and Reggie Doherty won only one. Although the Dohertys won the doubles, the singles victories gave the holders a winning balance, and the Cup stayed in America.

Almost exactly a year later, the Dohertys sailed again for America, with Mr. Collins as captain, and H. S. Mahony as reserve. Two days before the Cup matches were due to begin, Reggie Doherty strained his shoulder in a knock-up, and on the following day the doctor attending him advised that he should have at least forty-eight hours' complete rest. Mr. Collins, in a quandary, requested that Mahony should be permitted to take over the first of Reggie's singles matches, but the Americans, although fully sympathetic, pointed out that this was contrary to the regulations, and that if Mahony came in at all he must take over both the singles. The position was difficult, but eventually the British captain took his courage in both hands, nominated R. F. Doherty for the singles, and forthwith scratched him in the first match against W. A. Larned.

This put America one up without a ball having been played. In his match against R. D. Wrenn, however, Laurie Doherty played sparkling tennis, won in three sets, and squared the scores. And then, by the greatest of good fortune for Britain, rain delayed the subsequent matches for two days. On Friday, August 7th, the Dohertys defeated the Wrenn brothers in the doubles; and the next day both Englishmen won their singles matches in the fifth set, amidst the greatest excitement. Thus the Davis Cup was brought to England, and the first chapter proper in the history of international lawn tennis was begun.

Whilst Britain and America had been settling their differences, European nations had not been idle. The Continental standard of play, though scarcely comparable with that of Britain, was yet commendably good, and it had been observed that there was nothing in the Davis Cup rules to prevent other nations entering the competition if and when they pleased. In 1904, when America stood out for the same reason that Britain had done three years previously, Belgium, Austria, and France entered, and at once the nature of the contests changed. The Davis Cup was no longer a trophy for the victor of a friendly, (Continued on page 90)

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almost domestic, squabble but an emblem of national superiority which all the world must acknowledge, envy, and respect.

The fact that Frank Riseley and the Dohertys disposed of Belgium in the Challenge Round with the loss of only one set did not in the least imperil this new dignity the Cup had acquired. A year later, Australasia was in—going down badly to America at Queen's Club, but holding out promise of a sterner fight next time. Incidentally, this was the occasion of the first appearance in international tournaments of Norman Brookes and Anthony Wilding, both destined to be winners of the Singles Championship at Wimbledon.

For three years the British Isles defended the Cup without the loss of a single match. But the retirement of the Dohertys in 1906 was to mark the end of home supremacy. In the following year, with Brookes in dazzling form, the Australasians served and volleyed their way through the American team in the first round of the Cup, and in the Challenge Round treated the British players in much the same fashion. From the holders' point of view, the redeeming feature of this contest was the brilliant victory of Gore and Roper Barrett (both members of the 1900 team) in the doubles match. At one time, Brookes and Wilding led them by two sets to love, and were at match point on Brookes's service, with a 5-3 lead, in the third set. The Englishmen recovered amazingly, won that set, and then the next two, the fifth and last being an affair of twenty-four games.

Victorious in England, Australasia was invincible on her home courts during the next four years. In all that time Brookes and Wilding each lost only one Davis Cup match—to Beals Wright, of America, in the 1908 Challenge Round. The transport of the Cup to Melbourne seems to have had a depressing effect on the Continental nations. None of them challenged again until 1912, when France came in, and hopes of bringing the trophy back to the northern hemisphere were centred in Britain and the United States. In 1910, there were no matches at all, for Britain could not afford the expense of sending out a team, and America could not raise a representative side. The following year, South Africa entered, but retired without playing, and America defeated the British team in New York by four matches to one. The American team which sailed for Christchurch, where the Cup matches were to be played, consisted of Beals Wright and M. E. McLoughlin, and since Wilding seemed unlikely to play for the holders, it was confidently believed they would return with the Cup. But Brookes, Heath, and Dunlop dealt summarily with them, winning by five matches to love.

Thanks largely to the unexpected victory of the Irishman J. C. Parke over Brookes, the British Isles in 1912 regained the Cup. But hopes that we might retain it for a considerable period could not be sustained, for the Dohertys had gone, and our best players were in no way consistently superior to the best of America and Australasia. Indeed, there was very little to choose at this time between any of the major tennis countries, and for three successive years the Cup was shuttlecocked between Melbourne, Wimbledon, New York, and Sydney.

It was significant, however, that as soon as the Cup returned to England, the interest of the European nations revived. In 1913 Belgium entered again, and Germany, Canada, and South Africa played their first Davis Cup matches. In the memorable Challenge Round of 1914, Australasia defeated America in New York, but the Cup did not return with the victors; for the Great War was already raging in Europe, and the risk of losing the trophy in transit was too great to permit its shipment. In those four long years, when no Davis Cup games were played, it was held in the dark recesses of a New York safe deposit.

In 1919, the energy and mighty services of Gerald Patterson, allied with the still skilful game of Brookes, consolidated Australasia's claim to the title of Champion Nation. But twelve months later a tennis star of surpassing

brilliance arose in the United States, and a new and grand chapter was opened in the story of the Davis Cup. This star's name was William Tatem Tilden, and for seven years he was the main instrument whereby America repulsed all comers. Not till 1926, when Lacoste beat him by three sets to one at Philadelphia, did Tilden lose a Cup match; and when in the following year, the Frenchman repeated his brilliant victory, the Davis Cup left America, and has never since returned.

Up to the time of his first defeat by Lacoste, Tilden had gained fifteen consecutive singles victories in Cup matches, winning forty-five sets against thirteen. It would be unfair, of course, not to acknowledge the value of his team mates in those years: without the assistance of W. M. Johnston, Vincent Richards, and R. N. Williams, America could not have retained the Cup. But the essence of that long American supremacy was Tilden. He was the nucleus, the absolute first choice, of every American team. And it is probable that his example and inspiration had much to do with the amazing popularity of lawn tennis in the early post-war years. This popularity, still undiminished, is well exemplified in the Davis Cup nominations during Tilden's régime. Holland entered the competition in 1920, and a year later Denmark, India, Argentina, Spain, Japan, and Czechoslovakia followed her example. Within two or three years, nearly a dozen other nations entered the field.

Meanwhile, Britain was having little success in her desperate search for new champions. In France, things were different. Contemporary with the brilliant Lacoste was the young Lyonnais, Henri Cochet, winner of the National Covered Court Championship at Auteuil in 1922; and Jean Borotra, "the bounding Basque," probably the most consistently brilliant volleyer of all time. It is to be doubted if any of these three ever attained the heights of Tilden at his best, especially on American courts, even though at various times they all beat him. But as a team they were magnificent, one of the strongest combinations that have ever done battle for the Davis Cup.

With the assistance of Jacques Brugnon, who had defeated the formidable Manuel Alonso at Wimbledon in 1922, they wrested the Cup from America in 1927. And thanks in particular to Cochet and Borotra, with their extraordinary flair of rising to the big occasion, the trophy remained in Paris for the next six years.

For three successive years, America were ultimate challengers for the Cup. Then, in 1931, came a great revival of British tennis. After defeating Monaco, Belgium, South Africa, Japan, and Czechoslovakia, and winning twenty-four matches to one, Great Britain defeated the United States in the Inter-zone final by three matches to two. Hopes ran high for the Challenge Round, but with Cochet winning both his singles, and helping Brugnon to take the doubles by three sets to one, France were victors by the odd match. In 1932, Germany unexpectedly defeated Great Britain in the fourth round, and once again America were the challengers at the end of July. A wonderful victory by the thirty-four-years-old Borotra over Ellsworth Vines secured the Cup for France for a further twelve months.

Despite these setbacks to British expectations, there seemed every reason to hope for the future. The two players mainly responsible for the British revival were F. J. Perry and H. W. Austin, both young men of more than ordinary promise. Perry had already demonstrated a fine stamina and an ability to take the early ball in Cochet's very best manner. Austin, though not so strong, was a better stylist and a tactician wise beyond his years. In 1932, he reached the final of the Wimbledon Singles, there to be overwhelmed by the speed and aggression of Ellsworth Vines. But Wimbledon rarely saw Austin at his best: the continuous strain of five-set championship matches affected him to an unusual degree.

The 1933 Cup contest showed how abundantly justified were the hopes resting in Perry and Austin. With the help of G. P.

Hughes, they brought Great Britain through the early rounds to the final of the European zone. This important tie was against Australia, and to relieve Perry for the doubles, H. G. N. Lee was introduced to take over one of the singles games against J. H. Crawford. Lee lost his game, but Perry and Hughes won the crucial doubles match against Turnbull and Quist, and qualified Britain for the Inter-zone final against America in Paris.

It was generally believed that the victors of this important match would prove the eventual winners of the Cup, for France had been greatly weakened by the retirement of Lacoste and the decision of Borotra to play only in the doubles match, the strain of singles being too much for him. Cochet, the giant-killer, though still available, was not quite the force he had been a few years previously, as Vines had proved in the semi-final at Wimbledon.

On paper, the Americans were a stronger team than Britain. For the singles, they had Vines and Allison: for the doubles, Lott and Van Ryn. But in surrendering his Wimbledon title to J. H. Crawford, Vines had shown signs of staleness, and in subsequent practice games his form had not improved. Against H. W. Austin, on the Auteuil courts, he deserted him altogether. The Englishman, playing in shorts and a jockey cap, dictated proceedings from the start, and ran out a fine winner by three sets to love. Perry, playing magnificently against a valiant but bewildered Allison, won by the same margin.

The following day, Sunday, Lott and Van Ryn played a strong, thrustful game to beat Perry and Hughes in the doubles. Two matches to one in Britain's favour, and two matches to play—the issue was still in doubt. If Austin could beat Allison in the third singles match, Britain must be the challengers. Could he do it?

Austin seems to have had little doubt on the matter. Playing with coolness and great confidence from the start, he took the first set at 6-1, dropped the second at 7-9, then sailed serenely on to collar the next two with the loss of seven games. Perry's subsequent match against Vines was robbed of much competitive interest through Austin's victory, yet those who saw it will remember it as one of the most remarkable duels ever fought at Auteuil. When Vines was leading two sets to one, and 3-2 in the fourth set, he hurt his ankle, but insisted on continuing. Perry recovered, and took him to a fiercely contested fifth set. When the score was 7-6 to Britain, Vines showed signs of great distress. Against the service, Perry went to 40-15—match point. Vines walked to the service line to make a last valiant effort—then threw up his hands and fell unconscious. Linesmen carried him off and the match was never finished.

After this notable victory against the Americans, the Challenge Round against France was almost an anti-climax. Yet, as it happened, the tie was won by the narrowest margin, for Cochet beat Austin, and Borotra and Brugnon easily won the doubles. However, Perry's two wins over Cochet and the youthful Merlin, and Austin's over Merlin, were sufficient to decide the day. France's long reign as Champion Nation was ended, and after twenty-one long and momentous years, the Davis Cup returned to London.

Great Britain's successful defence of the Cup against the United States in 1934, and again in 1935, is too fresh in memory to require comment here. However, we may remind ourselves that last year's complete rout of the challengers was the first five-love Challenge Round victory Britain had gained since the palmy days of the Dohertys, and that the surprising triumph of Tuckey and Hughes over Allison and Van Ryn was our first doubles victory in the Challenge Round since that grand win of Gore and Roper Barrett against the Australasians in 1907.

So much, then, for the past. What of the future? Prophecies are always dangerous and seldom advantageous, especially in a sport where a strained tendon or a twisted ankle can so easily (Continued on page 93)



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upset the nicest calculations. Yet it is clear that the destiny of the Davis Cup is influenced by two main factors—the willingness of nations to compete for it and the playing resources of those nations. And in this last respect, Great Britain is probably in the least enviable position of all the major tennis countries.

True, the Cup is in our possession, and that it is easier to defend than to challenge successfully for it. But it is no less true that our Perry and our Austin cannot endure for ever. When they go, who will replace them?

Probably the best of Britain's Davis Cup "possibles" is C. E. Hare, a young man from Birmingham who has a two-set victory over Perry to his credit. France has Destremau (a potential world champion, in the opinion of Lacoste), and one or two other "mystery" youths whom she is coaching assiduously with a view to winning back the Cup. In McGrath, of the two-fisted backhand, Australia has already a Davis Cup veteran, although he is only twenty; and she promises another prodigy

in John Bromwich who, at sixteen, is ambidextrous, two-fisted on the backhand, and improving with every game he plays. But richest of all in youthful talent is the United States, who, besides Donald Budge (conqueror of Austin at Wimbledon, and Von Cramm in the Davis Cup), has Mako, Grant, Hendrix, and Frank Parker, all on the fringe of international class. It is from America that the most formidable assaults must be expected within the next few years.

As for the willingness of nations to compete for the Davis Cup, this is not so much a matter of enthusiasm as of finance. Australia's challenge for the Cup last year probably cost something in the neighbourhood of £2,500; and her defeat by Germany in the European final meant that most of this money had to be written off as a dead loss. Solely with the idea of cutting expenses, Australia has this year entered in the American zone. South Africa, as enthusiastic for lawn tennis as any country in the world, called a halt to her Davis Cup ambitions in 1934, frankly admitting she could not afford the expense of sending a first-class team to Europe.

The Davis Cup

From South Africa has emanated the suggestion (supported by Great Britain) that the Davis Cup competition should be biennial instead of annual. Such a scheme would help the less prosperous of the competing nations, and although a good deal of opposition has been raised to it, it may yet come to pass. Another suggestion is that the Champion Nation should compete with all the other nations from the start of each yearly contest, instead of standing out until only one challenger is left. Apart from the question of tradition, it is to be doubted whether this idea would materially assist the financial problems of the poorer competitors.

That radical changes in the present system will be made eventually is not improbable. And, above all considerations, one thing stands clear and certain. So long as the spirit of challenge lives in men, so long as there are tennis balls and rackets to smite them with, the Davis Cup will endure. It will endure to the end of all mankind.

END

Twelve More to Follow (Continued from page 41)

in *Camille*; and by that time he had become so interested in the theatre that the cathedral plans had found their way into the waste-paper basket. There arrived, in due course, a contract for a play called *All Good Americans*; on reading the 'script he discovered that in one scene he had to play an accordion, and then throw it out of the window.

Sooner than subject his adored accordion (well, it was beginning to be nearly his, by that time) to such rough treatment, Mr. Stewart learned to play the banjo. A scout from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio saw him in some play or other, and pushed a long-term contract under his slightly freckled nose without delay. His first work in Hollywood was in *Murder Man*; *Rose Marie* came next, and then a very important part with Margaret Sullavan in *This Time We Love*.

At the Paramount Studios there is a tiny slip of a girl, with huge brown eyes, toes that tap, and slim legs capable of moving like a couple of streaks of lightning. Her name is Eleanore Whitney. She looks a little like Clara Bow looked, when the "It" girl first became a screen sensation, except that Miss Whitney's hair is brown. She says she owes her tap-dancing skill to lesson after lesson from Bill Robinson, the "coloured" dancer with the ivory grin who has assisted no less a personage than Miss Shirley Temple to become a very good dancer indeed.

Last year Paramount gave her a test, followed by a contract; and now, after playing in *Millions in the Air* she has been given a leading rôle in *Three Cheers for Love*, in which she sings, dances, and acts with a young man who is destined, as she is, for the big prizes filmland has to offer.

The boy in the case is Robert Cummings. If there is such a thing as a Medal for Sheer Nerve, it should be handed to Mr. Cummings in a velvet-lined box. For he bluffed his way into the theatre and thus into his present job at Paramount, perpetrating a hoax that he thought out all by himself, and "put over" with terrifying competence.

Unlike most young Americans, he did not go to college, but took himself to New York with a high school diploma, and joined the American Academy of Arts. Two years later he imagined he had become an actor. A wide assortment of agents and managers promptly disillusioned him. There was not an acting job in sight, so Bob Cummings started to work as a clerk in an agent's office. There, answering calls at the telephone switchboard, he was struck by the vast number of enquiries that came through for young actors who spoke with an English accent.

So there was a demand for men with British accents, was there? Although Mr. Cummings knew he had the kind of Missouri accent that anybody in the States could spot

a mile off, he decided that he would acquire an English accent without delay. He borrowed £40 from his father, added it to his own small savings, and went to England, steerage. He studied English, and borrowed more money from home until he felt he had mastered that good old accent which was so much in demand.

Then he took himself to a small theatre in a provincial town, where he made friends with the local stage manager. After considerable persuasion, he got permission to change the lettering on the big sign outside the theatre—for half an hour only. When the lettering read that Bryce Hutchens was to be seen in some play or other, Bob placed a large portrait of himself in a conspicuous position, and proceeded to photograph this piece of deception.

Why Bryce Hutchens? Because he thought it sounded more British than his own name. After the photograph had been enlarged, Bob cabled five New York producers to the effect that Mr. Bryce Hutchens, one of London's most popular actors, would be leaving shortly for New York, and would the producers in question grant him interviews, on arrival? Five replies promised him the required audiences. Four hours after he landed in America Mr. Cummings was interviewing his first producer, and talking to him with the most British accent ever heard. That accent, plus the phoney photograph, did the trick. Bob Cummings, alias Bryce Hutchens, found himself engaged for the juvenile lead in *The Roof*, by John Galsworthy, in which Henry Hull starred.

Everyone in the cast thought he was English; he told them fascinating stories of his home in Dorchester, and knew every river, castle and cathedral in England like the back of his own hand. His next part was in *Strange Orchestra*, another English play; then came *Candida*, and by that time he was accepted as England's leading young actor in New York. He moved to the "Vanities" and to the "Follies," where his name went up in lights. And then, having established himself by a deliberate hoax, young Mr. Cummings started to destroy the house he had built so carefully.

Finding that English accent a bit of a strain, Bob Cummings "spilt the beans" to a reporter; had the story splashed all over the papers, and became himself once more. He broke into pictures in *So Red the Rose*, as a man from Missouri with a charming personality and the kind of face and voice that wins friends for him everywhere. He'll be a star, all right—and soon.

Which brings the list on my desk to the name of June Lang; and that is a name thousands will look for with pleasurable anticipation in future. Lovely of face, with a gentle voice and the streamlined figure that is Hollywood's trade mark, June Lang is one of the most attractive newcomers to

films in the past half-dozen years. She had another name once; as June Vasek she started to break into the studios and came to an abrupt full stop.

Shrinking out of sight into the throng of those who didn't make good, June Vasek waited more than a year before her re-discovery took place, and she stepped once more into the full glare of the arc lights, as June Lang. Her re-discoverer was no less a film magnate than Darryl Zanuck, now head of the vast Twentieth Century-Fox Company and owner of one of the shrewdest brains in show business. It was at his suggestion that June Vasek changed not only her name but the colour of her hair. She was dark, now she is one of Hollywood's Brownettes.

June began her acting theatrical career at the age of fourteen, in a show at the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. From there she went to another show at the Mayan Theatre in the same city; and one afternoon, after a matinée, a friend asked if she would like to go along with her to the Fox Studios in Hollywood, to look on while the friend did a test for a tiny dancing part in a new film.

June went along, and when the casting director cast his eyes on the two girls it was June who occupied his attention—which is not surprising. She found herself being presented with the part for which the other girl thought she was to make a test, although June had only "gone along" to keep her friend company! That first film led to a proper contract; several fairly important rôles in big pictures came next, but somehow June Vasek did not quite make the grade. So she backed out gracefully; and when the merger between Fox and Twentieth Century took place it required the eagle eye of Mr. Zanuck to drag forth June Vasek, transform her into June Lang, and create a star of to-morrow. Look for her in *The Country Doctor*, in which the famous Quintuplets are starred.

And in *The Country Doctor* another potential star dawned in the world of films; Michael Whalen by name. He played the young doctor who fell in love with June, and gave a very attractive gallant performance. He is Irish-American, has blue eyes and dark hair, and is not unlike Clark Gable.

Darryl Zanuck discovered him, just as he discovered June Lang. And Michael Whalen was starving at the time. That's nothing new in Hollywood. He was going to be a business man in Philadelphia; but one fine morning decided that he hated business and adored the stage. So off he went to be an actor, knowing there was a struggle ahead.

On the day Darryl Zanuck saw him looking in a shop window on Hollywood Boulevard and told him to report to the studio Mr. Whalen had exactly 27 cents in his pocket. He has those cents still, but they are in a box, where they are due to remain as some sort of souvenir.

(Continued on page 94)

A youthful skin

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Hormone Cream

The human skin is being continuously renewed. When young the process of renewal is rapid, and the skin is firm and resilient; with advancing years, with worry or illness, this process of renewal slows down and the skin begins to look older, flabby and wrinkled.

The re-formation of skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system and scientists have found that by the introduction of certain glandular extracts (Hormones) into the system, it is possible to stimulate the action of these glands thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts as revealed by scientific research, Leichner produced a cream made with a special base which penetrates the various layers of the skin, and incorporated an adequate amount of "Hormones" so that it became possible to introduce these valuable glandular extracts through the skin surface into the blood stream.

This cream is now placed before you as LEICHNER HORMONE CREAM and has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissue, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement in the appearance of the skin, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

LEICHNER HORMONE CREAM is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill-effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

Obtainable from all leading Stores and Chemists

Per jar 21/- and 12/6



MADE IN ENGLAND AT LEICHNER HOUSE,
ACRE LANE, S.W.2

It has taken three years for this clever young man to make a dent in Hollywood's consciousness. Now he is drawing a big salary, and has his name outside hundreds of theatres.

There is a girl of whom a lot more will be heard who calls herself "Ginger Rogers' Star Pupil"—and means it. Behind the fact that Harriet Hilliard—that's the girl—appeared as Ginger's sister in *Follow the Fleet*, and sang the hit number "Where Are You?" there is quite a history. Harriet says she managed to cut corners off the ordinary route that leads to Hollywood, because her arrival in the Californian Film City happened to coincide with a frantic search for the right type of girl to play the important rôle of Ginger's sister, in the Astaire-Rogers opus about the Fleet. Mark Sandrich, brilliant director and chief litter-upper of Astaire and Miss Rogers through such creations as *Gay Divorce*, *Roberta*, and *Top Hat*, had seen and tested dozens of girls. Then somebody brought in Harriet Hilliard, newly arrived from New York to play a much less important rôle in a much less important film than the Astaire-Rogers musical comedy.

Mr. Sandrich rushed Harriet Hilliard off for a test, which proved the answer to his prayers. When she knew she was to act with no less a star than Ginger Rogers she nearly collapsed from sheer fright and joy combined. She had been a Ginger Fan for a long time, never guessing that the star was to become one of her great friends. To Ginger's help and kindly "tips" Harriet owes quite a lot of the success that has come to her through her work in *Follow the Fleet*.

Harriet's real job has been on the radio, and in Vaudeville. For several years she has worked with Ozzie Nelson's band as a soloist; three and a half years from the day they first met she married him.

"A tousle-headed hunk of brawn" is one way of describing the character comedian known as Lionel Stander, always called "Jay" by his friends. By no means good-looking, but generously supplied with brains, Mr. Stander has only to show his face on the screen to send an audience into paroxysms of laughter. He is a great goof of a man, on the screen; and he steals pictures right and left from under the noses of stars whose names are enough to inspire terror in the souls of the average character player.

Lionel Stander adds another to the list of famous players whose eyes are assorted in colour; one is brown and the other green. His early ambition was to be a writer; for a time he worked in a publicity office, then as a newspaper reporter, then as creator of "thrillers" that were blood-curdling in their realism. When he was making the film called *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town*, with Gary Cooper in the title rôle, I talked to him more than once between scenes, and he told me that at one time in his patch-work life he had been a waiter. "But only for a day!" murmured Mr. Stander. "I just couldn't stand the rush-hours!" It was with Noel Coward, in *The Scoundrel*, that tough Mr. Stander first attracted attention on the screen. Like most of the rest of that cast, he was well known on the New York stage; and his work in *The Scoundrel* took him to Hollywood by an early train. In *The Milky Way*, with Harold Lloyd, in *If You Could Only Cook*, with Herbert Marshall and Jean Arthur, and in *Page Miss Glory*, with Marion Davies, he has given delightfully comic performances that have caused him to be christened Scene-Stealer Number 1.

Ann Loring is something different in film actresses. She is a strange mixture of little-girl shyness and womanly poise. She has grey-green eyes and dark hair; the freckles that decorate her nose do not worry her in the least. She wanted to be a journalist, but the great studio called Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has a "Travelling Studio" which goes round the country taking tests of girls and men, in a search for hidden talent. Ann Loring, whose real name is Ann Kurtin, lived in Brooklyn when this travelling studio arrived.

Twelve More to Follow

For fun she sent in her name, and took a test. Out of 25,000 tests hers came out on top; and her prize was a try-out contract at the Hollywood studio of the firm that has the Lion's Roar as its signature-sound.

For many months Miss Loring studied with Oliver Hinsdell, dramatic coach to the studio. At last she was given her first studio test, which turned out so well that she was chosen at once for a leading part in *Robin Hood of El Dorado*, with Warner Baxter.

There is a dark-eyed young man at Walter Wanger's studio who has been doomed, so far, to play Killers. Alan Baxter is his name; he has thick dark hair and a gentle manner. But when those eyes of his stare at the camera he looks like a killer, indeed, capable of any desperate deed. From Broadway he has come to Hollywood, where he has been turned into the latest brand of screen villain, in spite of his clean-cut youthfulness and cultured voice and manner. It was in *Mary Burns, Fugitive*, that his dark eyes first stared from the screen; then he went into *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, where he did some more wicked work; then into *13 Hours by Air*, followed by *Big Brown Eyes*.

Between his screen-killings young Mr. Baxter enjoys modelling animals and humans in clay, or collecting and sketching botanic specimens, of which California is obliging enough to provide him with a varied assortment.

At Warner Brothers' studios there are two girls who must surely become big names in the future. One is Beverly Roberts, the other is June Travis. Beverly, who is like a cool summer day and has a voice that is really English (due to the fact that she has lived in England for a considerable time) wants to be a slinking siren—and is only allowed to be a wholesome ingénue. She plays opposite Al Jolson in *The Singing Kid*, which is her first film, though nobody would know it to watch her on the screen. She is in *There's Millions in It* too; and her future looks particularly bright.

June Travis has green eyes and brown hair, plus something that might well be called magnetic charm. Without stage or screen experience she won a contract from Warner Brothers, and jumped into a part in *Stranded* with Kay Francis. Her second picture was *Ceiling Zero*, with James Cagney; and for this she had lessons in flying from Amelia Earhart, since when she has been "sold" on anything to do with a 'plane. She'll be flying high in the picture racket, too.

Finally, put down the name of John Howard. First, because he is extremely good-looking, with a pleasant speaking voice and genuine acting skill; secondly, because he goes on record as about the only actor alive who replied, "I'm not interested!" when asked if he would like to jump on a train and go to Hollywood. A talent-scout from the Paramount studios asked Mr. Howard that vital question after an amateur dramatic show at the Western Reserve University. The startling answer was due to Mr. Howard's desire to become a Professor of English, and to ignore such a queer profession as the stage.

But when he returned to his home that same evening he learned that there was not enough money for him to take the special course in English on which he had planned. So he took a screen test in New York instead, and found himself the owner of a film contract he said he did not want. He has been in Hollywood since 1934, playing small parts and being built up steadily to the big position he will hold, without doubt, before the end of this year.

Apart from the players I have mentioned, these names should be noted: Astrid Allwyn, Charlie Collins, John Arledge, Helen Wood, Frances Farmer, Johnny Downs, Eric Linden, Warren Hull, Allan Jones, Carol Hughes. All of them will do well, unless my knowledge of the film business is utterly at fault. I hope not, for their sakes.

END



A Dissertation upon GIN



Being a *True and Unembellished* Account of that *Worthy Spirit's* Vast and *Manifold Blessings* . . . its *Curative Properties etc. etc.*, and making *Especial Mention* of that *MELLOW and MATURE GIN* known to all as

Booth's Gin

DEDICATED WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT TO THE *ORIGINAL EXPONENT* OF THE ART OF DISTILLING GIN, *SIR FELIX BOOTH, B?*

THE great and ever increasing popularity of Gin is no subject for wonderment. For a *FINE GIN* is a benevolent, kindly spirit, bringing comfort to the heart of man.

¶ *FINE GIN* is made from sun-drenched grain, infused with fragrant, healthful herbs: There is Juniper, which lends its fragrance and clears the complexion. There is Coriander, so soothing to the interior. And there is Angelica to impart its intriguing flavour.

¶ And then after the delicate process of many



distillations & 'rectifications,' *BOOTH'S* put their Gin to rest in sherry casks until, in the course of time, it gains a mellowness, rich, round and smooth.

¶ Are we then to be surprised that doctors, in their wisdom, recommend *FINE GIN—BOOTH'S GIN* as a tonic and even as a cure?

¶ As a drink to quench a thirst, or aperitif to provoke an appetite, *BOOTH'S* is beyond debate. Long or short, whichever you choose, the only adequate expression of praise is to follow the first drink with another.

★ *To those of the Nobility and Gentry who desire further to investigate this Engrossing Subject, Messrs. Booth's Distilleries issue a cordial invitation to see the COUNTLESS SHERRY CASKS in which their gin lies maturing and afterwards to savour its excellence at their distilleries in Turnmill Street in the Borough of Clerkenwell by appointment.*

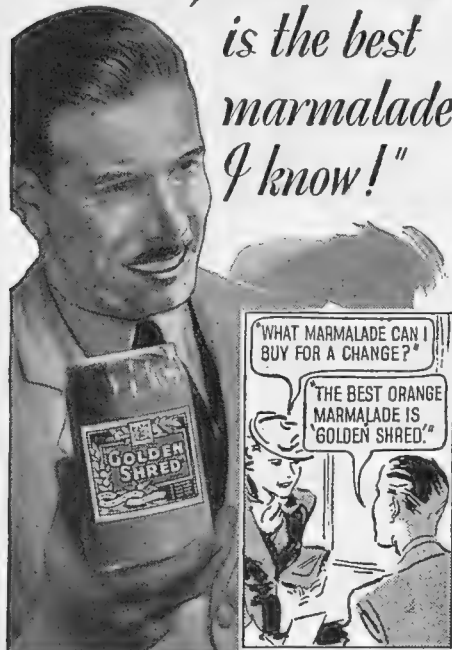


Something Old, Something New

(Continued from page 29)

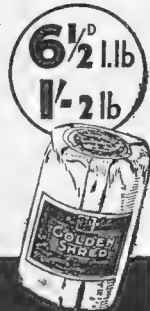


"Madam..Golden Shred'
is the best
marmalade
I know!"



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'Golden Shred'... it's clear... it's good!

Change to 'Golden Shred'—
Robertson's Orange Marmalade. It's delicious and different from what is commonly known as ordinary marmalade, yet it costs only 6½d lb. and 1/- 2-lb. Buy it when next at the Grocers.



ROBERTSON'S
'Golden Shred'
Orange Marmalade

W. S. S. M. G.

home, "picked up" a derelict little cottage in Wiltshire for twenty pounds.

A more ramshackle affair can hardly be imagined. There were gaping holes in the thatch, where seasons of rain and snow had poured through into the upstairs rooms. Every pane of glass was broken, the porch was rotted, and creepers strangled the still solid grey stone walls.

But the new owners were not abashed. They had first satisfied themselves that the walls were thick and straight, the oak framework and ceiling beams sound and, though there was no drainage system, that the excellent well in the garden had a good name among local experts for not "going dry."

The first step was to renew the thatch, and for this purpose a local thatcher was found who carried out the repair, stripping off the old straw and replacing it with new. This cost, in all, £16.

Inside the house two local craftsmen were attacking the problem of crumbling walls. Loose plaster and rubble were removed and the place was then carefully sealed and fumigated.

As is generally the case, fine old beams came to light when old plaster ceilings were torn down. Behind a decrepit kitchen a good square brick opening of yellow brick was found and into this a fire basket, dogs and fireback were introduced, making an attractive open fireplace. Limewash for the walls, new floorboards upstairs and creosote for beams and stairs completed the work inside.

The adventurers now had a charmingly picturesque if diminutive week-end cottage, and the total cost was not more than £120.

The reconditioning of the cottage illustrated at the top of page 28 was a more ambitious

undertaking. This was originally two small cottages each with a living room and scullery on the ground floor and one large room upstairs.

A band of local workmen were employed to pull down plastered ceilings and to strip the walls of several coverings of paper. Lofty timbered ceilings and walls came to light after this, and in each of the living-rooms the removal of cooking stoves disclosed charming inglenook fireplaces.

A lean-to shed at one side of the cottage became the splendid fitted kitchen you see in the illustration, and over the kitchen the bathroom was built. An efficient cooker in the kitchen brings constant hot water to the bath and sink and provides central heating for the bedrooms.

The cost of purchasing this cottage in its original state and of restoring it in the manner described was a little over three hundred pounds, and the owner has recently disposed of it—reluctantly, for she loves the place—for more than three times that amount.

So, you see, there is not only pleasure but profit for the adventurous spirits who are prepared to lay out a little patience and a small sum of money on reclaiming one of these tumbledown nests.

The problem of capital for such an undertaking is often an obstacle, but even this can be overcome. Money can be raised at reasonable rates of interest for approved investments of this kind, so who shall say, "I long for a country cottage!"

Readers who are interested in the further details of raising capital for investment in this way should address their enquiries with stamped addressed envelope to the Editor, Woman's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

Books (Continued from page 53)

we enter a new world of extravaganza where nothing is real, or at least realistic. Round a heroine whose conversational gifts recall my favourite heroine in fiction—I mean Stevenson's young lady, the one who decided, after several false starts, to call herself Clara Luxmore—Mr. Brown has written a story very unlike *The Dynamiters*. He has erected a Baroque, Anglo-Catholic building, wherein one has to assume that the world is composed of high spirits, good food, incense, ballet, wealth, immaturity, religious observances, style (vague), liqueurs, painted ceilings, social aplomb, well-trained servants, French and Italian arts and crafts, a sense of strain, a profusion of *objets d'art*, no newspapers and endless talk. It is a not unamusing hodge-podge, all very Sitwell. But beneath its bright, unceasing chatter lies, I think, not a love of living, but boredom.

No review of fiction is complete which does not take into account those good citizens who enjoy a nice welter in gore. But before growing violent, I have one or two quiet books still claiming a word. *Indian Tea*, by Aileen Smiles (Constable, 7s. 6d.) is a story of England and India and Anglo-Indians, and if it seems a little unsophisticated, that is only right and proper when one realises that it is the work of a granddaughter of the author of *Self Help*. One of the fashionably encyclopædic novels, *Roll River*, by James Boyd (Jarrolds, 8s. 6d.) contains in its quarter of a million words an account of a Pennsylvanian family, from the 'eighties down to recent times. Lastly, *Who Pays?* by Ian Miller (Newnes, 7s. 6d.) is a well-written, sympathetic variation on the old theme of conjugal misunderstanding, brought up to date.

MURDER at the Lakes (Mortiboy's, 7s. 6d.) is by G. L. Jennings, a protégé of the late Edgar Wallace. When one knows that, it seems easy to detect signs of the influence. Mr. Jennings has taken

evident pains over his thriller, more than his master took at times, but it is a pity that in learning from Wallace, he did not avoid his insensitive method of handling the language. He has plenty of invention, but he sadly lacks an air. *Adventure From the Grave*, by Kathleen Freeman (Peter Davies, 7s. 6d.) suffers from the opposite defect; it is rather too portentously told. A queer, macabre tale, with a very unusual plot, it only needed a little more speed and directness to be a good specimen of its class.

In addition to bearing the well-known name of Augustus Muir upon its title page, *Satyr Mask* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) enjoys the advantage of an exceptionally well drawn dust-cover. (The artist prefers, or may have been compelled, to remain anonymous.) *Satyr Mask* is a short book, and my regular readers, if I have any, will not be surprised to learn that I think none the worse of it on that account. It deals with uncomfortable goings-on in a Highland castle. Thanks to the author's forethought, it is snowbound, and that complete isolation of the mystery, so dear to the reader's heart, is thereby assured. The story moves well from the start; in fact, as will be seen, Mr. Muir shows once again that he knows his business. *The Candle*, by Linton C. Hopkins (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.), comes from America, and is one more proof, if such be needed, that they take their job very seriously over there. The ingenuity and care expended by the author on this tale would be spread by any corresponding Englishman over half a dozen novels. When one lays aside *The Candle*, that is to say, when one has finished it, a few doubts may arise. Certainly the whole affair is a trifle steep. But with what skill and gusto Mr. Hopkins has handled it! How gay and good-humoured he appears, what good company he has been, and with what deadly seriousness he has been working while he chatted! He is a novelist as well as a purveyor of thrills.

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The Perfect Eugenic State

(Continued from page 21)

it's not their business, but they threaten a crusade, and that's where you come in, Smith—or, rather, that's where you go out."

"I beg pardon, sir, but I'm afraid that I don't quite follow your meaning, sir."

"Well, my dear fellow, if these madmen make a war, don't you see that it would be dangerous if we had within the State emotional Units who might sympathise with the enemy. Now you, Smith, are undoubtedly an emotional Unit."

"I'd never sympathise with the enemy, sir."

"Ah, one never knows, although it passes comprehension why anyone should sympathise with these madmen. If the Christians conquer, there will be a terrible upheaval and relapse. We'll no longer be housed, clothed, and fed by the State. Our hours of work won't be limited to four a day. Make no mistake about that. You wouldn't be told what you must do, but merely what you must not do. A most pernicious philosophy. And, worse than that, they'd restore tears and laughter to the world. Do you know, Smith, I often think that whenever a Unit feels inclined to belittle the work of our excellent inspectorate he should quietly recollect how fortunate we really are and how very different things might be. We might have been a priest-ridden people, harried and hounded by Jesuits."

"The State forbid," said Smith, piously raising his hat. "I swear it."

"No need to swear," corrected the Commissioner gently. "In any case there's nothing to swear by, and no fear of treason on your part. But apart from these polemics, you're not really happy, Smith."

"Indeed I am, sir, very happy. I'm well inspected, and then I've got my ferrets. They're very fond of me, sir."

"Nonsense, my friend. In the first place, they're not your ferrets, because they belong to the State, and secondly, although they enjoy their food, I am quite sure that they are not so lacking in intelligence as to harbour any emotion towards the Unit whose duty it was to look after them. No, no, Smith, your face betrays you. You're not happy. Too much emotion. And your children prove it. The State permitted you to have two children. Well? Have you bred Samurais? I think not. The fact is you're degenerate, and we cannot encourage this to go on. Your own common sense must tell you that we can't afford to keep you. The Happier Homes idea has been given up. Too expensive and sentimental—almost Christian, in fact. Efficiency, H/99, efficiency, and all for the State. That's the motto of every loyal Unit."

"Where are we going, sir?" asked Smith, white in the face.

"To the Lethal Institute, my friend."

"No, no, I'm not," muttered Smith. "What Act of Parliament lets you do this? I've a right to know that. I'm a free Unit."

"The State has gone into your case. The Inspectors and the Secret Service have worked conscientiously over you. We have all the documents. Everything is in perfect order."

Smith glanced wildly round the car until his gaze was fixed on a long aluminium box placed across the front seats. "What's that thing?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Steady, my friend, you really must pull yourself together. That is . . . ahem . . . well . . . shall we say? . . . the hearse portion. Quite new, a labour-saving device."

"So I'm driving with my own coffin?"

"Well, in a sense I suppose you are, if you wish to put it that way. Personally I dislike the use of the word 'coffin,' on account of its ancient associations, and I usually refer to the thing as the 'container.'"

"Driving like a criminal to Tyburn!"

"Now, there you are quite wrong," replied the Commissioner gently. "There is no parallel. In the old days to which you refer the criminal was chained. There are no criminals now. You're not a criminal and you're not in chains. You are a free Unit

who is about to submit to the requirements of the State."

"That's a lie," sobbed Smith. "The criminal was chained because he had a chance of escape, one in a million though it was. I've no chance at all. That's why you don't chain me. Even the Jesuits wouldn't treat a man like this!"

"Come, come, H/99, no temper, if you please. Be reasonable. Your own common sense must tell you that you're a greater danger than many criminals. But why all this fuss? There's nothing to hurt you. We have the highest medical opinion that it is quite painless. I can assure you as to that. And what is the whole affair, after all? A mere rearrangement of the molecules . . . Ah, these molecules, Smith—if we could only get down to them we should move much more quickly. . . . That's all there is to it. And if you fear anything else, this in itself is further proof that you're not fit to live. Now, as an old hand at the business, my advice to you, Smith, is this—don't worry. No one is going to hurt you. In a few minutes we shall be at the Institute; afterwards I shall take you on to the Crematorium, and within an hour at most your molecules will be floating in the blue Empyrean—back with the Nitrogen from whence they came. A beautiful thought, my friend. . . . What! the man has fainted. . . . I must speak to that Inspector. We ought to have taken this Unit away twenty years ago. . . . Perhaps the whole family would be better away. I really must press the Board for a decision." Suddenly Smith groaned. "Ah, that's right," said the Commissioner. "Coming to, I see. You'll soon be all right."

"I don't want to be all right," moaned Smith.

"Nonsense, man. Nothing will happen to you without your full consent. Wait until you've seen the Sympathisers."

The car stopped at the door of the Institute. The Commissioner got out, and Smith followed. As they went up the steps their bodies broke an invisible ray, and two great doors slid open, revealing a gilded hall, lit by fairy-lights, and in the centre a splashing fountain in which the falling water was coloured like a rainbow. Behind the open doors stood a flunkey dressed in cloth of gold and silver. He bowed low to Smith and said, "Welcome."

"In you go," said the Commissioner, "I'll see you later."

As in a dream, Smith entered, and the great doors closed behind him with a faint click. The flunkey was smiling, and Smith, who had never before seen anyone except in rational dress, asked nervously, "Are you the Sympathiser, sir?"

"No, no, sir," said the flunkey, "I'm only the doorkeeper. The Sympathisers are all in the salon, and you may choose any of the lot, male or female. This way, sir," and he led Smith to the curtained entrance of the salon, which opened out of the hall on the right as you entered. Drawing aside the curtain so that Smith might enter, he announced at the top of his voice: "My lords, ladies, and gentlemen, pray silence for the entry of your guest, Mr. Smith, of Hampstead."

As he entered all the Sympathisers gave him a friendly smile, and Smith gasped for breath. He would have fainted again had not a middle-aged man, with large blue eyes that beamed through gold-rimmed spectacles, sprung forward and led him to an easy-chair. "Sit down, my friend. I know it must seem rather strange to you. Now have a good look round, take your time, and choose whom you will." His new friend was dressed in a well-cut blue lounge suit. He was a trifle stout, and had the kindest, jolliest face that Smith had ever seen. "Sympathiser Kind is my name, if you should decide eventually to trust yourself to me, but take your time. Each to his taste," and, with another smile, he returned to the centre of the room.

Smith leant back (Continued on page 100)

Britannia & Eve for July, 1936



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in the well-upholstered chair, and stared at the Sympathisers in amazement. Never before had he sat in such a comfortable chair, and never before had he seen men and women dressed and undressed in such a variety of fashions. What these fashions were Smith for the most part did not know, and yet each had its own appeal. Among the men, had he only known, he could have recognised a footballer, a cricketer, a boxer, a golfer in plus fours, a naval officer, a guardsman, a priest, and a gigolo. One man was naked, as also was one woman, a very beautiful woman with long golden hair hanging down to her waist. Another woman was half-undressed, and at the sight of these last two Smith blushed, for he was wholly degenerate, and did not understand sex appeal in its scientific aspects. Other women he might have recognised were the ballet dancer, the principal boy and girl, the belle of the ball, the nurse, the tennis girl with racket complete, the yachting girl, and a nun. Each in turn smiled at Smith, but being of a retiring disposition, he just sat and stared, until by a lull in their conversation he realised they were beginning to be bored by his presence.

So he beckoned to Sympathiser Kind, who at once joined him with the remark: "You have chosen well, my friend." The others clapped their hands in a well-bred manner and said: "See you later, Mr. Smith."

Sympathiser Kind led him across the gaily lighted hall—"Can't very well have a heart-to-heart chat in there, old man," and whenever he spoke he smiled. Across the hall, they entered another room through a door which closed behind them with a click. In the centre of the room was a circular steel table and two hygienic chairs of glass and chromium, one on either side of the table. The walls were white, devoid of pictures, and against one wall were two steel cupboards painted white. It was a square room measuring twenty feet, and in the centre of the roof was the gauze of a loud speaker.

"Makes you feel quite at home," his new friend said with a smile, as he beckoned Smith to take the chair furthest from the door.

"Yes, sir," said Smith, with a gulp in his throat.

"Now," said the Sympathiser, "just you tell me all about it, and we'll see what can be done."

At that Smith poured out his troubles. The Sympathiser listened attentively, only occasionally asking a question to clear up some point about which he was not quite certain. When Smith's story came to an end, the Sympathiser looked grave, and Smith's heart sank.

"This looks very serious," said the Sympathiser thoughtfully, and then added, "I think the Commissioner has made a most serious error in judgment."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, sir. Then you will help me to escape?"

"Of course I'll help you, but we must consider ways and means. Now let me think for a minute or two."

The Sympathiser bent across the table and covered his face with his hands for a couple of minutes before he spoke. "Do you realise, Smith, that to save you I must tell you everything about this place?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith eagerly.

"Well, now, do you know that no male or female Unit who enters the front door of this Institute ever leaves by the way they entered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. They all leave by the back doors—dead. Except one or two, of whom you'll be one, who reach the back door at the end of the Lethal Tunnel—alive. Naturally, you want to know how the one or two escape?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I'll tell you," and the Sympathiser pulled open a steel drawer in the table in front of his chair, from which he produced a gas mask. This he patted gently. "That's my own special gas mask. Now, when I don't want a Unit to escape I put it on, and tell the Unit that I'm going to give him or her—because, curiously enough, some female units select me—ha, ha!—a duplicate mask.

The Perfect Eugenic State

Then I open that steel cupboard nearest to you and take out a mask the very duplicate of my own. Of course it's a dud, and when we reach the gas it doesn't work. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith dubiously, because the problem was complicated.

"Don't pretend, Smith! You still have doubts. Ha, ha! Well, any mistrust may be set at rest, because I am going to give you my own special gas mask." And with that the Sympathiser placed his gas mask by Smith's right hand on the table.

"Thank you, sir, but—are you not coming down the—the Tunnel with me?"

"Of course I am, but I'm going to have a gas mask like you. Only I don't take my mask from the first cupboard—no fear—but from the second, where the masks are as genuine as the one I gave you." The Sympathiser opened the cupboard nearest the door, removed a mask and placed it on the table near his chair. "Now I must tell you about the Tunnel, and what to expect at the other—"

A gong sounded, and from the loud-speaker in the ceiling came the words, "Sympathiser Kind, if he can spare a moment, is urgently wanted in Antechamber Five."

The Sympathiser frowned the first frown Smith had seen on his face. "Excuse me a moment, Friend Smith, I won't be long. I wonder what it is?" He gave a low whistle, the door opened, and closed behind him.

Left alone in the sound-proof room, Smith smiled. What a really decent fellow the Sympathiser was. To give his own gas mask to a total stranger and choose a new one for himself. No, he had better change the masks. At the Pandemonium Smith had learnt all the dangers of respiratory infections. Perhaps Sympathiser Kind liked his mask so much that he never troubled to have it sterilised. Germs innocuous to Kind might not be so innocuous to Smith. That much of bacteriology he had learnt at the Pandemonium. He changed the masks, but it would never do to tell Sympathiser Kind of his views about sterilising gas masks.

Suddenly the door opened, Sympathiser Kind, looking a little flushed, entered, glanced anxiously at the table, smiled and said, "Well, here we are again. You'll wonder why I was called away? In the Salon did you notice Sympathiser Eve—the female in the altogether, I mean without any clothes?"

"Yes, sir," said Smith eagerly.

"Well, I was just called to Antechamber Five to explain to a Unit that his attempted love-making was a little premature, although at the end of the Tunnel he may do what he likes with Sympathiser Eve. But—let me see—I was telling you about the Tunnel. Yet why waste time! On with our masks. The sooner we're in, the sooner we're out. Ask me any questions on the way, Friend Smith."

"Yes, sir," said Smith, as each adjusted his gas mask, "but where's the Tunnel?"

"There," answered the Sympathiser, and, as he pressed a button, the whole of the back steel wall of the room rose, revealing a square tunnel with beautiful scenery painted on either wall and a skyscape on the roof, all brilliantly lit by artificial daylight. On the floor of the square tunnel was a low-placed trolley, running, as the Sympathiser explained, not on wheels but on long interrupted plates of magnetic steel. Two large Hygienic Chairs were screwed to the trolley.

"Take your pew, Smith; they're both the same," and so Smith sat in one and Sympathiser Kind in the other.

"Just put your arms along the arms of the chair, and legs against the front legs, and I'll do the same."

Smith followed the Sympathiser's instructions.

"Now," said the Sympathiser, "I'm going to press a button with my left foot." Smith watched, and in a moment he was pinioned to the chair by semicircular steel clamps round his arms and legs.

Smith shrieked.

"Don't be a (Continued on page 102)

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fool," shouted the Sympathiser. "Can't you see I'm clamped as much as you?"

Smith looked, and saw his Sympathiser was also clamped by steel bands.

"I'm very sorry, sir."

"That's all right. Now start her off. Under your right foot you'll feel a knob—unless you've got an extra thick sole on your boot, which no ordinary Unit is supposed to have."

"No, sir, I haven't, and I can feel the knob."

"Then press it."

"What happens then, sir?"

"The steel wall is lowered behind us, and off we go."

"No, sir, I don't like to do it."

"Then I must push the control myself, but I'm bound to say, Smith, you don't seem to have much confidence in your Sympathiser."

Smith felt the knob beneath his right foot sink. The steel wall was slowly lowered behind them, and the trolley was moving along the Tunnel at the rate of three miles an hour.

"I'm sorry I mistrusted you, sir."

"That's all right, Smith. Perhaps I was a bit rattled by the scene in Antechamber Five. Never mind about that. Look at the scenery you're seeing."

Smith looked on the painted panorama to right and left. "Oh, Kind, I've never seen anything so beautiful as that."

"Dare say you haven't. I've never seen the reality, nor am I likely to see it."

"What is it?"

"It's Loch Awe, where Our Totality lives."

"What's Our Totality, Sympathiser Kind?"

"No, of course, you've never heard of Our Totality. Mind you, I've never seen Him, but I know what He is. How shall I put it to a Unit like you? You know your Commissioner? Yes. Well, he's got brains more than you or me?"

"Of course, Sympathiser."

"Well, Our Totality has exactly one thousand times more brains than any Commissioner. That's why He and He alone lives there, on that island we're passing now. Now do you understand?"

"No, not quite, Sympathiser."

"Well, all I can say is that you really make me tired. Anyway, I'm a bit rattled about what happened in Antechamber Five, and I'll put it all on you."

"Please don't, Sympathiser. Whatever happened had nothing to do with me, and you promised to tell me what happens when we both arrive at the end of the Tunnel."

"What are you afraid of?"

"That you're cross, Sympathiser, and what the Commissioner will do when he sees me alive at the end of the Tunnel."

"The Commissioner will never see you alive at the end of the Tunnel—don't shriek, you fool—it's not the time for shrieking. At the end of the Tunnel are only four deaf-mutes ready to put you into your Container."

"The Container," shouted Smith, "you promised to tell me about the Container."

"So I did, and I will, if you'll only keep calm. Should have told you before, but the disgraceful scene in Antechamber Five rather ruffled me. Perhaps you'll have a little sympathy for me when I tell you that Sympathiser Eve is my comrade."

"Oh, yes, I have, sir, but about the Container?"

"What about it! No one's going to put you in a Container. Didn't I give you my own gas mask? Of course I did. Well—oh, damn Eve—when our trolley hits the buffers in the open air at the other end, the clamps are automatically released, and you and I walk away. Where do we walk? You've as many questions to ask as a child, and I've had plenty of experience of them. Why, you silly, we just walk out through a little steel gate in the fifty-foot wall on our left. It opens from the inside only. There's no handle on the outside. Now are you satisfied?"

"What about the deaf-mutes, sir? Won't they be a little surprised?"

The Perfect Eugenic State

"They'll just think you're a new Sympathiser having a trial trip with me."

"But what about the Commissioner?"

"Oh, damn the Commissioner! What about him?"

"Be careful, Sympathiser!"

"That's all right. In the Tunnel no one can overhear what we're saying. It's the only place where they can't—but what about the Commissioner?"

"Well, won't he be angry when he finds I'm—I'm—still here?"

"Look here, Smith, you make me really tired with your chatter. Plaguering the man who's saving your life. I'll tell the Commissioner you are a super-man who held his breath for seven minutes in the gaseous zones and escaped. Now are you happy?"

"Yes, sir, but where am I going after we get out through the little steel gate in the high wall?"

"Hell, you're coming to live with me and Sympathiser Eve, because we both like you. Now are you content?"

"Most content, sir."

"I thought you would be. Then perhaps you'll let me question you?"

"With pleasure, sir."

"What would you say should happen to a Unit who chose Sympathiser Eve, and wanted to go down the Tunnel with her in that state? Do you think he should die?"

"Indeed, I do, sir."

"Smith, I begin to like you. You've a comrade of your own. You know how the very idea affects one?"

"Ye—es, sir, but of course they're both clamped in their chairs, and there's deaf-mutes at the other end."

"Good thing for you, Smith, that I'm clamped, or I'd bash your face for that insult."

"I didn't mean—"

"Shut up. I'll tell you why Sympathisers are clamped. Sometimes the victims say things that rile their Sympathisers. Once, only the victims were clamped."

"Oh dear, oh dear!"

"Listen, you fool. Did you see that priest in the Salon? Don't deny that you know what he was supposed to be. Yes, Smith, there are Units so degraded as to believe in God, and who choose Father Peace as their Sympathiser. God help them. In the Tunnel they find he's a fake, and when they do these godly Units say things that make him struggle in his clamps. That's why every Sympathiser is now clamped. His predecessor, Father Help, lost his life through lack of clamps. A Unit in the Tunnel insulted him. Father Help struck the Unit in the face and cut his knuckles on the victim's gas mask. Then when the two were passing through the grey gas—the gas got in through the cuts and poor Sympathiser Help was killed as well as his victim. The deaf-mutes were horrified."

"Oh, don't tell me more, sir; I can't bear it."

"I shall tell you more. I'll make you scream with terror, because you insulted Eve."

"I did not, sir. I swear I didn't."

"You did, but I'm not really cruel, Smith. It's best to get them shrieking at this stage, because in a minute or so we go uphill into the forest of larches—the sweet gas zone through which we pass for two minutes. Then down hill for three minutes into the valley of grey gas. Some units when they enter the sweet gas try to hold their breath. No one can hold his breath for more than two minutes. All the worse if they do, because then they are conscious when they breathe the grey gas, which sears eyes, nostrils, mouth, and lungs for about thirty seconds before it stops the clock. Not scared yet, Smith?"

"Just a little, sir."

"Why only a little?"

"Because we've both got real gas masks."

"You fool. If ever a Unit deserved the blue Empyrean, as that accursed Commissioner calls it—you're the man. Why should I risk my life to help a useless Unit like you to escape? (Continued on page 104)



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GOING CRUISING— MY PRETTY MAID?

If you are going on a cruising holiday this year, it's time you started getting ship-shape! You will find that life on board is notoriously hard on complexions and coiffures, and if you want to look your best you must adopt beauty methods that are seaworthy. So take our Beauty Expert's advice and set sail with beauty—and may your holidays be happy ones.

BEAUTY ON BOARD.—First, your complexion. You will soon find that few make-ups are sea-going. Rouge fades, powder and cream cannot face the pitiless glare of the sun, and if you want to look your loveliest you must possess a fresh, flawless skin that needs no artificial aids. Here is a complexion hint worth remembering. Prepare your complexion for the voyage by giving it a brief ten-day treatment with Mergolized Wax. You can get this oxygenated wax at any chemists. Smooth a little over face and neck nightly and while you sleep it works its magic, gently and imperceptibly removing the outer skin with all its blemishes. Sallowiness, lines and wrinkles will all disappear—revealing in their place a youthful pink and white loveliness that will excite admiration on sea and shore.

CRUISING COIFFURES.—Sunlight and sea breezes play havoc with the hair unless you take preventative measures. If you want your hair to be at its best, give it a series of olive oil baths—the best time for this treatment is the night before you shampoo. You will, of course, shampoo with Stallax, for no other shampoo makes the hair respond with instant beauty in the way Stallax does. It is not an expensive beauty treatment; a teaspoonful dissolved in a cup of hot water suffices for a shampoo. Not only does Stallax leave your hair gleaming with unsuspected loveliness, but it saves money because it encourages the hair to curl naturally and makes it possible to produce a perfect "set" at home.

NO BLEMISHES.—If you would preserve your reputation for charm and beauty, you must be on your guard against the insidious shadow of superfluous hair. Keep this blemish at bay by using Sipolite, the safe hair eraser. It is a wise plan to pack an ounce or two with your holiday kit. To use it, just mix a little to a smooth paste with cold water. Apply to the unwanted hairs and as the paste dries they will vanish, leaving the skin velvet-smooth and unblemished. Sipolite retards re-growth and can be recommended with confidence for use on the most sensitive skin.

LOVELY LASHES.—Another beauty hint—this time for those of you who bemoan your scanty eyelashes. Just brush a little Mennaline on them night and morning—and see how they grow! Mennaline enhances the colour, too.

SAFEGUARD YOUR FIGURE.—If you are inclined towards plumpness, safeguard your figure by including Clynol Berries among your beauty essentials. Take one of these berries after each meal, and eat what you will without fear of fat, and forget all about diets and reducing exercises.

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The mask I gave you was a dud. Mine's the only real gas protector in this tunnel."

Smith screamed, and then was silent in thought.

What had he said to the Commissioner— one chance in a million at Tyburn. It was now an even chance, and perhaps, his heart beat wildly, a certainty. If not, he would be glad to die and to get away from people like Sympathiser Kind."

"Have you fainted, Smith?" asked Kind. "No, I've not," was the unexpected calm reply.

"What do you mean? I begin to admire you. Well, now we're going uphill. Take deep breaths, Smith. It's all for the—Hell, you fiend, you've changed the masks—oh! I'll hold my breath, I..."

Smith sat shivering as the trolley rose through a mound of painted larches in the Tunnel. He was breathing quietly, and smelt nothing. Such was his degeneration that he felt pity for Sympathiser Kind. The trolley began to go downhill into a grey mist. Then came the sound of forced expiration, followed by an inspiratory shriek, and the trolley shook with convulsive movements for a second or so. Smith looked at his companion. Sympathiser Kind was limp, and the engorged veins on his bald head were black.

Slowly—or, to be precise, at the rate of three miles per hour—the trolley ascended out of the Valley of Grey Gas and continued on the level. At the end of a long vista Smith saw a small square of daylight, and gradually this square of daylight became larger and larger. As the trolley approached the exit Smith's heart was once more thumping. Would the Commissioner be there? The Commissioner was not there. Twenty yards beyond the end of the Tunnel the interrupted plates of magnetic steel stopped at a buffer. Behind the buffer stood four little men, and by their side lay the Container. The trolley met the buffer, the clamps sprang apart, the body of Sympathiser Kind fell sideways on the asphalt, and Smith stepped out of his Hygienic Chair. Without a glance at Smith the four deaf-mutes placed the body of the late Sympathiser Kind in the Container, clamped on the lid, and carried it round a corner of the Institute. To his left Smith saw the great wall with the little steel door. He tore off his gas mask, put it in his pocket, and next moment was walking like a free Unit in the street.

Within an hour Smith re-entered the breakfast-room at H.99/Hampstead, where Mrs. Smith was solemnly reading aloud to Jane and Henry the Act of Parliament concerning those who die for the State. As soon as she saw her comrade Mrs. Smith screamed: "Oh, I thought you were dead! We had the official news on the Radio an hour ago. The Commissioner himself spoke to all Hampstead: 'Comrade Smith, H.99/Hampstead, has left the Lethal Institute, where his last words were 'I hail the blue Em-pyrean, and may less worthy Units follow my lead.' It sounded lovely. And now, in spite of everything, you're back."

"So that's what he said, is it? Well, Mrs. Smith, I can tell you it was a lie."

"Oh, you'll be the death of me, and the death of us all."

"Not glad to see me back—that's what it is!"

"No, it isn't," sobbed Mrs. Smith, "but I did think you were dead. My poor mother, whom you always despised, told me how to respect the dead. I don't need to know—know—know—Acts of Parliament to do—do—that," and with this final outburst Smith's comrade wept bitter tears and became hysterical.

Scenes such as these are not good for children. Henry sat, his elbow on the table, his cheek resting on his hand, and a frown on his face. To do the lad justice, he was thinking of his Shakespeare's Sonnets (confiscated under Secret Search Commission Index Expurgatorius, Article V, Section One, Clause A). Jane had no such thoughts. She rushed to Smith, threw her arms round his neck, and shouted "Daddy, I'm glad you're back, and your ferrets will be glad, too."

The Perfect Eugenic State

The sound of a Chinese gong on the loud-speaker put an end to a scene which was likely to degenerate into sheer bathos. "Commissioner speaking to H.99/Hampstead. Most Secret and Confidential. Under pain of instant death, no member of Smith family to leave their home to-night. No communion with neighbours. Your house now surrounded by members of the Poisoned Darts Deaf-Mute Brigade. Anyone who attempts to leave dies *instantly*, without benefit of Act of Parliament. Entire family to parade in breakfast-room at 4 a.m. to-morrow, without carbohydrates or water. At that hour, I, the Commissioner, for all Hampstead, acting by and/or through the authority of Our Totality, will decide whether the sentence on all now present will be death or exile. Now each and all to his or her bed. There shall be no talking in bed. Every pillow is overheard. To-morrow, all depends on Smith speaking the truth. Now, to your beds without a word, or at your peril. Amen."

At 4 a.m. next day the family of H.99/Hampstead stood at attention round their breakfast-table, having eaten no breakfast. At one minute past four, because even Commissioners may be late, a great car slowed down and stopped outside their gate. Within a minute, the Commissioner was in the breakfast-room, where they stood waiting.

"Sit down, everyone," he ordered, and all the Smiths sat down.

"Now find a chair for me," said the Commissioner.

Smith sprang to his feet—"Please take mine, sir. There's not another in the house."

"Sit down, Smith. No other chair! That's to your credit. You obey the Law of No Hospitality. Some don't. Sit down, I will stand. All your lives are in my hand, or rather in the hand of Smith, the head of this benighted family. He shall answer one question. Stop! Is that radio on or off?"

"I don't know, sir. We're not allowed to interfere with it."

"Quite right, my friend. Stand up."

The Commissioner seized the empty chair and smashed the wireless.

"Now, Smith, I can ask, and you can answer in the presence of your family, a simple question on which, because I'm always fair, your life and the lives of those about you depend. The question is—Did Sympathiser Kind make a mistake, or did you change the gas masks? Answer within four seconds, please, the psychological limit."

"I changed the masks, sir."

"Good! You said it within two seconds, and therefore it's true. Now, Smith, you and yours are to be exiled."

"No, sir, we'd rather not."

"You fool, you don't know what you're talking about. When we find that a Unit, his comrade, and offspring are unfit, we destroy them. Yet when, as in your case, unfitness is allied to cunning, we deport or exile them to Ireland, in the hope that they and their progeny may flourish in Ireland, and so breed degeneracy among our enemies. Now, all of you get into the charabanc that's to take us to the aerodrome."

NOW, Smith, as we're on the way to the aerodrome, you may tell me a thing or two. No physical force used at the Lethal? No. That's good. Any, any—well, shall we say mental torture applied in the Tunnel, so far as your experience goes?"

"Yes, sir, he was a fiend, although I was sorry for him at the end."

"Never mind about your being sorry for him. The less you say about that sort of thing the better—until you and yours are safe in Ireland. Only a degenerate would waste sympathy—a forbidden emotion—on Sympathiser Kind. He was guilty of grave dereliction of duty. What do you think all that beautiful scenery is for?"

"I don't know, sir."

"To interest the units on their way along the Tunnel. For the first and last time in his life the condemned Unit sees beauty. He thinks he's got a (Continued on page 106)



Cars, Bricks and Mortar

"I suppose everybody's job affects his outlook. And my tendency to think as an architect—to see things in terms of bricks and mortar even when I'm choosing a car—has saved me from some bad mistakes. In my own designing, you see, I have to be practical. No use saying 'that roof-line looks good' if it means rooms too low to stand up in! . . . So when a car manufacturer offers me attic windows and low roof lines because they're fashionable, or a windscreen sloped so much that it's a mud-and-rain trap, I turn his cars down flat.

I chose an Austin four years ago, and I'm investing in a second this year because Austin designs are based on sound sense. The Austin people make a car smart and up-to-date, but they also think of the comfort and safety and pockets of people like us.

My car will be running smoothly and cheaply and dependably for many seasons yet. That's the beauty of cars which, however little they cost, are not built on a price-cut basis. I've never seen a jerry-built Austin yet—nor have you!"

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real gas mask, and is interested all the way. In the Larch Forest he breathes the sweet gas, goes to sleep, and never wakes up. Could anything be more humane than that?"

"No, sir."

"Seems to me the Lethal needs a comb out. I'll send some of my best Agents-Provocateurs down this afternoon."

"They may get killed, sir."

"Not they. They never get hurt. When they go down the Tunnel with the Sympathisers there will be no gas on. I'll see to that. But I shall await the trolleys at the end of the tunnel, and if any mental cruelty be reported—what do you think I'll do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why, I'll stop the release of the clamps. Take the real gas mask off the face of the Sympathiser in question, stick it on the face of the Agent-Provocateur, switch on the grey gas, and send the trolley backwards through the Tunnel. Well, here we are at the aerodrome. It's a fine day."

At the aerodrome an airplane was waiting on the centre of the ground, and the car drove alongside. The pilot saluted the Commissioner, who showed him a card, which he read carefully and nodded. "Deaf-mute," explained the Commissioner to Smith. "No temptations to lead him away from home." Four groundsmen, also deaf-mutes, strapped parachutes on each of the Smiths and then placed four ladders against the side of the plane. "Up you go," said the Commissioner to Smith, "into Barrel No. 1, your comrade into Barrel 2, and the children into 3 and 4." All obeyed, and Smith found himself standing in a large barrel with smooth sides, over the top of which he could not see.

"Now," explained the Commissioner, before the groundsmen fitted on the lids, "there's no risk of suffocation. The lids are perforated with small holes, enough to let

The Perfect Eugenic State

air in and out, but not large enough for fingers to get through for holding on. At a given destination the pilot will pull a lever, and one by one the bottoms will drop out of the barrels. After that each of you should say 'Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three,' which takes three seconds, before pulling the rip cord. That means you're clear of the machine before the parachute opens. And by the way, Smith, these parachutes work all right. Not like certain dud masks of which you had a little experience yesterday."

The lids were fitted. Smith heard the ladders being removed, the engine splutter, then roar. In his closed barrel he felt the plane jolting, then the steadiness of the air. A great fear possessed him. What did the Commissioner mean by saying the parachutes were not like the dud masks? He said the parachutes worked. Did that mean they killed you? Were the parachutes real? On these doubts his mind worked incessantly, until suddenly he and the bottom fell out of the barrel. A gale of wind struck his body, and blew him backwards on his back in the air. He forgot to count until he saw Mrs. Smith drop out of the plane, in front and some distance above him. Then, without counting, he pulled the cord.

In the corner of his left eye something white fluttered, and he closed his eyes. He was falling. Then came a wrench under his armpits, and he was swung vertically in the air. He looked up, and the great parachute was open. So also were three other parachutes. Soon he was steady in the air, for the day was calm. He looked down. The kindly earth was rising slowly to meet him. It was a country of lakes, green fields and hills—and oh, how green was the grass on those hills coming nearer and nearer!

END

Milk... Good Drink and Beautifier, Too...

I WAS lunching in a West End restaurant just recently with an American who dumfounded the entire hotel staff, and shocked the head waiter out of his habitual calm, by demanding "a pint of milk" with his lunch.

If he had ordered a load of dynamite or a bloater the onlookers could not have registered more pain.

"Can you beat it?" said the gentleman of strange tastes to me. "Haven't they ever heard of milk?"

In America, my friend informed me, the value of milk has long been realised both as a beverage and as a vitally important factor in the maintenance of health. Not that this is a new discovery—even the Ancients knew the value of milk.

Wasn't it Cleopatra who bathed every day in this luxurious cleanser? And milk was used by all the alchemists of old for skin potions that were even then known to be indispensable ingredients in the art of being lovely.

As a food, milk hardly requires any further recommendation, but as an aid to beauty it is still sadly misunderstood.

Home beauty preparations made with milk are numerous and very effective. Here is a face pack, for instance, that will tone up the skin and give a delightful smoothness to the complexion if used regularly.

Take a dessertspoonful of oatmeal, a teaspoonful of honey, and beat them together with enough milk to make a thin paste. Apply to the face and neck with the finger tips, leave for twenty minutes or so and wash off with soft, warm water.

For the hands, a paste of milk and almond meal with a few drops of peroxide added is excellent.

A pint of milk a day is the very minimum needed to keep the average adult in good health.

If you take a milk lunch, say twice a week, you will soon begin to feel the benefit to health. Milk should be sipped, not taken at a draught, and if you are making a meal of it, drink a pint or more at a sitting.

In the summer time, cold milk and fruit makes a delicious and cool breakfast, and at all other times of day it is not only a good substitute, but an excellent supplement to the regular diet.



Holiday Health

(Continued from page 38)

through the eyes, should not be rubbed nearer than the eyebrow. . . . A bottle of witch-hazel to soak rags for sprains, bruises, or unexpectedly severe sunburn. . . . Iodine for cuts. . . . Boracic powder for boracic eye-lotion. Also for dressing cuts and grazes. . . . Bicarbonate of soda. Two teaspoonfuls in half a pint of water, sipped slowly, dispels flatulence. Or, if that solution is sniffed up during a head cold, clears catarrh. . . . Oil of cloves for tooth-ache. . . . Oil of almonds, to be slightly heated before the finger-pull of cotton wool is soaked in it, for earache. . . . Epsom salts for baths for swollen feet after over-walking. . . . Castor oil for any chance stomach poisoning or trouble. Also as a cure for sudden corns and warts. . . . In this case a wad of cotton wool is soaked in the oil and bound over the skin growth, which the oil will rot out in a week. . . . Change wad daily.

Now you are equipped against every minor eventuality, and so is your party. You can set off for Siberia, Bermuda, Edinburgh or St. Ives. And may you never have to open the medicine chest!

Flowers Know Me

(Continued from page 67)

the shape you want to achieve, because the successful flower arrangement has a definite form as well as colour.

Here it is a fan shape, because this vase is intended to go with its back to a wall. The gypsophilia softens the outline but follows the general shape.

Last of all, put in your roses, arranging each so that it will be seen to its best advantage against the stems and leaves of the taller flowers and the contrasting colour of the purple or white stocks.

The best method of fixing the flowers, not only in a flat vase like this but in most shapes, is to get some wire netting, chop it into suitable lengths with a pair of pliers, and crush it up to fit the vase.

It holds the flowers just where you want them, unlike those glass holders which dictate where each bloom is to go.

The shell, most 1936 of decorating crazes, I used as a setting for daisies, sweet-peas and lilies. This is a pottery shell intended to hold flowers; but sea-shells, the sort you see in cottages, brought home from the big world by sailor-son Jimmy, can be used just as well.

Here again, wire-netting holds the flowers in place, but in a real shell it is usually best to use sand, which keeps sweet if the water is changed every day.

The sweet-peas, long-stemmed, are clustered at the back, with white daisies in the foreground, looking as though they were growing.

The two lilies are cheats in this case—left-overs from last week's big flower-piece, but this is the sort of cheating you should make a habit of. You can nearly always save a few perfect blooms from a tired bunch, to add importance and variety to your next arrangements.

The last arrangement shows what can be done with a round posy ring (they cost 3s. 6d. in pottery) as a centre-piece for a simple dinner-table. Forget-me-nots, chopped short, are first massed round it. Then daisies, also beheaded. These were short oddments over from the shell.

The gypsophilia is arranged to stand up all the way round, breaking the flatness which becomes monotonous if you keep only to short flowers in these rings.

Everyone, except the florist, has a mass of pet theories about making flowers last. Experts say that the only really important things are to keep them out of a draught and give them lots of water.

And don't forget that most flowers, and especially roses, drink from both ends, so spray them twice a day.

END

Give your skin the right Summer care



Be more beautiful than ever in summer. Yet be free as a seagull to revel in sunlight and salt water. How? Use regularly Venetian Cleansing Cream and Ardena Skin Tonic which work together as one to cleanse your skin to perfection. (Cream 4/6 to 22/6; Tonic 3/6 to 75/-); Ardena Velva Cream to keep the skin smooth and supple (4/6 to 22/6); and Orange Skin Food at night to supply ingredients needed by dry or ageing skins (4/6 to 35/-).

Avoid painful sunburn, freckling and harshness by using the special Elizabeth Arden summer preparations.

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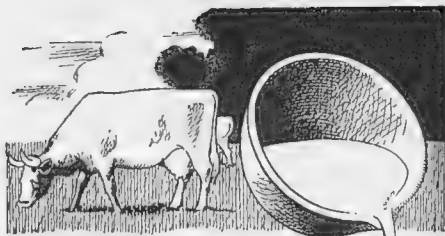
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Hush!

(Continued from page 23)

financial dealings with him. Good morning."

It is idle to adopt a high moral tone in considering the methods of secret service. Prompt and accurate intelligence as to the enemy's plans may mean the ultimate saving of hundreds of lives. It is no more than natural that those engaged in procuring it should take the view that the end justifies the means. If, prior to April, 1915, the Allies had discovered the intention of the German High Command to use poison gas in time to supply the troops with masks many thousands of French and British soldiers would have been spared dreadful deaths. Would the moral obloquy of having discovered the secret by means of bribery or even an assassination or two have outweighed this result?

Through many books on secret services published in England since the war a shadowy figure goes gliding. He appears there as the man of power and mystery, the directing genius behind the scenes. His appearance is described, his conversation reproduced: but his name is never mentioned. He is always spoken of *tout court* as "C."

It was not until the last decade before the war that the British Government became seriously aware that, thanks to a great network of German spies operating almost unchecked in the British Isles, every detail of British naval construction was being revealed, step by step, to the German Naval Staff. Long years of European peace had lulled the nation into security. The British espionage service in Germany was virtually non-existent: more than this, there was no adequate counter-espionage system at home to grapple with the hordes of agents let loose on the British shores.

It was with lamentably inadequate funds that the Admiralty at length took up the challenge. A small office in a shabby quarter of London was the original acorn from which sprang the tremendous ramifications of war-time intelligence that kept "Room 40" at the Admiralty informed, almost literally minute by minute, of every movement of the German Fleet. During the period from 1908 to the outbreak of the war, for every agent Great Britain had in Central Europe there were five or six German emissaries in Great Britain.

But the British agents, civilians all, made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. Highly trained technicians and provided in every case with excellent "cover," they were specially picked for their resourcefulness, discretion and, above all, their nerve, apart from their technical ability. The period from 1910 to the outbreak of the war represented the high-water mark of espionage activity on either side of the North Sea. Armed with the newly passed Official Secrets Act of 1911, the British counter espionage was at last in a position to grapple with the German spy peril.

From 1911 to 1914 six German spies, among a number arrested, were convicted and sent to gaol for periods varying from six months' imprisonment to six years' penal servitude. Against this, it is the historic fact that not one of the permanent British agents in Germany was ever caught in peace time, a notable tribute, I would suggest, not only to the efficiency of this small band of daring and devoted men but also to the uncanny skill with which they were selected.

In their published recollections former British agents give glimpses of war-time "headquarters," off Whitehall. A private lift shot the caller up seven floors to a regular maze of passages and steps, and oddly-shaped rooms. No casual visitors ever penetrated here. The liftman was of the service, too: the organisation had arrangements whereby ordinary enquirers were interviewed and thoroughly "vetted" before being admitted to the labyrinth under the roof.

Let us peep into the Chief's room, with its big green safe and plain work-table.

Nothing dramatic or mysterious about

this quiet study with its small windows high above the London chimney pots.

Forthright and four square as the Tower of London, he confronts the visitor. A Roman head, bald of cranium, with gray hair close-cropped at the sides, strapping shoulders filling the undress naval uniform, eyes as gray as the North Sea to which they are forever turned, a bony face, a jutting, imperious nose, a chin as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar. Lines about the rather grim mouth, the ring of authority in the voice, speak of habits of iron discipline acquired in boyhood. But, asked to name the salient characteristic of this extraordinary man, one would say his gentleness.

He had nerves of steel, and his phlegm was unshatterable. In the darkest days of the war it was a tonic to his staff to see him at his work-table, calm, affable, and unafraid. Disappointment, checks, treachery, defeat, disaster, even, were all in the day's work—his attitude never changed.

Secret Service has been called "the game without rules." This is misleading. There are unwritten laws which the permanent agents respect. During the war, at neutral centres like Rotterdam, Berne and Copenhagen, Germany and allied agents, each group well known to the other, worked in close proximity, without attempting to restrict each other's freedom of action. It was the kind of stalemate found sometimes at the front where the opposing trenches were only a few yards apart. There were even occasions when the two espionage systems took concerted action to "remove" some hiring spy who had started to include assassination in his bag of tricks for extracting money from either side impartially.

The Intelligence head I write of was a sportsman. He fought the Germans with clean weapons, as far as secret service weapons can be clean. Early in the war a story was current in Mayfair that Colonel von Ostertag, who had been military attaché in London, but was then directing the German espionage system in England from The Hague, had been recognised in a Bond Street shop. The "old man" was tackled about it.

"It's quite possible," was the calm rejoinder. "The Colonel's mother is English—she lives over here. I heard the story and sent him word that he needn't have any hole and corner business with me. I told him, if he wanted to come to see his mother unofficially and not to spy it could probably be arranged." A few months later word reached London that von Ostertag had died at The Hague. Someone rang up "C" to inform him. "So I hear," commented he drily, "but is it true?"

He was up to every trick.

I have heard that he knew no foreign language; but he made up for any shortcomings in this respect by other qualities of mind and an unflinching flair in picking men who did. Both before and during the war he had some prodigious linguists working for him.

He had a great admiration for his "opposite number with the French," as he called him—the late Colonel Dupont, head of the Deuxième Bureau. He liked to tell the story of how, towards the end of the war, he went to France to confer with the Colonel and an individual, known to both of them as a notorious double cross, advanced with a camera and asked leave to take a picture commemorating the meeting.

The Englishman demurred, but Dupont said: "As far as I'm concerned, why not? One day soon I shall ride into Berlin at the head of my regiment and I'd like them to know what I look like." And, motioning to his British colleague to stand back, he told the spy to go ahead. "C" loved this story—he thought it so typical of French *panache*.

You cannot delve far into the subterranean strata of secret service work without turning up, embedded in the common clay of the banal or the base, (Continued on page 110)



"NO, I'M NOT A BIT JEALOUS"

says OLD HETHERS

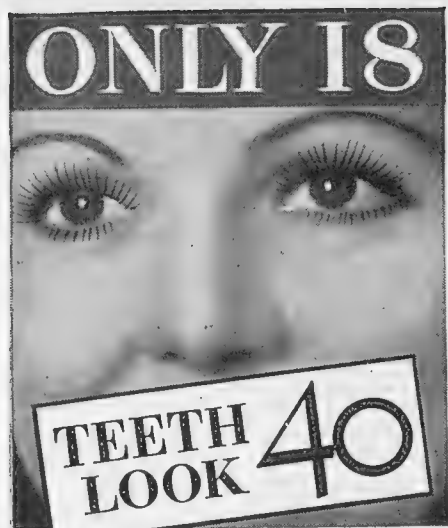
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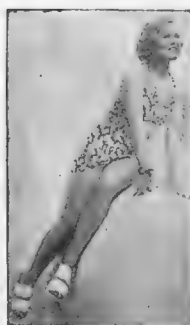
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nuggets of the purest romance and adventure.

Take the story behind one of the best-kept secrets of the war, the landing (in August 1914) of the British Expeditionary Force in France. Trains had to be made up and transport ships assembled to bring together four divisions of infantry, with transport and guns, from different parts of the United Kingdom, convey them across the Channel and land them at the Channel ports. The whole operation was completed, the force concentrated on Le Cateau, on the left of the French, and moving up to Mons before the German High Command knew more than that a partial landing at Boulogne had taken place.

What had happened was that the entire German espionage system in the British Isles had broken down. It is safe to say that if the German espionage heads had been told the truth at the time they would not have believed it. The catastrophe which befell the German spy system in England was not the work of treachery. It was the result of a masterly gaffe of a high German official who came to London in the suite of the Kaiser for King Edward's funeral.

Ever since his arrival in England this individual had been kept under the unobtrusive surveillance of Scotland Yard, the reason being that he was rumoured to have displayed a certain academic interest in secret service work, while sundry quiet walks he had taken on previous visits to London in the Emperor's suite, in the quarters frequented by the members of the German colony, had not gone unobserved.

The royal funeral over, the German left Windsor Castle for London—like his fellow members of the imperial suite, to do a round of the sights, it was understood—three Scotland Yard men at his heels. On reaching London—he was, of course, in plain clothes—he did not proceed directly to his hotel, but drove to the post-office in Charing Cross Road, where he met a certain individual, with whom he had a long talk.

At the sight of this individual the detectives exchanged glances, as well they might, for the man in question was not unknown to the British counter-espionage—he was strongly suspected of being a German secret agent.

Their conference ended, the German officer set out by taxi for his promised round of the sights. It embraced the principal strategical points of the British capital, taking in every Thames bridge and every railway terminus, as well as Woolwich Arsenal and the principal barracks. At 7 o'clock he was at a certain Regent Street café, especially marked down by Scotland Yard as a favourite meeting place of German spies in London, where his friend of the morning was waiting. They dined together and, two hours later, the German official made his way alone to the Hotel Cecil, where he had reserved accommodation.

Some hours passed and then the German reappeared. Summarily disguised in a cap and muffler he headed in a taxi along the Strand. The waiting detectives followed. The lights of the Strand, of Oxford Street, of Tottenham Court Road, were left behind. Past the railway terminus at King's Cross the cab they pursued swung left into the Caledonian Road, and stopped at a small hairdresser's, where the German paid off the driver and disappeared inside the shop.

After the lapse of an hour, midnight past, the visitor emerged and, still all unconscious of the shadows in his wake, strolled unconcerned along until he found another cab and drove back to his hotel.

Karl Gustav Ernst, the tenant of the shop in question, was a British subject, born of German parents in London. His character was apparently irreproachable, but he was acting as go-between for half the German spies working in the British Isles. As a blind he ran a bureau for forwarding letters to business firms—what is usually known as an accommodation address—and German espionage headquarters made use of this device for sending instructions and money to their agents in England.

Their method was to enclose their letters in an outer envelope addressed to some

Hush!

harmless-sounding commercial firm, care of Ernst, in the Caledonian Road. The hairdresser's duty was to forward the inner letters to their destined recipients who, in addition to London, were found at all the principal naval bases and industrial centres. For this service he received from the German espionage service in Berlin the princely fee of five shillings a week!

Thereafter, no letter reached the little shop that had not been previously studied and photographed. An exact list of the names and addresses of the German agents operating in England was compiled from this correspondence, but no agent was molested. Nor was any action taken at that time against Ernst himself, while the German official, still oblivious of the watchful eyes that followed him to the very gangway of the Imperial Yacht, was allowed to return to Germany unchallenged.

But four years later—the date is August 4th, 1914—the fateful list, amplified and kept constantly up to date by unceasing vigilance, came out of the files. All over England, from the Solent to the Tyne, the Special Branch swooped silently down and 21 out of 22 of Germany's key spies—the 22nd escaped on board a ship at Hull—vanished into internment camps.

There were no sensational legal proceedings—only Ernst, being a British subject, was afterwards tried and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude—and no display of armed force: a police officer called and 21 major agents disappeared without trace, *spuros versenkt*, behind barbed wire, while the carefully laid plans of years collapsed as the sub-agents, minor cogs in the immensely complicated machinery of the German spy system in England, scuttled in terror for cover.

At 11 p.m. that night, on Britain's declaration of war, the German submarine cable was cut and next day 200 suspects, previously marked down, joined the 21 behind the bars. The roads of England rang to the tramp of the infantry, the clatter of guns, bound for the ports. At Folkestone and Southampton the docks were crowded with the waiting troopships; but the eyes that should have observed and reported these things were blinded, and, even while the pipes were playing the Highlanders up the hill at Boulogne, the Nauen wireless joyfully broadcast the news that Britain would send no troops to fight at France's side. Thus the fog of war descended upon the white cliffs of England and the German Intelligence groped blindly in it, because, four years before, an obtuse and self-complacent Teuton had gone calling on a barber in the middle of the night in a shabby London suburb.

Among the Allied spies in the war the so-called "pigeon-men" were, like Ney, the bravest of the brave. They owed their name to the fact that, furnished with baskets of pigeons, they were secretly landed by aeroplanes behind the German lines in France or Belgium. Their mission was to forward to headquarters by pigeon reports deposited by the resident agents in prepared "post-offices."

I have said nothing about women spies in these articles. As far as I am aware, I have never met a woman spy. The British are chary of employing them, for the practical reason that women have an unfortunate propensity to fall in love with the individuals they are supposed to ensnare, with disastrous consequences.

It is the unromantic truth that most women agents are graduates from a profession at least as old as that of the spy. I know of none who held any position of authority in the war, with the possible exception of the German known as "Mademoiselle Doktor," who was so active in the German counter-espionage in Belgium, and she was a drug addict who ultimately went raving mad and committed suicide.

THE END

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Britannia & Eve for July, 1936

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97

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Dead Ships Have Second Lives

(Continued from page 17)

decorations and pictures. Gleaming engines, which have no life without movement, coldly regard the men in bowler hats who emerge from unexpected places, straighten their clothing, and murmur learnedly about engine revolutions. Furniture is moved and appraised from every known angle. The tall, thin man moving silently down thickly carpeted corridors, passes another lost in contemplation of some panelling. Ten minutes later he returns. Slegson would never have spent five minutes on those panels if they hadn't been worth buying. The same restrained rivalry persists in cabins, state-rooms and bars . . .

Thus, gradually, every portion of the ship is disrobed and subjected to minute scrutiny. Before they leave her, each one of those prospective buyers has put his own valuation on every part of the ship which interests him.

Meanwhile, the shipping experts have been busy compiling catalogues and assessing their own values. In the case of the *Mauretania* this catalogue contained three thousand five hundred lots and the auctioneers were kept busy for eight complete days. Almost always the sale is held in one of the state-rooms aboard the ship.

Often enough it is the most unexpected things that stir the greatest interest. Ensigns and flags, for instance, will create keen competition. Anything in the nature of a souvenir, again, may occupy far more of the auctioneer's time than a whole suite of furniture.

The catalogue was so compiled that even the smallest buyer had a chance of securing something, while there were endless items to tempt the professional dealer.

Almost every known trade was represented in some way aboard the *Mauretania*, and in many cases complete sets of tools and instruments were available. The whole heterogeneous list contained some oddly contrasted items, from dental equipment to gymnasium equipment, electric reducers to surgical scalpels. Naturally, lifeboats capable of carrying a hundred people each were not in demand for any sentimental reasons, but they did not lack attention from ships' dealers.

Later, the *Mauretania* made her way under her own steam to Glasgow. Recovering for a few short hours her power and majesty, she ploughed steadily around the English coast, and slid slowly into port. Her engines quietened and were still. A siren echoed through deserted cabins. Then she drew to a standstill with all the grace and gentleness of a true aristocrat of the seas.

Shortly afterwards, the shipbreakers

descended upon her. It needs almost as many highly skilled men to break up a liner as to build her, and the process is lengthy. With different shipbreaking companies different methods are used.

Usually the funnels are swung clear first. Then her bridge and chartroom are dismantled. Next, a way to the engines is cleared, those gleaming giants dismembered, and piece by piece lifted out with powerful cranes. Meanwhile, all fittings which can be removed without using saw or blow-pipe, are carried away.

Now the mutilated hulk is dragged into a special tidal dock. The sloping floor of this dock leaves her bows dry when the tide sinks. Then the white-hot flames of the oxy-acetylene blow-lamps begin to cut their way into her sides. As they demolish each section, the next is drawn up into the dock, and so the process continues, until at last only a few broken bones of steel remain.

The yards at Rosyth, Inverkeithing, and Briton Ferry hold endless skeletons in the last stages of destruction. Skeletons devoid of all personality. For with these final operations the last vestige of a ship's character disappears.

What happens to those thousands of steel plates, those great engines, the furniture and fittings, pictures, instruments, panelling, and all the hundred and one beautifully fashioned things which go to the making of a modern liner?

The *Queen Mary*, now Britain's pride of the seas, has, built into her structure, parts of other ships, which are only a name in the memory.

Most of the scrap steel from a demolished steamer goes back to the steel foundries and mills, and later re-emerges as new steel plate. The process of reviving the steel has been brought to such a pitch of perfection that it is finally passed as A1 at Lloyds, and can be used for first class structural work of any kind.

But this is only one form of the fresh lives old ships find. The razor blade you use may once have helped to stem the force of a hurricane. Thousands of razor blades are made from the steel of old ships.

Those train wheels were part of an engine room two years ago. That boiler, now heating a honeycomb of offices, drove a merchantman many times round the world. The saucepans and cookers in your home, the poker, pliers, bedstead of iron, all or any of them, may hide a most romantic story played to a finish in far tropic waters.

Dead ships have a hundred new lives.

END

Dress Clothes Make the Man

(Continued from page 47)

if you have reached my age, Luano moved—a king all by himself. To him, all over the world, waiters paid tribute. He was the model.

Who could dress like him? Luano did not wear a dress suit. It was as much a part of him as were his forehead and his finger-nails. It had grown there, it seemed. There was a curve in his waist, all Luano's own, a daring curve, it would seem, for a man to have. And yet, on him, the curve looked so natural.

Had anyone else dressed like Luano, the word "boulder" would have come from your lips. And yet, you know, that curve in the waist became a fashion. The war altered things. Men got used to belts and feeling tight and spruce. Now, no one notices.

Often, I would watch Luano, half through the hour of a meal-time, fussing without being fussy, never anywhere when he wasn't wanted, always on the spot just before someone sent for him, and always with the right smile, and the right flower for a lady guest and the right way of handing it. He could even suggest "just a touch of garlic?" without causing an annoyed shiver, for never once did he mention it to the wrong person!

No, there were waiters by the thousand and *maitres d'hôtel* by the hundred and restaura-

teurs by the score. But there was only one Luano.

Then, who had not heard how *Crêpe Marina* was born? After her great début at the Opera, the new prima donna had swept into the Café Luano, followed by an adoring crowd. All eyes were on the new star.

The great Luano himself broke the rule of years and nearly rushed across the room to greet her! He himself served her, and with that smile which only he could conjure up. And then, at the end of the meal, he wheeled across—with his own hands—a small table, manipulated mysterious things deftly in a flaming dish, and then handed to the new soprano something on a plate.

"That, Signora," he said "is a dish that has just been born. I shall call it *Crêpe Marina*. It is a tribute from a humble Italian to a great one."

EVERYONE liked Luano because of one secret which he, alone of all restaurateurs, possessed. He sensed exactly who and what you were. He could look inside you. He had, for everyone, exactly the right smile—just the perfect phrase of greeting or suggestion as to a menu. (Continued on page 114)

hard
morning
shopping?

Have a
banana



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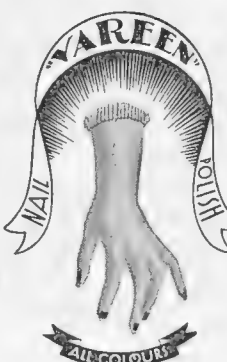
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He liked me because he knew that I could
see through it all, and that I knew that he
could see through it, too. And although
he never said anything, the smile that I
saw was one that stripped the mask of the
world of fashion from off its face. The
merest of shrugs would come from his
shoulders. That meant an infinity of sar-
casm, that I believe no one but myself ever
saw.

There was the night when the great Mrs.
Mortimer Towers first danced in London.
Luano had brought her over specially,
long before the days of cabarets. Ballroom
dancing, when she did it, became an Art.

Half London wanted to go to the Café
Luano, that night. So what did Luano do?
He staged a gathering of people, the names
of whom, when printed, would be, just by
themselves, for him a great advertisement.

The Heir to the Throne had a table in the
centre of the room. And all around was
Dignity and Titledom. Into a few square
yards of a restaurant he had crowded half
the celebrities of the land.

I, a mere nonentity, was there, by Luano's
special invitation. And that night even, I
remember, I saw for a moment, as his eyes
followed mine all around the glittering
throng, just the faintness of a smile, and a
tiny shrug. He knew, and he seemed to want
me to share his knowledge, that really it
was all his doing and no one else's.

"Rich fools will go anywhere, if the prices
are high enough," said his shrug. But only I
heard his shoulders speak.

I waited on, that night, till the Café
Luano was nearly empty. The "Names" had gone
out, in twos and fours and sixes. The famous
dancer had gone home. Already, the waiters
were beginning to do that quiet rattling of
plates which even Luano allowed when people
overstayed their time.

One by one, the last tables were left vacant,
and, soon after, cleared away. And I, too,
prepared to go, still wondering why people
who could command anything, and do
what they liked, should think it a pleasure to
be crammed together in one small room
watching a woman jump about.

And, in the middle, stood Luano, still
immaculate, although he had been busy all
the evening, handsomer than ever, more dis-
tinguished-looking than any of his guests.

It was a bit of drama to me, what followed.
I often wondered, afterwards, why Luano
chose that—his night of nights—for his
revelation.

"Can I drop you?"

I turned round, and there was Luano. . . .

So it was that, for the first time, he invited
me up into the spacious flat high above the
Park in which, very amply, he lived alone,
in the centre of his world.

Off came his hat, and then his muffler and
his overcoat, and, as we stood talking, there
was near me that curve in his waist.

"How I envy you the way you dress,
Luano!" I said.

I suppose that conjured up some memory
in his mind.

"Ah, that is my secret!" he replied.
"I did not always dress like this."

He seemed to want to say something more,
but, by that time, I was starting him off
on stories of the clients he knew so well.
He took me, with his talk, into his kitchen
and behind the scenes. Plays do not just
happen. They are written to a climax and
then produced. And so it is with a restaur-
ant. Even food, you know, has a history. . . .

It was a great chemist who, years ago,
discovered that *hors d'œuvres*—fancy, it
means "out-works"—should start a dinner,
that soup should follow, and then fish. He
knew that Man is not only a chemical
apparatus, but a human soul.

And—do you know?—when eating oysters,
I often think of the unknown experimenters
who, long before the Romans sent to England
for Whitstable natives, died eating poisonous
shell fish, experimenting, and that, thousands
of years before the strawberry grew, there
were millions of unnamed adventurers who
died horrible deaths after eating strange
berries that gave them an instant pain.

Luano, reminding one of all this, was in the

Dress Clothes Make the Man

middle of his philosophy of food when he
broke off suddenly and went to a wardrobe.

When I looked again, I saw on the ground a
shiny dress suit, most carefully creased but
worn, perfectly clean but, oh, so threadbare!
I stared at it. How strange it looked in the
middle of that elegant room. On the floor
was a lilac carpet, thick-piled and springy.
All around were photographs of "The Great,"
signed "To Luano." And on the floor was a
suit which you would not pick up in a rag
shop.

"I began with that, Sir," said Luano.

Then—I don't suppose Luano ever told
anyone else his story—I heard it for an hour.
I had never heard of a woman in his life.
She perhaps knew, if there had been one.

"I once saw a man in dress clothes,"
said Luano, "and it changed my life."

Have you been to Como? Have you
sailed over its pellucid lake? Have you
dined out of doors in one of the many little
cafés that are dotted here and there among
the hills?

It was there, it seemed, that Luano began—
at Luano, for it was from his birthplace
that he had taken his name, making famous
the tiny village where he was born.

He told me of a ragged boyhood, of long
hours of fishing in the lake, of macaroni
and goat's milk, and that was about all, for
food, of drear, sordid, grim poverty.

And then, one day, he was sailing past the
Villa d'Este, once the abode of a nobleman,
now one of the most exclusive hotels in
Europe. He was on his way to Como with
his fish—he was by then a fully grown
youth—when he saw, promenading on the
terrace, an "English milord." He was in
evening clothes, so he must have been "a
milord," he thought.

The fisher youth had never before noticed
evening clothes. Because of his glance,
there was born, in a flash, his great ambition—
to dress like that, and so to be a "gentleman."

But not only gentlemen wore evening
clothes, he reflected. So did waiters. So it
was that, at a humble café in Como, he
applied for a job.

"You must get a dress suit," said the
proprietor.

That, to Luano, was not a drawback.
It was the real reason for his wanting to
become a waiter. But the cost of it! He
remembered, almost grimly, as he told me,
of the hardship imposed on him by the
acquiring of that first dress suit.

Second hand though it was, the weekly
payments spread over months and months.

How proudly he put it on every morning,
and with what joy he wore it all day, serving
small tradesmen and their wives in the tiny
café where he began.

"They also serve," he quoted, "who
only stand and wait." And he said it with
pride that seemed to put an inch on his height.

Waiting to him became a sort of sacra-
ment. And with what care, at night, he
folded up his old dress suit. How he ironed
it and kept it clean. And, through all the
years he had kept it—and he treasured it still.

Then he took me through his long history.
He told me of hours spent at night mastering,
first French, and then English and then
German. He had slaved, and he had sweated,
and he had groaned.

"But always I dreamed," he said. "I
started by dreaming of dressing like a gentle-
man, and then I realised that you were born a
gentleman. But there was something I
could achieve on my own, becoming some-
thing greater than a gentleman, being one
who made a gentleman's life possible."

It must have been five o'clock when I left
Luano that night. I knew by then how,
after a few years, he had got to Paris. I
followed him with my hearing, through all the
stages of his rise to fame and fortune. He
told me of his share in "The Tronc," when,
just a waiter in some third-rate French hotel,
he suddenly was chosen as head waiter.

"It was my dress suit," he said. "It
singled me out. You see, Sir, I was by then
the best dressed waiter in the hotel. I still
had my old evening (Continued on page 116)

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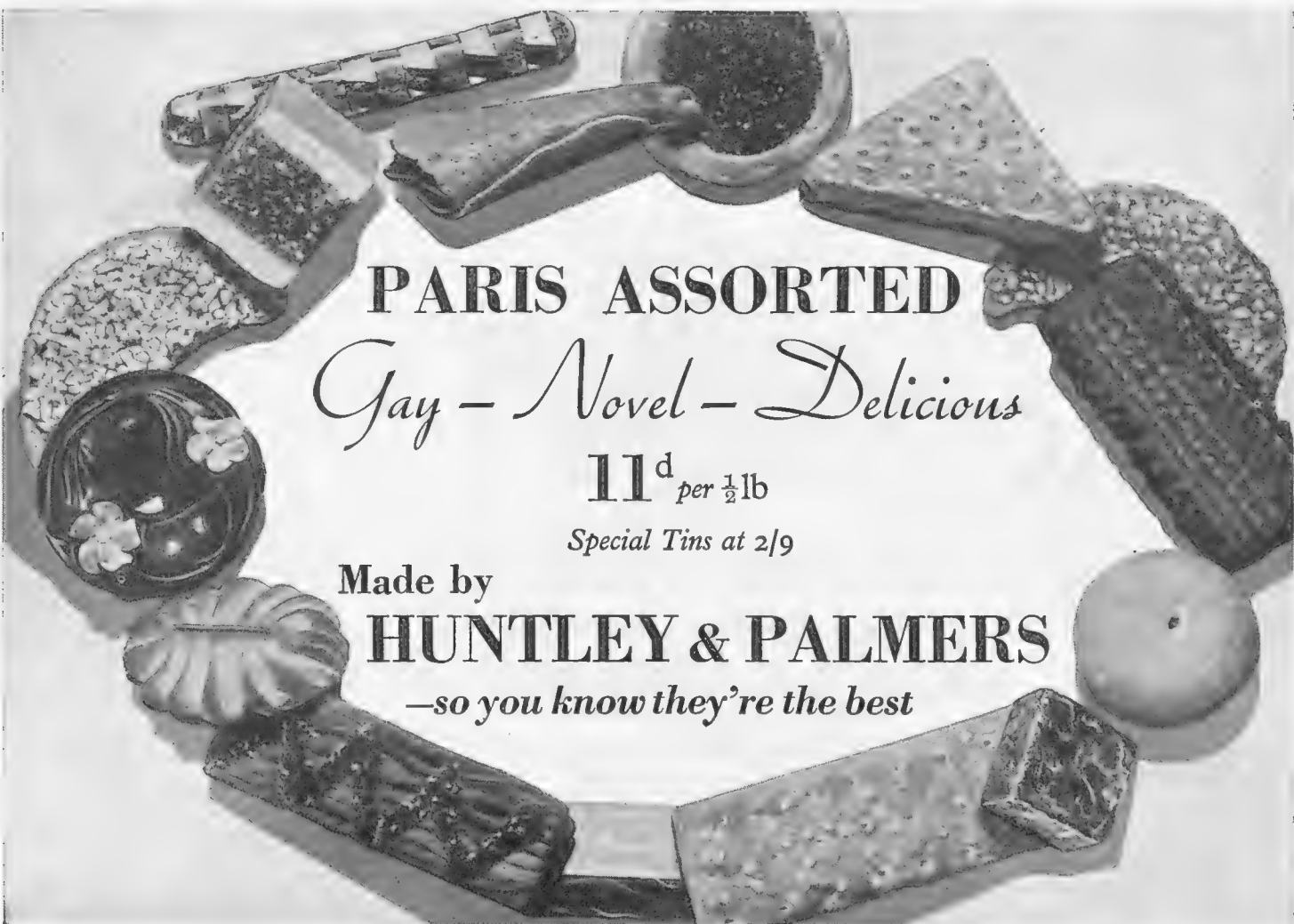
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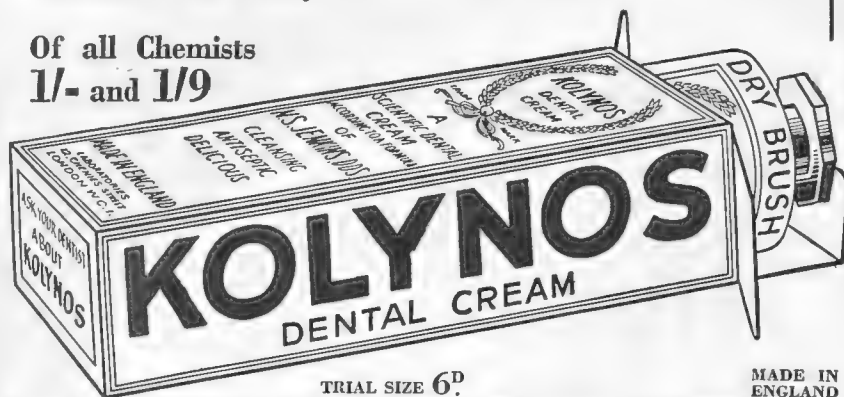
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Dress Clothes Make the Man

dress suit folded away at home—my mascot—but, always, I tried to be the smartest waiter of the lot. They say I am a great maître d'hôtel. But always it was my evening dress that made people notice me."

I heard of his adventures in the Soho restaurant which he bought out of his savings, its collapse and the loss of his tiny fortune. I was told of how he started again as a waiter, not with shame but proudly. Then, step by step, I followed his upward climb, a small restaurant of his own, in the Strand this time, and then up, up, up. . . .

Luano, in conversation, wrote a book that night. But it was not only a life story that he put into words. It was a complete philosophy of life. It was a religion of service that he expounded.

"You may laugh, Sir," he said, "but, often when I am alone, I take out this faded dress suit and lay it on the floor. And back I go to my boyhood. In my thoughts, I wear it again. And I think of all the other dress suits, second hand at first, and then misfits, and then, joy of joys, the first one that was fitted on my back . . . I hope I shall die in a dress suit."

I was actually leaving him when, suddenly, he motioned me back again into the room.

"If you will let me say so, Sir," he said, "I feel I have made a friend to-night. After all, what is a friend but someone to whom one can talk frankly? I hope you do not mind, Sir."

My thoughts were wandering around his memories. . . .

"Would you do me a favour?" he began again. "After all, you are years younger than I am."

"Certainly, Luano," I said.

The old dress suit was still upon the floor.

"I want you to see that I am buried in that," he said. "We are silly creatures. We may build up great businesses. People may call us masters of our craft. We may turn an occupation into an Art. But my life has left me strangely alone. I merely serve others. And, the greater the pride with which I do it, the more it leaves me just one by myself. Will you, at the end, if I ever send for you, see that they bury me in my old faded suit?"

I could only say "Yes, Luano."

DO you remember Luano's funeral? They put the coffin, you know, in a private room in his restaurant. There were candles around it. There were flowers everywhere. And all day long, for two days, there came, in mourning, the strangest mixture of people that London could collect. Now and then, a statesman would mix in the crush. But there were bookmakers and jockeys there, yes, and crooks whose roguery was hidden by a polish and a charm that made their cunning possible. And there were waiters, scores of them.

Soho, then a place of wild adventure for junior clerks and the middle-class "out for the night," sent hundreds. And you saw waiters whose faces you had seen in the Café Royal. Oddy was there and Luigi. The great Escoffier looked in, as sad as anyone.

And there, in the coffin, was all that the soul of Luano had left behind.

And then, early one morning, by special dispensation, there was a requiem service at two o'clock, after the cafés were all closed. And—do you know?—everyone was in evening dress—for the waiters had come on, as Luano wished, after their hours of toil. The maîtres d'hôtel were there, the restaurateurs, yes, and the humblest young waiters fresh from Italy.

They did not know but, in the coffin, the great Luano was wearing evening dress, just as they were.

On a catafalque in between the choir stalls, lay the great Luano, in the threadbare clothes in which he had begun the life that had made him look like "a gentleman."

But it was not as a gentleman that he was buried. It was as a humble waiter in a dirty little restaurant, serving soup made of the leavings from last night's plates.

I stood with the rest, my thoughts with Luano—and in homage to a memory of someone I thought of always as a greater gentleman than nearly all of those he had served.

NOW I must tell you the way Luano died. I have not spoken of it, although I am not reserved as a rule, but frank. But years have passed, since then, and I feel perhaps it should go into the records of a London that is a million tragedies and humours, a human comedy acted every morning, on a mighty stage, a symphony played every night in the silences, a poem, a satire, a farce.

They called me up on the telephone. "Luano has just been taken suddenly ill. He wants to see you."

Not many yards separated our two flats. I was over there in a few minutes, before the doctor came. I went straight into Luano's bedroom. He was lying on the floor. I rushed to his side. But it was not Luano. It was merely a body. Luano himself had gone.

And then I noticed the wardrobe door was open. And then I saw, on the floor, a little heap—a threadbare dress suit. In a moment I knew what it meant.

Luano, conscious that he was dying, had gone to the wardrobe, taken out the mascot clothes and tried to dress himself for his last great act of Service. He wanted to do it in all humility. . . .

I locked the door. I put the body on the bed, and then, stripping it, I dressed it in the faded dress suit, shiny and old.

And then, in the humbleness of which he was so proud, I left him. . . .

"They also serve . . ."

Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Son

(Continued from page 45)

little village between Cairo and the Second Cataract. His knowledge was spoken of in the drawing-rooms of Mayfair. Princes, millionaires, dukes, lords, and common folk knew of "Mr. Freddy." In the homes of the very rich you might occasionally hear something like the following: "So you're going to Egypt? When you get to Cairo look up an Englishman named Mr. Freddy. Knows more about temples and thingummybobs than all the Egyptologists in the world. Quite a gentleman. Went with us on our dahabieh to show us the ruins of Karnak and Thebes. Worth a million to us. Demned if I wasn't afraid to offer him a cheque. Hadn't the courage. Sent it to him from Alexandria when I was leaving. Thoroughbred, y'know. Couldn't push money into his hand like you could with a guide. . . ."

Young Bill was twenty-one now. Letters more flippant than ever. Pressed continuously for money. More inquisitive about his father's absence and the movements of the "Old Stocks." . . .

In December, 1933, Young Bill wrote: "Thinking hard of doing Europe with some millionaire friends. . . . Lean hard on the noughts when you're writing a cheque. What's a nought or so between friends?"

Spendthrift was Young Bill. Some day Freddy Leale realised that there would have to be a showdown.

There came a follow-up letter to the one hinting at a possible trip abroad. Young Bill wished five hundred pounds by cable. "Travelling with the family of the young lady I hope to make Mrs. Bill Leale," he wrote. "Paris, Pop. Don't be lousy! Send a thousand if you can."

Freddy Leale cabled the five hundred. Pinched him a little. Young Bill seemed a bit of a bounder, but the knowledge of his own stupidity in changing gilt-edged stuff for speculative stocks walked always with Freddy Leale. He had committed a crime, and the jabs of Young Bill constituted the punishment. He wondered if there would ever come a day when he could feel that he had made full expiation.

FIRST week of January, 1934. Cairo getting into its stride. The *saison* roaring to its zenith. (Continued on page 118)



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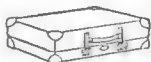
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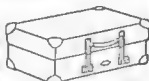
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Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Son

Wealth and beauty fleeing the cold to sunbathe by the Nile. The big hotels full, the cafés crowded, guides grinning, street vendors exultant.

Freddy Leale sat one fine morning on the terrace of Shepherd's and looked over the new arrivals.

Freddy's chair was near the outer railing of the terrace. A trim, middle-aged woman and a girl of twenty sat close to him, leaning on the railing so that they could see what was happening in the Shâri Kamil. Mother and daughter, so Freddy discovered. And the daughter in a violent temper with the elder lady, who had, it appeared, turned down a proposal to rent a dahabieh on the Nile.

The girl asked insolently why money should be hoarded.

A hawk-like dragoman, overhearing a word or two of the dispute, took a chance. He edged up the stairs and slipped to the side of the two women. Eloquent was the fellow. "Your Highnesses must be my special care!" he cried. "I will be your slave! My name is Mohamed Salib Karein. I will show you the secrets of Egypt. I am a prince of dragomen! If you give me only one piastre as a reward I will thank you and kiss your shoes."

The mother was annoyed. She looked around for a waiter to put the fellow off the terrace. The waiter was absent; her eyes fell upon Freddy Leale.

Freddy Leale spoke to the guide in Arabic. The guide retorted angrily. He knew "Mr Freddy." He suggested that Leale's effort to shoo him off the terrace came from purely personal motives. His words were abusive. Freddy Leale took the dragoman by the sleeve, swung him to the top of the stairs and pushed him down.

The mother was thankful; the daughter seemed faintly annoyed. The fellow's chatter had, to her, smacked of romance.

"What did you say to him in Arabic?" she asked languidly, turning to Freddy Leale.

"I told him to go away," answered Freddy.

"Yes, but he put up an argument, didn't he?" asked the young lady. "Said something back to you that got you mad."

"He did," admitted Freddy. "He said I butted in because I wished to grab you people as clients."

"How funny," drawled the girl. "But—but you are not a guide, are you?"

A certain sneering quality in her voice made Freddy Leale defiant. "In a way," he answered.

"An Englishman?" she demanded.

"So I think," he answered tartly.

Again she used the words: "How funny."

The soft brown eyes of the mother were upon Freddy Leale. A pleasant lady, thought Freddy. There was a whimsical smile on her face. After a little silence she moistened her lips and spoke.

"I wonder," she began, "I wonder if you—if you are not the man that some friends of ours mentioned to us? The Durstons of Chester were here last winter. They told us—is your name Mr. Freddy?"

Freddy Leale smiled. He admitted that he was "Mr. Freddy."

"Are you free?" stammered the lady. "I mean, are you at liberty at this moment. We would—"

"Mother!" interrupted the girl. "Mother, please! You said we should have a dragoman! I mean one with robes and all that!"

"My dear Agatha, they terrify me!" protested the mother. "Please do not be unreasonable."

"But they are so picturesque!" cried the girl. "They make me—make me feel romantic!"

"But they make me shiver, Agatha, dear! We are going to have Mr. Freddy as our dragoman. I'm going to engage him right now."

She turned upon Freddy Leale. "Mr. Freddy, my name is Blanton. I am a widow. My daughter and I will be here in Cairo for a week. We must wait for my son and a friend of his. They missed the boat at

Marseilles. They were very foolish. They hit one of those little French policemen and they had to wait to pay their fine. Their boat arrives next Thursday. Till then—till then we would like your advice and assistance."

Freddy Leale bowed. The evident displeasure of the girl prompted him to refuse the engagement, but something that he could not define flowed out from the brown-eyed woman and urged him to accept.

Her manner, her speech, the soft brown eyes bred a longing for London. In that instant that he wavered, Egypt appeared hard and cruel like its gods of old. Some day—some day soon he would have to go home. He might defy Young Bill.

"I will be happy to do what I can to make your stay pleasant," he said gently. "I am at your service."

THE days that followed were pleasant days for Freddy Leale. Cairo, in the company of Mrs. Blanton, took on once more the look of fine magic that he had known before misfortune struck him.

The daughter, Agatha, did not like Freddy. She made no secret of her animosity. She had nursed a desire to walk around with a petticoated guide, and, on the third day after the hiring of Freddy Leale, she was in open rebellion. She had found a slim, fawning Egyptian, and she begged permission to hire him and pay his wage out of her own pocket-money.

"It doesn't seem Egypt to me when I am going round with Mr. Freddy," she pouted. "He kills the romance of the place. All Englishmen kill it. I want to be told things by a person who is of the country. This—this guide's name is Mustafa Sherquawi. Isn't that a romantic name? And he has such a soft voice. Mummy, please! Oh, please!"

Freddy Leale, present at this attack, wondered a little at the acquiescence of Mrs. Blanton. The mother gave way without discussion. Inwardly Freddy analysed his own feelings. He had experienced a little thrill of pleasure at the girl's attack. Now the days of fine sunshine would be spent in the company of the woman with the soft brown eyes, whose murmured "Mr. Freddy" delighted him.

On their first day of freedom from Agatha Freddy and Mrs. Blanton made an excursion to the Moqattam Hills. From the summit of Gebel-el-Moqattam they looked out over the lazy-flowing Nile.

It was there in the soft silence of the afternoon that Freddy told Marion Blanton how he had taken up the profession of guide. The lady showed so much interest that Freddy took from his pocket-book the note which had been thrust into his hand by his first client in the long ago. He had carried the note during the years. It was a fetish, so he thought, that brought him good luck.

Marion Blanton read the little note slowly. When she returned it she gently patted the sleeve of Freddy Leale's coat. "She was right," she murmured. "You are the nicest guide in all the world."

It was wonderful on the hilltop. The setting sun coated the Nile with gold-leaf; the city had a mirage-like quality. Side by side, without words, Marion Blanton and Freddy Leale stood and looked out at the changing scene. Freddy wished that he could tell this sympathetic lady about Young Bill; Mrs. Blanton had a desire to tell "Mr. Freddy" about Agatha. A great trial was Agatha.

They spoke little on the drive back to the city. At the stairs leading up to the hotel terrace Mrs. Blanton asked Freddy Leale to dine with her. Freddy, startled for a moment by the unexpected invitation, thanked her and accepted.

In their apartment Mrs. Blanton informed Agatha of the invitation. "Mr. Freddy is going to eat dinner with us," she said casually.

"But, mother!" cried the girl. "Mr. Freddy? There are people in the hotel—lots of them—who know that he is a guide!"

"He is also a gentleman," retorted Mrs. Blanton. She was (Continued on page 120)

"A lovely lady, garmented in light from her own beauty."

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Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Son

amazed at her own courage as she faced her daughter. The afternoon at the Moqattam Hills seemed to have brought strength to her.

"I will not sit at table with him!" cried Agatha. "You must stop him! Send a note to him at that shop that he owns. The shop, so Mustafa says, where he takes all the silly people who hire him."

"I'm afraid your Mustafa is not truthful," said Mrs. Blanton quietly. "And I am sorry that I cannot cancel the invitation. If you do not wish to come to dinner you can eat in your room, Agatha." She met the astonished stare of her daughter with a smile, then, to her own surprise, she added: "And that's that!" as she turned away.

Agatha Blanton ate in her room. At least she tried to eat. In two days her brother and his bosom friend would arrive from Marseilles. With those two valiant supporters she would curb the apparent madness of her mother.

"She seems," muttered Agatha, spearing viciously at her food, "to be in love with the fellow. All perked up and that. Oh, why did those two silly boys miss the boat?"

ON the day following the *little-à-little* dinner Mrs. Blanton and Freddy Leale drove to Old Heliopolis. Agatha had a sulking fit and refused to leave her room.

Freddy and Mrs. Blanton lunched together, then drove on to El-Matariya.

In the quiet afternoon Mrs. Blanton spoke of Agatha. Freddy Leale, immensely pleased with the confidence, listened in silence. Agatha Blanton seemed to be, judging from the softly uttered words of her mother, a female counterpart of Young Bill.

Silently Freddy made comparisons. Mrs. Blanton spoke of Agatha's cynicism, her sneering "wise-cracks," her violent temper when her own wishes were combated, her spendthrift ways. Young Bill to a tee.

"I am comfortably situated," said Mrs. Blanton, "but if I acted as Agatha wishes me to act I'd finish up in a poorhouse. And the future looks more disturbing."

"Why?" asked Freddy.

"Agatha is struck on a harum-scarum youth who is the friend of my son," answered Mrs. Blanton. "They will be here in a day or two. The young man has never worked, and he tells me that he never intends to."

Freddy Leale had a consuming desire to speak about Young Bill, but he throttled the impulse. It would, so he told himself, seem like a stupid attempt to rob Marion Blanton of rightful sympathy. Instead he busied himself with uttering comforting words.

Mrs. Blanton was sobbing softly. She wiped her eyes with a scrap of cambric that became a moist ball as she thought of the ingratitude of Agatha. Freddy Leale was much distressed. He was really a very sympathetic man, and the sorrow of his companion upset him.

He found with much surprise that he had taken one of her plump white hands in his own, and to his great amazement he discovered that he was using his handkerchief as a substitute for the bit of cambric, now valueless as a drying medium.

He made a great effort to control himself. The lady, so he informed this sentimental self that had gained momentary control, was his client. He should preserve towards her the same attitude that a doctor has for a patient. He was shocked at his lapse.

At the hotel they found a hurried message left by Agatha. A wireless had come from the boat carrying the two young men. They were landing the following morning at Alexandria, and they asked Agatha to meet them at the dock.

"As I do not know where you are, whom you are with, or when you will return," ran the note, "I am going to Alexandria without your permission."

Marion Blanton handed the note to Freddy Leale. Freddy read it and gave it back without comment. The young lady certainly carried a dirty left when she grabbed

a pen. That alleged ignorance of her mother's whereabouts or companion was a nifty thrust.

FREDDY LEALE looked at the quivering lip of the lady, and that sentimental self that he tried to keep in check took control. He knew that the crowded hotel would not soothe Marion Blanton, or make her forget the rudeness of her daughter. Would she, he asked nervously—would she ride out with him to Mena House, have dinner, then walk up the slope to watch the moon whiten the waiting Sphinx. He knew that he was a fool, but the invitation rushed from his lips.

Marion Blanton made a weak protest. There might come a telegram from Agatha. Something might happen to the girl while riding down to Alexandria without an escort.

Freddy had to support the invitation. They could telephone from Mena House and ask if any message had arrived from Agatha. The girl was perfectly safe. Utterly foolish. "Now," he stammered, "this—this will be your last chance to go where you wish without—without arguments from your son and daughter."

Of course he was mad. He knew it. As he watched the sprightly widow turn to the lift to get a wrap for the outing he damned the sloshy sympathetic Leale that had suggested the excursion. Damned him thoroughly. . . .

Possibly there is no spot in all the world so emotionally thrilling as that stretch of sand out of which the Sphinx lifts itself.

Freddy Leale and Marion Blanton sat in the wash of moonlight, beyond the black shadow of the vast pyramid that Kheops built to hold his poor body. For long periods they would remain silent, then a conversational flow would take possession of one or the other. In one of those talkative moments Freddy Leale spoke of Young Bill. A question from the lady started the confession.

"Why," asked Marion Blanton, "why did you not go home when the crash hit you?"

"I was afraid," answered Freddy.

"Afraid of what?"

"My son."

There was a long silence. The woman waited. She kept her eyes on the mutilated figure of the Sphinx.

"I am," said Freddy Leale, breaking the silence, "I am Old-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Son." He had started now. He knew that he couldn't halt the outpour. It was impossible to control his tongue.

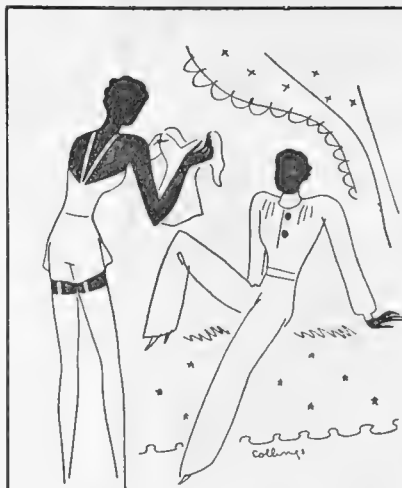
Into the hushed night came the story of the transfer of the Leale fortune from solid gilt-edged bonds to speculative stocks. The story of the arrival of the cablegram on that December morning, of the efforts made through the years to find the money for Young Bill, of the duplicity necessary to hide from that inquisitive youth the news that the "Old Stocks" were non-existent. He was a little hysterical.

Freddy Leale, later, was certain that he must have experienced a period of semi-consciousness after making the confession. He came to with a sudden fear of something of which he was only dimly aware. There had occurred between the finish of his story and this moment of terror a sentimental exchange between himself and the lady at his side.

A little horrified, he realised what had happened. The heads of himself and Marion Blanton, by some trickery of the moon and the watching Sphinx, had been drawn together. Their lips had met. They had kissed!

Upset, nervous, terrified, he listened to the soft words of the lady at his side. "Perhaps our fear of them would be dispelled if we were together, as you say," she murmured. "With you I do not fear Agatha; when you are not there I am frightened of her. And—and it might be the same with Young—Young Bill. It might."

"As you say!" Marion Blanton was quoting him! Then he had said it! Of course he had said it! The words ran through his brain like one of those swift-moving electric signs. "Our fear of them would be dispelled if (Continued on page 122)



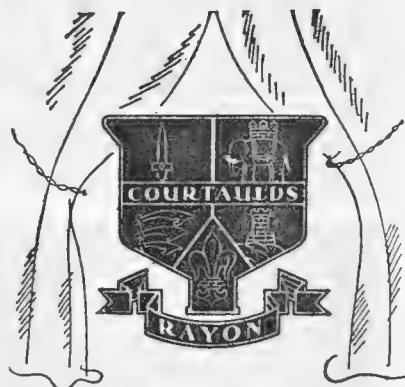
*On those who would be smartly dressed
This maxim must be well impressed :
Good style is always best expressed
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*The fairest way to take a rest
Is doing nothing, done with zest.
But while you do it, look your best
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That's soft and neither loose nor tight,
In short, a shirt you know is right—
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we were together." He had forgotten that this lady was his client and had made a proposal! Or something that seemed like a proposal.

He found that he was holding the hands of Marion Blanton! Astounded at the discovery, he tried to draw his fingers stealthily away. He couldn't. That sentimental self was rebuking him for lack of gallantry.

"It's late," he stammered. "We— we should be getting back."

They came to the taxi stand at the tram terminus. Two nighthawk cabs waited for late revellers wishing to return to Cairo. The two drivers were disputing when Freddy Leale and Marion Blanton approached.

If Freddy had been in his right senses he would have noted the condition of the chauffeur who headed the rank. But those words "Our fear of them would be dispelled if we were together" were still making the circuit of his brain. He was incapable of thought.

He opened the door of the cab and handed Mrs. Blanton into it. He moved forward to give the hotel address to the driver, but at that moment the fellow stepped on the gas. The car leapt forward, the open door brushing Freddy Leale backward into the roadway. Down the Shāri el-Giza streamed the runaway!

Freddy Leale, on his feet now, heard the words of the second chauffeur. "Drunk as an owl!" screamed the second man. "Didn't you hear him arguing! Drunk and mad!"

Freddy sprang to the front seat. "After him!" he shouted. "One hundred piastres for you! Five hundred! A thousand!"

THE runaway taxi shaved a Giza-bound tram. The tram, annoyed at the impudence, caught the swinging door of the cab and tore it from its hinges. Freddy Leale prayed softly as the noise of the shattered glass and the screams of the tram occupants came to him.

The tram had halted, but a lost door was nothing to the madman in whose taxi crouched Marion Blanton. Swaying from one side of the road to the other the cab tore along the straight stretch raised above fields that are flooded when the Nile overflows. Freddy Leale called for speed.

Freddy Leale's car was gaining now. Whittling down the distance. One hundred yards, eighty, fifty.

Freddy Leale set himself. With a motion of his hand, he directed his chauffeur. Cling to the rear of the madman's machine. Alongside it now.

Through the aperture where the door had been, Freddy saw Marion Blanton. For an instant her white face looked into his. Just for one moment, then Freddy leaped for the running board of her car. Leaped with a prayer on his lips and fear in his heart. . . .

Freddy Leale came to his senses in the arms of Marion Blanton. The lady was sponging the blood from his face and murmuring soft words of thanks. Freddy Leale thought she called him a hero. It made him smile. It was silly of her to call him a hero if he had mastered the drunken-chauffeur. Why, for long, long years, he had lived in terror of Young Bill. Hero? Young Bill would be amused at hearing a lady call his father a hero.

RIDING up from Alexandria on the train, Agatha, the young man who was looked upon as her fiancé, and Agatha's brother, concocted a plan to deal with "Mr. Freddy." Agatha's story of her mother's "infatuation" for a guide startled the two youths. It seemed unbelievable.

They decided that one or the other should, in their own language, "tell the fella off." Each desired the mission, so they decided to toss a coin to see who should do the "telling off." Agatha's fiancé won the toss.

Freddy Leale was sitting on the terrace of Shepherd's, a broad-brimmed hat pulled so low over his eyes that the brim rested on a strip of plaster covering the bridge of his

nose. The hat kept the light from a pair of discoloured eyes that the chauffeur had presented before his machine had crashed. Freddy Leale felt a little upset about the black eyes and the skinned nose, but there was upon him as he sat there a fine fierce glow that he had not experienced for years.

Faintly there came to his ears the voice of Agatha Blanton. He had not seen her since her return from Alexandria, neither had he met her brother or her fiancé. Now he heard her utter three words in a sort of subdued whisper. "There he is," said Agatha.

Freddy Leale was suddenly aware that someone was standing before his chair. He did not move. He had a natural dislike to push up the brim of the hat that would make the discoloured eyes and the skinned nose visible. He waited.

"Look here, fella," said a voice, "it seems you're making heavy play to a lady who's the mother of my girl. We don't like it. Get me? I an' her brother wish to tell you that it's the dirtcan for you. Go an' talk with your old mummies an' jump over a pyramid or two. If we catch you hangin' round her again we'll—"

Freddy Leale had tilted the brim of his hat. The movement throttled the words of the speaker. He stared with his mouth open. Stared at Freddy Leale.

It was Freddy who broke the silence. "Yes, Young Bill," he said quietly, "what will you do?"

"Pop!" gasped Young Bill. "I—I didn't know! They told me that—that your name was Mr. Freddy!"

"That was my business name," said Freddy Leale. "Thought it best to keep the Leale out of it. Guide, you know. Had to earn a little money for you, Young Bill."

"But—but—a guide!" cried the youth. "A guide! Say, you've—you've gone an' put my pot on with Agatha! Gosh! A lousy guide! You've done me dirt! They'll never look—"

"Listen, Young Bill!" interrupted Freddy Leale. "I sold the half share of my antique business this morning. Seven thousand pounds. I'm transferring it to you. The Old Stocks blew up, you know, and this squares the debt that I owe to you. Go away now and play... Hold on a minute! I wouldn't worry much thinking how Agatha will take it about your father being a guide. Fact is her mother doesn't mind. Mrs. Blanton and I were married two hours ago."

Easier Cooking

(Continued from page 71)

BROCHETTES OF LAMB.—Have some perfectly lean pieces of lamb about two inches square and dust them with salt and pepper. Put about six pieces on one skewer for each person and paint them with melted Spry. Grill under a really hot grill for six or seven minutes, turning the skewer on all sides. Serve with fried potato straws and Yorkshire relish.

Help Yourself to a New Skin

(Continued from page 39)

those life-giving glands, and will supply the face tissues with what they need, revive and make them young again.

A blackhead solution. The face is first washed in warm water to open the pores. Then an atom of solution is brushed over the blackheads. Twenty minutes later the face is re-washed and the blackheads rub out on the bath towel. It is a "just before you go to bed" treatment, so as to ensure the perfect closing of cleansed pores.

Lastly, there is an *anti-weather cream* that can be substituted as a foundation to make-up. It is wind and sun resisting, a gift to men and women with sensitive skins whose faces peel after a blustering morning on the golf course, a boon to men who are going slightly bald, who would love to lie in the sun and dare not. The cream vanishes when applied, and is quite undetectable.

A baldhead I helped in this delicate way has never ceased to be grateful.

IN TOWN FOR THE SEASON after a winter of hunting, her skin as lovely as a flower



LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

All winter riding to hounds. Six days a week in the saddle! Out with the most famous packs in England! Rough weather! A long run! Who cared? Not Lady Helena!

Now she is back in town for the Season, with its balls, the Opera, important dinner parties. Her skin as flawless as a dewy-fresh flower—in spite of all those months of hunting in the worst of weather! "How does she keep it *always* so fine and smooth and soft?" you wonder. ... "I'm grateful to Pond's Creams," Lady Helena says. "They keep my skin nourished and protected in all weathers. Yet they are so simple to use."

Why don't you follow her beauty care and see how lovely you are when your skin is like hers? It's so easy.

This is how they make your skin so beautiful:

Your skin made soft and smooth at once

Every minute the natural moisture is evaporating from the surface of your skin. Whether you have an oily or a dry skin, this makes your complexion rough, harsh and dull looking.

But Pond's Vanishing Cream contains the softening substance found in lovely young skin. When you

smooth the cream on your face, this substance is absorbed, making your skin soft, smooth and supple. Then your powder goes on like velvet.

Also lines and wrinkles fade away as you use Pond's Vanishing Cream. For it contains a second substance which *nourishes* the skin. Soon you recover the firm contour of childhood, and fresh colour glows in your face.

Always, before you powder, use Pond's Vanishing Cream. Also smooth it on at bedtime, and let it beautify your skin while you sleep.

And before you use Pond's Vanishing Cream, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. It removes dirt from the pores and stimulates the under-skin, guarding against enlarged pores and blackheads. Begin to-day with Pond's Creams. They cost very little.

FREE: For sample tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, write your name and address below, pin a 1d. stamp to this coupon, and post in sealed envelope to Dept. C1101-2, Pond's, Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex.

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POND'S





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Appointment



OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

The Morris "Eighteen"

(Continued from page 75)

overlooked. This is the Jackall four-wheel jacking system. The control for it is just under the front carpet, and the driver can jack up the entire car while still remaining in his seat.

The provision of this jacking system is rather a good illustration of what I was saying just now on the subject of value for money. Permanent jacks are not vital to a modern car; at the same time, they are a very welcome addition to it. One might expect to find them on £400 cars, and be prepared to do without them on cars listed at £250 or less.

The coachwork is very successfully planned. The saloon has decidedly modern lines, and yet there is nothing freakish or unpractical about it. The doors are wide, the interior space is ample.

The driving position is admirable, and there is comfortable seating for three people at the back. Altogether, nothing is lacking to make this a car which should give real and lasting satisfaction. With sliding head and very full equipment, the cost is only £265.

A New Addition to the Wolseley Range

(Continued from page 77)

engine. At the same time, it has been found possible to obtain "lines" which are distinctly pleasing to the eye, so that the "twelve" will certainly be voted as good-looking a car as any in the Wolseley range.

The driving position is a very comfortable one; with the controls placed centrally. The seat cushions are pneumatic, with real leather upholstery.

Most drivers will find the gearbox very much to their liking. There are four speeds, of which third and top are synchro-mesh. It is worth noting that second is also a very easy gear, although it is of the "common or garden" variety. It seems to engage almost as easily as if it were itself a synchro-mesh ratio.

A very useful chassis feature is that hydraulic jacks of the Jackall variety are fitted.

Another good point is that the batteries (there are two battery units) are very accessible, being just beneath and in front of the front seats. Altogether, this new Wolseley is uncommonly well and efficiently turned out. The price is decidedly moderate—the saloon model being listed at £225.

Coachwork in the Making

(Continued from page 79)

Salmons cut away the ordinary coachwork head, while retaining the rest of the body intact. A special "Tickford" head is then constructed, in such a way that it will neatly fit in with the original "lines."

Having seen a number of these converted cars, I can say definitely that there is nothing makeshift in their appearance. They are perfectly finished—and it is hard to believe that they have ever suffered this sort of surgical operation. The cost is really very reasonable, when it is remembered that the usefulness of the car is considerably enhanced.

Nowadays, thousands of ordinary saloon cars are driven straight from their factories into Messrs. Salmons' "surgery." The owners never see them, until they emerge as finished articles. In this connection it should be noted that a great deal of the work done at Newport Pagnell is for the motor trade, and not directly for private individuals. Private orders are welcomed; but many more are received from manufacturers and from dealers.

There is one rather unusual point about this coachbuilding enterprise which I have not mentioned hitherto, as it is more of human than of purely motoring interest. That is, that the whole of the business is run, not as a public company, but as a private partnership within the Salmons family. Perhaps as a result of this, one is conscious of a friendly atmosphere pervading the Newport Pagnell works, such as is not often encountered in these days of highly mechanised production.

Not on the Records

(Continued from page 14)

disillusion him. But could he? Could he cut loose, not so much from Dolliver as from what the Dolliver connection meant to him?

As he was putting on his hat, the 'phone rang again. It was Lafferty.

"Just been talking to Dolliver—" he said, "—twice. No, I didn't tell him who. Arranged to meet him at Toscanelli's in half an hour. It's perfectly safe and respectable, up to midnight. And just as safe for me as for you and Dolliver. *Get that!* Won't be any dictaphones there, unless I rig one up. I told Dolliver he'd have to take his chance on that, just as I would in his office. Said I didn't really need to see him, but thought he might like to see me, and if he would, he could afford to come where I was. Of course, he thinks I want to sell him something. Wonder how he'll take what I've got ribbed up for him. You'd best come along. Think maybe I can square things for you. But maybe you'd rather square them for yourself."

Dolliver called again as Lafferty hung up—just a curt message to say he'd had another talk with the same party, and that instead of coming to the office, Standish should go to Toscanelli's.

Standish went, of course. If Lafferty could square the loss of the Foster case papers for him, it would save trouble. He wondered, though, what Lafferty's somewhat cryptic words about squaring things for himself had meant.

Neither Dolliver nor Lafferty was there when Standish arrived. But the waiter, a big, bovine-faced Italian, seemed to be expecting him, and led him at once to one of the panelled booths that lined the rear wall of the dining-room. Dolliver came in a moment later, nervous and angry, yet for all that, fairly composed.

"I don't like this," he said, sharply. "But we'll be safe enough. I've got two men outside, in case we need them."

The waiter hovered so obsequiously near that Dolliver gave him a somewhat extensive order to be rid of him. He was barely out of the room when Lafferty appeared.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," he said with casual jauntiness. "But you see, I didn't have change enough on me to pay for three lunches, and I thought I'd give you time to get your orders in. You'll like what you get here, too. And everything will seem so cheap. There's no better Parmesan cheese—"

All the while Dolliver had been staring at him.

"So!" he snapped. "Lafferty!"

"Who else?" said Jimmie, with an easy smile. "I thought you knew."

"How much do you want?" Dolliver's voice rasped like a file.

"Want? I don't exactly get your drift."

"Oh, let's get down to cases," Dolliver growled. "This isn't any social gathering for old time's sake. You've got some documents of mine. It will save time and trouble if I just buy them back. How much?"

"Hold on," said Lafferty genially. "I didn't say anything about selling you any papers. I didn't even say I still had them. I asked you if you wanted them back, and if so, to meet me here. Wasn't that it?"

"What difference does it make what you said? Money is what you want. They all do. I'm used to getting anything I want, with money, and if you don't want money, you ought to. You appear to need it."

"Don't let appearances deceive you," said Lafferty. "Just now I chiefly need some food. As I was saying, the Parmesan cheese here—"

Dolliver bit his lip, and restrained his anger only by drumming on the table.

"All right," he said. "Tell about the cheese. Only make it snappy. I can't stay here all day."

Standish watched the scene in silent wonderment.

"You can stay," said Lafferty, in a voice as smooth and as keen as the edge of a razor, "just as long as I" (Continued on page 126)

Britannia & Eve for July, 1936



"A Sweet Meeting."

Major Quality: "Well met! 'Two minds with but a single thought' I surmise, Miss Sweetly."

Miss Sweetly: "Are you then on the same sweet errand as I am, Major Quality?"

Major Q.: "I suspect so. For my errand is to replenish my supply of Mackintosh's 'Quality Street' Assortment."

Miss Sweetly: "And so is mine. I couldn't wait another moment for just one more taste of that delicious Café au lait Carameline."

Major Q.: "And my mouth is simply watering for another piece of the Extra Butter Toffee."

Miss Sweetly: "Yes! I like that too. But then I like every one of the varieties in this glorious assortment."

Major Q.: "And so do I! The whole 18 of them."

Lady of the Shop: "That's what everybody says. And that's why I have such a difficulty in not eating *all my own profit!*"

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A delicious Assortment of
Toffees and Chocolates.



One of the
18 varieties

Chocolate Butter Toffee

—a delicious Extra Butter Toffee with
a chocolate coating.



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lb.

Also in
net weight
packets:
1/4 - lb 6d.
1/2 - lb. box 1.-

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD., TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX

please—that is, if you want those documents. Maybe you'll get them, and maybe you won't. It depends on you. But don't suppose you can get them by trying any temper or violence, or strong-arm play at all. Coming back to cheese. It ripens, too, with age, just like a grudge. Just why do you want to ruin Tom Foster?"

"What's the joke?" Dolliver sneered. "Why, I hardly know the man! But if he forges a lot of bonds on one of my companies, and sells them on the market, how am I to blame? You wouldn't censure me for helping prosecute, would you?"

"Here's your lunch," said Lafferty, as the waiter began setting down dishes. "Might I suggest that as we are all so interested, and might be forgetful, that you pay the score now?"

"I don't get you," said Dolliver. "But I'll make you pay for all this insolence—make you pay through the nose, too."

"Well, you'll pay the waiter now, or we won't proceed. We'll talk about my insolence and my nose later. Some rolls and coffee for me, Viviano," he said to the waiter.

Dolliver reached for his wallet. His hand came away empty. "Damn!" he said. "Must have forgotten my wallet. Any change on you, Standish?"

A look of blank astonishment spread over Standish's face as his exploring hand encountered only empty space. "I was sure—" he began.

"Write him a cheque," suggested Lafferty. "Viviano's a friend of mine. He'll take it."

Dolliver brought out cheque-book and pen in a blind rage.

Lafferty toyed with the cheque, which he presently tossed on the table. "Strange, isn't it," he mused, "how little things recall old scenes? Seeing you write that cheque reminded me of seeing you write I O U's at college. You used to write with either hand, and were rather proud of it. I notice you use your left hand now. You did in college, most of the time, and I was sure you would if you wrote a cheque in my presence. You'd expect me to remember, and I did."

Dolliver stared at him viciously, while Viviano set down rolls and coffee.

"Pardon me just a moment," Lafferty went on, as he followed the waiter from the table.

Presently he came back, Dolliver's cheque and two wallets in his hand. He tossed the two wallets on the table.

"Didn't mean to keep 'em," Jimmie explained, "but it was necessary that I have Dolliver's cheque. Our waiter is a clever boy. Relieves you of worry when ordering, and other things."

"I'll have the law on you," Dolliver broke in. "You can't—"

"But I can, and I did," Lafferty returned evenly. "Don't worry so much. There's nothing missing from either wallet, and in all probability I won't cash the cheque. Just want to show it to some of my friends. It will interest them. They wouldn't believe that I could have a real cheque bearing the signature of the great Mr. Dolliver. It makes an interesting souvenir. And Viviano could prove that it's genuine. And so could you, eh, Standish?"

He laid it away carefully in his wallet, replaced the latter inside his vest, and quite ostentatiously buttoned the pocket.

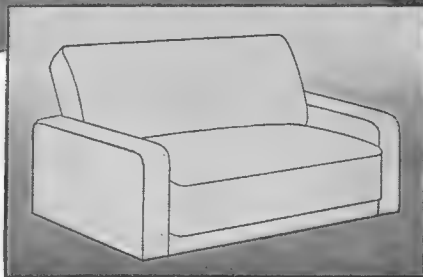
"Oh, yes," he murmured, "coming back to Tom Foster. He did sell a couple of bonds, which you say are forged, to Wells and Mayhew. But you just said he forged a lot of bonds. How many were there in all? And how the hell do you know?"

"Well," began Dolliver, "I—I—"

"Wait a minute. Let me ask you something else. Whose names are forged?"

"Mine for one," said Dolliver, "as President of the Pulp and Sulphite Company, Fairbrother's as secretary, and Collison's as treasurer."

"Isn't that unusual," asked Jimmie, "having the secretary and treasurer both



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PUT A DROP OF
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Extra Dry for England
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The Well Balanced Liqueur!

sign the bonds in addition to the president?" "Possibly," said Dolliver. "But that's the way our board of directors authorised this issue."

"Quite all right," Standish volunteered. "I was just curious," said Jimmie. He turned again to Dolliver. "I thought Collison was in Europe."

"He is. But what's that got to do with it? There isn't any question about the forgery."

"You mean, it's a poor piece of work?"

"On the contrary," said Dolliver, "it's good. Very good. Still, I know it isn't Collison's signature any more than the other one is mine."

"Who else knows it?" Jimmie snapped.

"What do you mean? Wells and Mayhew know it, of course."

"About all the signatures, or just yours?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"Well," said Jimmie, "don't disturb yourself about it. Here are your two bonds. I don't want anything for them, except this little cheque for a dollar and a half. Standish won't deny it's yours. Standish is honest, Dolliver, when he knows what he is doing. If he got into court, he would swear that I took those bonds out of his safe at three o'clock in the morning, and then held him up with a gun while I talked with him. But that wouldn't do you much good, because I have five good witnesses to prove I was more than ten miles away at the time. Even good men like Standish make mistakes sometimes."

He pushed back his chair as if to go.

"Oh, yes, I forgot," he said. "I saw Egan and Boberg outside as I came in. Surprised that I know them, eh? Of course, you know all the higher-ups in New York, Dolliver. But I know most of the lower-downs. Those two would strong-arm me if you want them to, but they wouldn't hurt me, and they wouldn't take a thing off me that I didn't want them to—not for a million dollars they wouldn't. Of all the thugs and crooks you could hire to do me in, there wouldn't be many that I don't know, and most of them, I think, like to call Jimmie Lafferty their friend. Friendship strikes pretty deep among the lower downs, and the ones that don't like me are afraid of me. Imagine that, Dolliver! Well, so long. Are you coming with me, Standish, or are you going to wait for your—should we really say 'friend'?"

As Standish looked from one to the other, Dolliver gave him an almost imperceptible wink and nod of the head, which very plainly said, "Go with him. Pump him. Pretend you've broken away from me."

So Standish went with Lafferty. While he wanted to find out all he could, he had begun to doubt whether he would ever report any of his discoveries to Dolliver.

"THAT was too easy," laughed Lafferty, as he and Standish came out into the street.

"It seems to have been," said Standish, "but just what it was I don't grasp."

Lafferty turned to him with a quizzical, estimating glance, made up of humour, friendliness, and suspicion.

"Standish," he said, quite solemnly, "if I get you right, you've been Dolliver's man without ever facing the issue squarely of just what he expects of you. You have, or used to have, a soul of your own. How far are you still Dolliver's man? Because what I do or don't tell you depends largely on that."

"Well, just what is it he's done?"

"I can't tell you that just yet," said Jimmie. "You saw us having a contest over something in there. You don't know just what it was, or who won. But which one of us seemed to be doing the square thing—which was playing something crooked? And on those terms, which one are you going to tie to?"

"I thought," said Standish, somewhat nettled, "that was plain enough when I came out with you."

"At Dolliver's suggestion?" Jimmie was smiling tolerantly. (Continued on page 128)

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"Just why did you come with me? To find out something for yourself, or for Dolliver? You're Dolliver's lawyer, you know."

"Not now, I'm not," said Standish. "There's something fishy about this case. You've made that perfectly plain. I don't see yet what that little cheque in your pocket has to do with those bonds, any more than I see why you gave back the bonds without gaining anything by it after going to so much trouble to get them. I've an idea, of course—only it can't be true—it's too raw."

"It's true, though," said Lafferty. "Dolliver forged those bonds himself. I'm the only one that knows that, unless you believe me. I can prove it with this little cheque in my pocket. As to why and how he did it, I suppose you know all about Pulp and Sulphite's big expansion and consolidation last year, don't you?"

"Only in a general way," said Standish. "I wasn't in on the detailed plan."

"So I understood—'gum-shoe' work—finding out how some of the independents could be squeezed, so they would have to merge, sell out, or quit. That's all right, though. It has to be done sometimes."

"Pulp and Sulphite," Standish explained, "was merely trying to stabilise the paper trade."

"Sure!" Jimmie grinned. "Or save its own skin. I know all about it. A big scrap with Western Paper for control of the market. And these Eastern independents cutting in on P. and S. business all the time. Market all shot to pieces, and stock prices about as uncertain as March weather. And in the mix-up Dolliver gets enough stock to get on the P. and S. directorate—same old crook getting into what had been a gentleman's game. Turns the whole situation into a stock market fight. Mauls Western Paper by every known method, and some never known before, and at the same time hatches up this scheme to force every independent into a big merger, or make him quit."

"Just how," asked Standish, "does Foster come into all this?"

"Well," said Jimmie, "Tom had a little paper mill. It wasn't worth anybody's attention. But he had a little process, and a little patent. He'd been working on them for years—had to have a paper mill as a laboratory, and spent all he made, experimenting. Just as Dolliver took hold of Pulp and Sulphite, Tom got what he was after. But by that time he had another idea, a better one, but no money to develop it with. So he tried to sell his first process to Western Paper just as Dolliver began gouging them. They weren't in a position to buy anything. So he went to Collison—struck him right in the midst of the consolidation. Do you know Collison?"

"Slightly," said Standish. "Not intimately."

"He's a nervous little man," Jimmie went on, "square as a die, and in routine affairs steady and efficient as a water wheel, but in an upheaval like Dolliver's high-finance programme about as upset and uncertain as radio. He saw the process just as Tom saw it, as a wonderful manufacturing asset; but with the company affairs in an unsettled state and largely in Dolliver's hands, he wasn't prepared to put a price on it. So he sent Tom to Dolliver."

"Dolliver saw it as a weapon to fight Western Paper with, but he didn't have any money, either. He'd used all he had and all he could get hold of in going short on Western Paper, and long on P. & S. So he tried pooh-poohing the whole thing; said he would give Tom ten thousand for his little mill, and maybe Tom might throw in the new process. But Tom wouldn't pooh-pooh worth a cent. He knew what he had, though its usefulness in a stock market fight never occurred to him. They haggled over a price, and Dolliver finally offered him forty thousand in new P. & S. bonds. I guess that was all that was available. He'd been to the directors about it meantime, told them the process was worth a fortune, and made them give him the Presidency of P. & S. in

return for getting the process and for his reorganisation work. Just what they allowed him to buy out Foster, I don't know, but it was a whole lot more than forty thousand. He must have used that elsewhere, for he told Tom that he couldn't pay him any cash at all.

"So Tom held out for another ten thousand. Dolliver said that couldn't be done with things as they were, but that there was to be another issue of bonds, voted but not to be floated until after the reorganisation was completed, and which would have to be kept off the market for several months. Tom agreed to take his ten thousand in those. So Dolliver took the blank bonds out of his desk, went out and got what he said were Fairbrother's and Collison's signatures, then signed them himself right in Tom's presence. And Tom never smelt a rat at all."

"And you say Dolliver forged those bonds?" This from Standish.

"All three signatures," Jimmie asserted. "And it wasn't so raw as you think. There weren't any witnesses, and only Foster's word to prove that Dolliver ever saw the bonds at all. Both Collison and Fairbrother would swear they never signed any such bonds. Why shouldn't Dolliver? It wasn't his signature—not his usual one, anyway—but as near to it as a forger usually gets, perhaps. Three witnesses of high position against one poor little country paper manufacturer, known to be squeezed for money. How would a jury look at it?"

"But why," Standish persisted, "would Dolliver do such a thing?"

"Just as a convenient way," Lafferty explained, "of buying out Tom Foster without that extra ten thousand. Safe, too. Why, even Foster himself couldn't conceive how those bonds could be forgeries. Nobody would know for several months. By that time Dolliver would have made enough to tell the directors just what he had had to pay Foster out of their purchase allowance, return the balance, and take up the bonds besides. It probably isn't the first forged collateral that's been used in a market flurry. A man can get away with it, if he's the right man. But, after the trick was done, Dolliver probably got to thinking. He had a grudge to work off. Foster's marrying Muriel Starkweather, for one thing. I don't mean that Dolliver actually cared about her. He did, though, to the extent of hating her because she despised him. He hates anybody who gets what he knows he can't have. Sweet revenge, to have those two come to him for mercy on the unsuccessful man she had married, and to prove to Muriel that the man was a crook."

All this time the two had walked, at a pace set by Lafferty's nervous, variant stride. At length they came out upon Central Park.

"I suppose you think I'm a fool," Jimmie went on. "But no man's a fool if he gets his fun. Only most people pick some highly advertised road to happiness, to discover that there is just fraud at the end of it. Money and power are all right if you know what you want them for, what you are going to do with them. Dolliver doesn't. All he gets out of success is vanity. He can look in the glass and see what he thinks is a great man. That's the only real pleasure he gets. If he used his money for anything, I could forgive how he makes it. But he's just a puff-ball, using all his strength to grow big with. When he's ripe, there'll be nothing inside but dust. Why, his hatreds are the only respectable thing about him."

"And Tom Foster," Standish shrugged, "is one of them?"

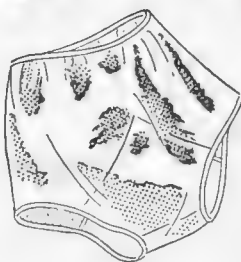
"Absolutely. But we aren't a bit alike, Bob. Dolliver's a big man with a petty hate, founded on a trifle. And I'm a petty man with a big hate, founded on elemental cosmic ethics. How much is the Foster mill supposed to have cost Pulp and Sulphite?"

"I believe they allowed Dolliver a hundred thousand. He never has turned in a final report—says he has assumed some obligations not yet altogether added up."

"Clever!" Jimmie sneered. "All he has to do is to use the prominence of his position to put over stuff (Continued on page 130)

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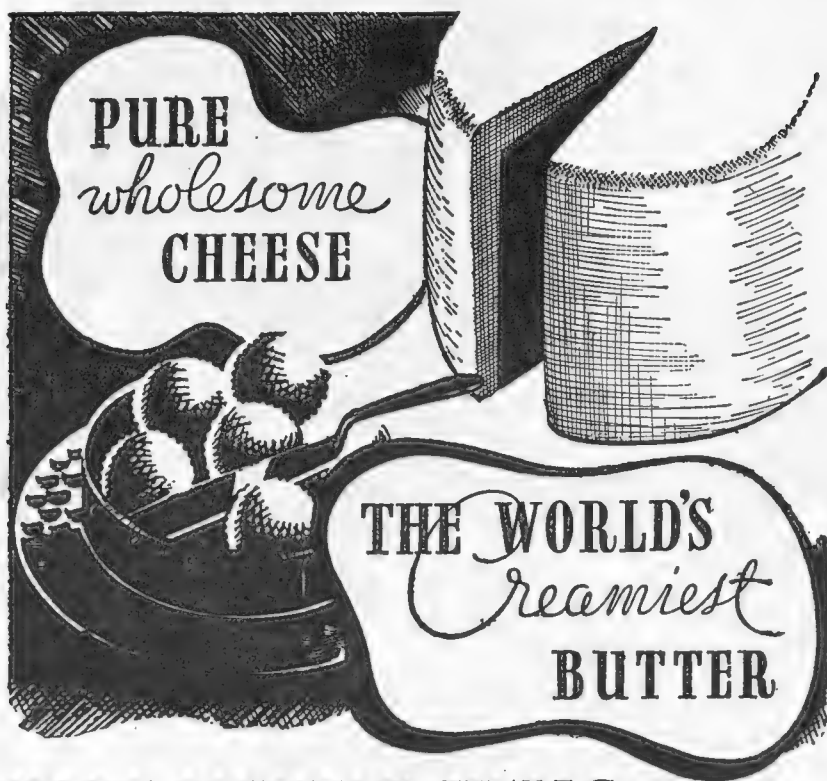
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that a cheap crook would consider too raw to use, and he has cheated his own company out of a few thousands, put Western Paper on the run, has the paper trade at his mercy, and Tom Foster where he wants him. He can look at himself in the glass and call himself a very clever man. Except that I've got this little cheque in my pocket—unless I'm mistaken about your being fundamentally honest. Still, Standish, though I babble on thus gushingly, you haven't seen all my cards, yet."

"Suppose," suggested Standish thoughtfully, "that I should deny that that was Dolliver's cheque—I don't see yet what it's good for—or suppose we should get it away from you?"

"You wouldn't," said Jimmie. "If you did, there's Viviano's testimony. But for that matter, you'll never take this case to court. It won't go on the records. There are other things beside the cheque. That is just a little bit of corroborative evidence. So far as the law goes, I can utterly discredit Dolliver on the street, take from him his last dollar, and put him behind the bars. I'd like to, if it wasn't for other things."

"Anything else?" Standish asked tersely.

"Yes," said Jimmie, "there's the dear public, a lot of the lower-downs confidently investing their little all in supposedly reliable securities they don't know a thing about. If this case goes to court, and I tell what I know, there'll be a market smash and a sob story for a lot of people that I don't want to write."

"H-m-m-m!" said Standish. "I haven't done anything crooked, nor even been a party to it."

"You've been Man Friday to a crook, Standish, and you know the way people are. You would have a hard time making them believe that you'd been close to all this rottenness without getting some of it on you. Collison and Fairbrother are in the same boat. Of course, you can clear yourselves by showing that none of you really knew what Dolliver was doing, but you'd make yourselves appear the three biggest fools in New York. It is easier in some ways for a man to take on the reputation of crookedness than it is for him to become a laughing stock. And that's what would happen to you if you ever took this case to court."

"Well, so long. I wish you a pleasant interview when you report back to Dolliver about what you found out from me. See you again, soon—when you won't be looking for me."

AT his apartment Standish found a message from Dolliver waiting for him. It was brief and to the point. It read: ..

"Come to my home at ten o'clock to-night."

Dolliver received him with casual cordiality, and for a time they chatted of things inconsequential.

At last Dolliver turned to the matter in hand with abrupt attack.

"Well," he said, "what did you find out?"

"We talked about Foster, of course," said Standish. "I'd forgotten who he is."

"I hadn't," Dolliver snapped. "He got in my way, once."

"So Lafferty told me."

"What else did he tell you? What does he think he's going to do?"

"He didn't say. Seems to attach a lot of importance to that little cheque, though. And I can't see what it's all about."

"Humph!" mused Dolliver. "I suppose so. That was a slip. He got me mad. It doesn't worry me, though. What can he prove with it? If I choose to deny it, how can a man in his position prove that he got it from me? It would look like blackmail—a cheap reporter trying to bait me with a petty little cheque."

"Just how cheap," asked Standish, "is Lafferty?"

"Just what he looks, I suppose," Dolliver shrugged. "Hand-to-mouth existence on a paltry salary, semi-Bohemian acquaintance, edging on the underworld. He's not a writer

that anybody ever heard of—just a common reporter—fifteen years of it. What do he and his word amount to?"

"Are you sure of all that?"

"Why shouldn't I be? If he amounted to anything, somebody would know. He's just one of the herd."

"That's just it," said Standish. "I've a notion that maybe they know him. Sometimes, you know, the herd stampedes; when it does it's often dangerous for the herders."

"Well, you let me do the sizing up of things, Standish. Did you dig up any facts at all?"

"Lafferty seems to think you won't prosecute. He says Foster is entirely innocent, and that you—you forged those bonds yourself."

"Of course," Dolliver nodded. "As a matter of fact, it was my left-hand signature that Foster forged. That was the only one he knew. I'd had some correspondence with him that for various reasons I didn't want proved on me, so I used the old signature on all of it. I suppose Lafferty will introduce that lunch cheque as a genuine signature, then insist that every signature that looks like it is genuine, too."

"Something like that."

"And he had you pretty nearly convinced," sneered Dolliver. "Standish, I'm ashamed of you."

"I wasn't convinced, except that he can make enough of a showing to make things extremely awkward."

"Not so very. Of course, I'd pay within reason for that cheque. But nothing matters much, now I've got those bonds back. I couldn't make a case without them. And I've got to have a case. Foster's got another process he won't sell to me at all, and I've got to have it. With these forged bonds I can force it out of him. That's why he and Lafferty had to have them."

"I see," said Standish. But he didn't see at all. How could Dolliver have planned to force Foster to sell unless all along he had known of the forged bonds? Of course, if he had forged the bonds himself, as Lafferty said—

"If all that is true," Standish went on, "why did Lafferty give them back to you? And for practically nothing? He had things in his own hands. Now all he has is that cheque. There's something queer here. He says he has an ironclad case against you, and can put you behind the bars."

"What's that?" Dolliver's angry voice was a shout. "Say that again."

Standish said it again. Something tigerishly malevolent leaped into Dolliver's eyes, something that roused Standish to anger.

"Are you sure," he suggested, "about the bonds he gave back, that they are the same?"

Dolliver's head went up with a jerk of dismay.

"I never thought of that," he said. "So that's why he got me mad, and made all that silly fuss about the cheque. Well, we'll have a look."

He moved over to a writing-desk in a corner, unlocked first the desk itself, then a little drawer, and took out the two bonds; also a little black notebook.

"They look all right," he said, after a careful scrutiny. "But if Lafferty is working with Foster in this I suppose he could have forged some more. Then we couldn't prove these are the bonds Foster sold, nor anything about the ones he did sell, because they've disappeared. Pretty smooth. A forgery of a forgery. Let's find out. I've got the numbers here somewhere."

He began turning the pages of the little book, stopped and studied a page, went on, studied another. What had the number to do with it, Standish wondered, if Lafferty had returned phony duplicates? He certainly wouldn't have overlooked a detail like identical numbering.

"I guess he's stung us," said Dolliver, finally. His tone was apparently confident, but there was an undertone, too, of anxiety. "Oh, well," he brightened up again, "we can make out a case without them. These bonds look all right, and Foster probably can't swear to the numbers that were on the bonds he forged (Continued on page 132)

An open letter to a motorist who ought to go far

Dear Bill



I think you are wise. There is no better way of spending a summer holiday than touring on the Continent. In a car you can reach the most beautiful parts of the countries that you visit—the small towns and the byways and the villages that an express train is too busy to stop at.

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anyway. I doubt if the question will come up at all."

There was a difference in the numbering then, mused Standish. How did Dolliver happen to know, and have so careful a record of the numbers on bonds somebody else had forged? Just what was going on?

"If we don't raise the question of numbers," Dolliver's voice had its old, confident ring again, "I guess nobody else will."

"Nobody," said a smooth voice out in the shadows beyond the circle of light thrown by the shaded lamp, "except maybe Levine."

IT was Lafferty's voice. Standish heard Dolliver whisper the name to himself, in a startled, muffled breath.

"Sorry I had to intrude," said Jimmie, stepping into the light. He was in dinner dress, with a bit of apron about his waist, a servant's livery. He carried a tray, with a decanter, soda-siphon, glasses.

"But then, I don't exactly intrude. I'm just substituting for your man, Dolliver. He had to go out. I used to know him, helped him out when the bulls had him."

"I'll put you," Dolliver snarled, "where you'll know what they are." Then he smiled, viciously. "I don't know why you're here. Probably some more cleverness. If I can't get you for anything else, how would a charge of breaking and entering suit you? Or I could just shoot you where you stand. Standish would corroborate me that you broke in."

"But your butler wouldn't," said Jimmie. "He asked me to take his place, really he did. It's frequently done. Don't use the gun on me, Dolliver. Levine might—"

"Just what," Dolliver drawled lazily, "has Levine to do with all this, anyway?"

"You're so strange, Dolliver," said Jimmie. "This noon, when I was slow in giving you information, you were angry. Now, when I want to give you some, you aren't even interested. Maybe, though, you already know. Possibly the little black book told you. If not, those bonds you hold in your hand—I got from Levine. He didn't forge them, either, nor get them from Tom Foster. He got them from you, Dolliver, as collateral for a loan. Only he was to keep it quiet, because you let him understand you were using collateral you had no right to use, bonds belonging to Collison, who was in Europe, a—well, an unusual deal, not just regular, but one the best of men are sometimes forced to use when they get in a market jam and don't want it known they are raising money; quite all right, when one knows absolutely he is coming out on top, one Levine would understand. Of course, no note for Levine to prove the transaction by, just collateral to something over the amount you borrowed."

"Then you put your deal over, but neglected to take up your securities. And then Collison coming home, and Levine with Collison's bonds, without being able to prove where he got them! Oh, dear, oh dear! Levine a little worried. Day by day, when he tried to get you to take the bonds up, you just put him off, don't even want to talk to him."

"Lovely," sneered Dolliver. "I suppose, being the sort of crook he is, that's what Levine is telling his intimates, including you."

"Hardly," said Lafferty. "I exercised my think-tank a bit; used some friends."

Dolliver was still standing by the desk, and Standish saw his hand reaching furtively as if to grasp something.

"Let's hear the rest of it," he jeered.

"About your friends—like Levine, and Viviano, I suppose—nice, respectable people."

"Oh, absolutely," said Jimmie. "Name of Minnie, telephone girl, works in your office. Highly recommended, or she wouldn't be there. I happen to know her—just casually, of course. And telephone girls know such a lot. And reporters know how to ask such perfectly innocent questions."

"Lots of business coming in over the phone in an office like Dolliver's, eh, Minnie? Almost every broker in town inventing an



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excuse to talk to the boss, eh, in the hope of picking up a little business? Of course, you have to know which ones to turn down. How do you squelch 'em, Minnie? It must take a lot of talent. I know one broker I'd like to hear you squelch, a persistent, nerry guy named Levine. Chance shot, Dolliver! Didn't know he was the one, though of course I knew there was one. It was so easy to work off phony bonds on Foster that you couldn't resist trying it again."

"I got a bull's-eye first shot. Minnie knew a lot about Levine. He'd call up nearly every day, wanting to speak to Mr. Dolliver."

All through the merry monologue, Dolliver's lips were working with conflicting passions, and as it drew to a close he clutched a little automatic lying on the desk. Standish, who had been watching him, sprang and caught his arm as he turned, at the same time calling to Lafferty to duck. But Jimmie just doubled over with laughter.

"I knew you'd do that," he chortled. "Why, Dolliver, old top, I took the loads out of that within ten minutes after I got into the house."

He sauntered over to the desk, and picked up the little black notebook Dolliver had been looking at.

"I expect what I want is in here," Jimmie went on. "I'll just keep this; then, in a moment or two, I'll wish you a pleasant evening. You never had a chance, Dolliver. You overlooked too many things. No reputable engraver makes blank bonds without putting his mark of identification on them somewhere. It was easy, once I talked with Foster, and saw the bonds he had, to find who printed them, and that it wasn't he that ordered them but you—replacements, you said. After that, all I had to do was to discover where you had peddled your forgeries. Levine is as far as I've got, but I suppose the little black book will tell me about the others. And here's one thing more. Don't worry. This case isn't going to court. You can't shoot a skunk while he's right in the chicken coop, you know. You've mixed in with a lot of respectable people I don't want to damage. Of course, you'll have to take up these forgeries. You'll return what you owe Pulp and Sulphite. Do you agree?"

"Then," suggested Jimmie, "suppose you take a little rest from active business. You're not looking well. This big merger has been too much for you. Go somewhere for six months. Fairbrother won't object. I had a long talk with him this afternoon. At the end of six months you can resign, go somewhere else. Might I suggest that you go back to your original trade of shooting craps? You're good at that, provided the dice are loaded. Come on, Standish, I want some fresh air."

"Is that all," asked Standish, once they were outside, "you are going to do to him?"

"That's all," said Jimmie, "there is to do. If this affair ever got into court, every corporation in the country would be accused of every fraud imaginable. Think what that would do to business."

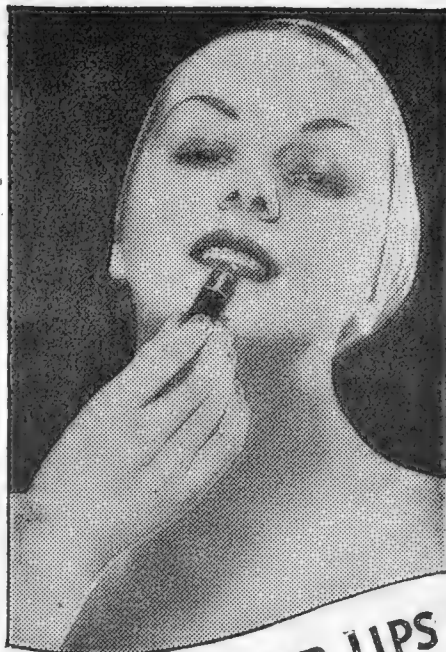
"What about Foster?" insisted Standish.

"I went over that with Fairbrother," explained Lafferty. "He agreed, if I kept this quiet, to give Tom an honest price for his process, and a steady, high-salaried job in research work."

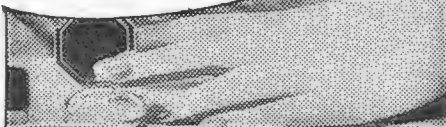
"And nothing at all," Standish's eyebrows lifted, "for Lafferty?"

"Well," admitted Jimmie, smilingly, "I wouldn't say that, exactly. I've been of service to the girl I'll always love; renewed an old friendship with you; saved you from doing a crook's dirty work, and had a lot of satisfaction in bringing to an end the career of the mongrel cur I've hated all these years. To top it all off, Tom, who has been urging me for a long time to get into private investigation work, agreed to pay me ten grand plus a fifth of the purchase price of his process, if I cleared him. Thirty thousand isn't so bad," he shrugged expressively, "for a first case that doesn't even go on the records. D'ya think so?"

END



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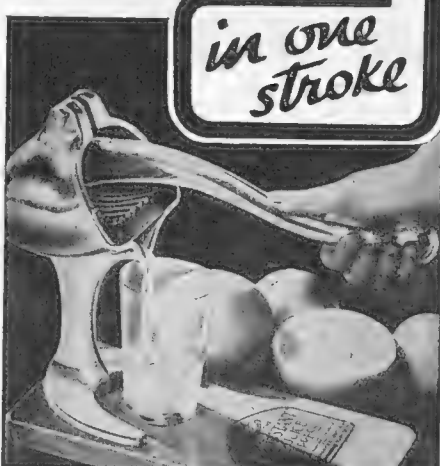
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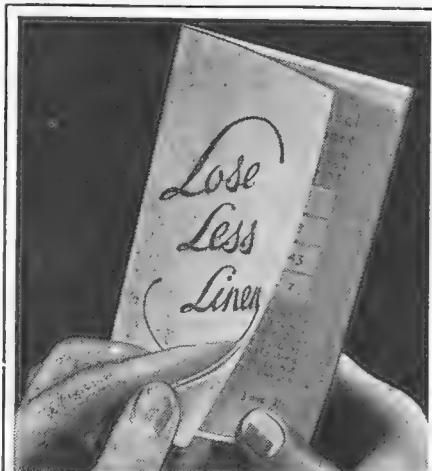
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The Return of Peter Manning

(Continued from page 51)

which Peter walked towards the Shenstons' home on Long Island.

"Margaret did love me," he kept telling himself. "She can't refuse to see me—just once. Or to listen to me. I must explain. I treated her badly. But I'm not a murderer..."

He had rehearsed the scene of his meeting with Margaret so often that he knew his own part in it by heart. Though he doubted now if he would be able to recall the words he had chosen with such care.

Half-way up the wide drive, at the end of which the house stood facing him, Peter stopped. What right had he to disturb the tranquillity of this family's existence? After so many years Margaret had perhaps succeeded in forgetting him. Certainly it was the best thing she could have done. And in that case—as the solicitor had pointed out—no good purpose was to be served by awakening her memory. Only a selfish man would want to do that.

At the sound of a car turning in through the drive gates Peter stepped quickly behind one of the tall trees in the avenue. A few seconds later the car passed, and he was able to observe its two occupants. A young man was driving, and huddled close beside him was a girl. In a flash they were gone, but not without leaving an impression on their watcher. It seemed to Peter that it must have been Jean he saw, though he supposed that in the circumstances he might have felt the same about any girl. He knew now, though, that there was to be no turning back. He must go through with this thing, whatever the consequences.

Before his name was brought to her by the maid, Margaret Shenston knew that Peter had returned. From the window of her bedroom she had watched him approach. At first she had thought there must be some mistake, that she was reminded by something in the stranger's walk of the man to whom she had once been married. And then she had seen that it was no stranger, but Peter himself.

THE Shenstons made Peter very welcome. They insisted upon his staying with them for a while, and the obvious sincerity of their invitation caused him to accept it. Frank Shenston, a man who divided his time between adoring his wife and selling bonds in Wall Street, was more than considerate. He knew Peter's story, and was really sorry for his wife's first husband. He did everything in his power to make his guest feel welcome and at ease.

"You know," he said to Margaret one evening, after they had retired to their room, "I don't believe the poor chap was guilty. I've always prided myself on having a fair knowledge of human nature, but if he's a murderer, then my knowledge goes for nothing. I'm glad we're able to give him a little comfort," he added. "He seems happy enough with us."

Peter was happy. After the loneliness he had endured it was wonderful to be able to pretend that he "belonged" once again. And, of course, the centre of his new-found happiness was Jean, who believed him to be just an old friend of the family on holiday from England.

Jean was the daughter he had so often dreamed of, and he longed to be able to reveal his identity to her. But that was not possible. He liked, too, the young man she was engaged to. Watching them together, blissfully contented in each other's company, afforded him a pleasure that was not without pain. A pain whose chief cause was the knowledge that soon he must turn his back on these people—his own people—and sink into the unreal, secret life to which misfortune had condemned him.

One afternoon, in a shady part of the large garden surrounding the house, he found himself alone with Jean. She had joined him for tea. Jean plied him with questions

about England, which she could not remember, she said, having left it when such a small child. But she intended to spend her honeymoon there.

Before she left him after tea, Jean held out a thick little book she had brought with her. "You asked me for it," she said. "They'll make you laugh. Some of the early ones are very funny."

An hour passed while Peter pored over the snapshots; an hour in which, it seemed to him, he turned back the years, watching Jean grow to womanhood. She had been caught by the camera at every age, and always she looked adorable to the man who now saw her through a mist of tears.

PETER could not have met with greater friendliness than was shown him by the Shenstons. Yet for all their kindness Peter could not help wondering if the belief they had repeatedly expressed in his innocence was genuine, or merely a pretence, calculated to help him. Before his visit ended—and already he had stayed longer than he had intended—he must make sure of their attitude.

"You really believe that there was a mistake, don't you, Margaret?" he said to her one evening, as they were walking through a little wood not far from the house.

Whenever he was alone with Margaret, the old subject would crop up, despite their efforts to keep it in the background. Usually she was silent, while he did all the talking. But this evening she joined in, as if trying to help him prove his case.

"I've always known you were innocent, Peter," she said. "You would never hurt anybody—not in that way. It's not in your nature."

"No, I don't think it is," he agreed. Then he added: "I did love Jenny, you know. At the time she meant everything to me. Can you understand that?"

"Perhaps," replied Margaret softly, "you thought you loved her. It may have seemed real while it lasted. These things do, I suppose. Only they can't last."

And as she spoke she turned to look at Peter. She looked at him imploringly. It was as if she expected him to admit that his little affair of years ago had been no more than a little affair.

Peter shook his head.

"You can't imagine," he said, "how lovable Jenny was."

"Lovable?" she echoed. "That rather common, red-haired little thing . . ."

It was too late to recover the words which she had let slip. She dared not look at Peter now. Perhaps he hadn't heard. Silently they walked on, and she hoped that in any case the significance of what she had said might have escaped him. But her hope was dashed by Peter's next question, which reached her, it seemed, from far away.

"How did you know," he asked quietly, "that Jenny had red hair?"

"Red hair? Did I say red hair?"

"You said, 'That rather common, red-haired little thing.'"

"I wonder what made me say that?"

But she knew how useless it was to pretend. Her manner was betraying her now. Peter stood still and stared at her with eyes which unmistakably held the knowledge she had managed to keep from him, and from the world. She could see that he had guessed her secret.

"Jenny," said Peter—and he spoke slowly, giving each word its full value—"was a real blonde. But because I admired red hair, she dyed it that colour to please me. She dyed it just before I saw her for the last time. On the very morning of the—tragedy."

They were quite alone in a little wood. Neither of them seemed to have anything left to say. Margaret leant against the trunk of a tree for support. She felt suddenly weak, and frightened.

What will he do? she thought. She wished he would do something, anything, rather than stand as he was, staring at her, as if he saw her for the first time.

"So you shot Jenny," he said at last; "You shot her." (Continued on page 136)

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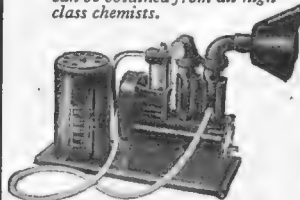
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When Margaret found her voice it was a simple story that she had to tell him. He listened, unmoved apparently, to the account of a jealous wife who had followed her husband to the other woman's flat, crept in as he left it, and crept out again before his return.

"I only meant," she pleaded, "to ask Jenny to give you up. But when she told me how much you meant to each other, and let me see that I was in the way; then we started to argue . . . I've never known exactly how it happened. It was all so sudden. Your revolver was on the table. There was a struggle . . ." She broke off, turning away from him. "What does it matter, anyway? You know the truth now . . ."

She had finished what she had to say. But still Peter was silent. He remained rigid, like a man made of stone. Then, without a word, he left her, and walked quickly away in the direction of the house.

FOR three days after he had heard Margaret's confession Peter remained as

a guest of the Shenstons. His mind played all the time with those possibilities newly opened to him. He himself thought it strange that he could regard almost with indifference the fact of having suffered so long for a crime of which he was guiltless. And stranger still that he should feel sorry for Margaret.

All the time she watched him now, and there was fear in her eyes. She was wondering what he would do now that her life was so completely in his power.

Peter saw very clearly the part Margaret had played in the ruin of his life. And yet he did not blame her entirely. She had loved him once, and he had betrayed her love. Out of his betrayal the grim tragedy had grown. Because she had loved him she had known that moment of madness in which a human being will stop at nothing to gain its end. She had committed murder. But solely on his account.

At first, when she had told him the truth, he had thought what it would mean to him to prove his innocence. For a few seconds only he had inwardly rejoiced at the prospect

The Return of Peter Manning

of at last being able to put himself right with the world. But very soon he realised that the price he must pay for this satisfaction never could be paid. For Jean's sake, even more than for Margaret's, things were best left as they were.

On the summer's night which Peter had decided should be the last of his visit he stood by the window of his bedroom, looking down upon the garden. From where he stood he saw the tennis court, on which Jean and her young man were playing a fierce game. Watching, also, were Margaret and her husband. It was, Peter thought, a quite charming domestic picture, which nobody who could possibly avoid it would spoil.

NOT until some time after Peter's return to England did Jean miss a thick little book of snapshots which she wanted to give to her fiancé. Nobody managed to find it, and Margaret alone guessed its whereabouts. But very wisely she said nothing.

END

Wedding Guest (Continued from page 27)

Derek and Phillida were engulfed as the crowd closed over them. There were good-byes and kisses and a confusion of voices. Finally, she seized Derek by the arm and rushed him across the hall under a shower of confetti, and there were sounds of a car starting. The radiogram started again and the guests melted back into the various rooms or up the stairs, until only Mrs. Kershaw was left in the hall with the scattered confetti underfoot. Nana came back through the front door.

"Well, m'm, they've gone!"

"Yes," Mrs. Kershaw said.

"Everything went off very nicely."

"Yes."

"The flowers looked beautiful—if Rodd *did* grumble at having to give up his azaleas. Miss Phil looked sweet, m'm."

Nana projected these statements as though she were slapping down patience-cards.

"Yes, Nana."

"It's only what you'd wish for each of them, isn't it? Even if you miss them at first?" Nana tried wistfully.

"Yes—yes, of course."

Mrs. Kershaw moved to the stairs.

"I'll go up for a minute, Nana. No one will be going yet. I'll—I'll be down again presently."

Nana climbed the stairs beside her, slowly and heavily. She said huskily.

"Things change, m'm. They're—different."

Mrs. Kershaw turned sharply on the wide landing that was like a gallery, where more confetti lay strewn.

"Change? Different? Yes, they do. They—they are."

She spoke as though to herself.

"When I was Phil's age," Phillida's mother said, "we made our mistakes, of course! We were hedged in by all sorts of conventions. Plenty of marriages were made for us, in my day. Matches, we called them then. Plenty of us married to get away from home and be free—as we thought. But when we married for love, we knew it. We *showed* it, as these young things never seem to do."

She plucked at her bouquet, straightening the wired flowers.

"They *are* free nowadays, and, of course, it's right that they should be. Only, they seem to have lost something in gaining it. Something—a sense of—sacredness, perhaps. I don't know!"

Nana said, apparently irrelevant, but following her own line of thought:

"I was glad when she chose Mr. Derek. His being so much older than she is, for one thing. That seemed to give it body, as you may say. He's a fine man; saw the war, too—the last year of it, anyhow."

"Yes," Mrs. Kershaw said. "He was only twenty-two when it finished, and yet he was decorated. Nana, this *is* what in my day would have been called a love-match. They

know each other; they care for each other; it's a completely free choice. And all to-day—well, you heard her? Flippant—hard."

"She oughtn't to have talked the way she did to you, m'm, I know," Nana conceded sadly. "But there it is. They say anything—all of them. The other night, she came upstairs to the nursery—to my room, I mean—while I was having my supper. And I said to her—I dare say I took a liberty, but, after all, I had Miss Phil from the month—I said something about children. And do you know what she said, m'm? She said, 'Prevention's better than cure, Nan.' Just like that."

"I don't know, Nana," Mrs. Kershaw said quietly but with sudden bitterness. "Perhaps if I'd said that twenty-five years ago I'd have saved some heartache now."

Tanis came out breezily from one of the bedrooms and put her arm through her mother's.

"Come along, darling. People'll be going, thank God, and they'll want to weep on your neck first. Come on down, and try and remember you 'do not so much lose a daughter as gain a son.'"

Nana stood, very solid and a little bent, looking after them.

AN elderly waiter in a shabby dress suit was setting a table in the parlour of an old country inn, where a small and raw country maid was blowing up a wood fire. The rain had changed to sleet and was hissing on the windows.

"Whatever made them stop *here*?" Gertie demanded over her shoulder.

"Why shouldn't they stop here? We can make 'em as comfortable here as any place on the coast, I hope? And there's not another place on the coast can give 'em a sitting-room with sixteenth-century panelling and a bedroom with a four-poster."

Between them they lifted the small table to the hearth.

"Did you hear," Gertie asked confidentially, "what she said when I showed 'em into the Red Room? She says to 'im, 'I'm frozen,' she says, 'I shall 'ave a 'ot tub, if there's such a thing to be 'ad 'ere, and come down in me pyjamas.' Funny sort of thing for a girl to say, and her a bride and all, and her wedding-day—almost her wedding-night, you might say—"

"That'll be enough from you," Rankin stated firmly, and went out, followed by Gertie.

The room was left to lamplight and firelight. Presently steps sounded on the flagged floor of the hall and Rankin's voice said, "There's a good fire in here, sir."

"In here? Thanks," a voice answered, and a tall, spare man, slightly bearded, came in. He walked over to the hearth and stood warming himself with his elbow on the high mantelsheff. Derek Cameron, coming in through an opposite door, glanced at the

stranger with some annoyance and then at the table set for two. He strolled forward, lighting a cigarette, the picture of an Englishman who feels himself intruded upon.

"Good evening," the stranger said, bending his head.

"Evening," Derek nodded tersely.

"A bad night, I'm afraid?"

"Foul!"

He threw away his match, straightened himself, and looked at the newcomer. His face cleared, and lit, with a certain puzzled recognition.

"I say—surely, I've seen you before?"

"Have you?" The stranger smiled very charmingly, with tired eyes and lips. Derek said slowly, and watching him,

"I know. It was—in—France."

"At Ayette les Pommiers," the other finished, speaking very gently but with a peculiar clearness. "The night when your friend, whom you had gone out to bring in—"

"No—please—" Derek said sharply, and threw his cigarette into the fire.

"—died, while you held him," the stranger said, still gently but inexorably.

Derek stared at him.

"And then—again? The night Pethwick died at Abbeville—they'd sent for his father, but he couldn't get there in time—the harbour was closed for mines. You were there, though. All night. And Pethwick—the kid thought it was his father—he called you father—I remember now!—I remember. You sat beside his bed. Your face—I remember your face—on the pillow beside him—when—"

There was silence. Derek said suddenly, urgently, as though it were being forced from him.

"And one other time—"

"Shall we not speak of that?"

"I must," Derek said harshly. "The morning they took that fellow out—he'd slipped off—and they got him back—"

The stranger said slowly,

"You were in charge of the firing-squad."

"God, yes, I was. That was the most ghastly thing I ever remember. And there are quite a few things I shall never be able to forget. Well—you were with him. You came out with him—out of the guard-room." His voice sank wearily in bewilderment. "Can't make it out, quite. So long ago! Were you the padre, sir? Or what?"

"It doesn't matter what name they use, does it?"

"Long time ago, isn't it? said Derek. "But it seems like last week. I was twenty-two at the Armistice. And if it had ended there!—but it's never ended—has it?"

The stranger shook his head gravely.

"The years that came after it all," Derek went on, "they were only another sort of hell. Do you know, I was a boy then. I had the four years of it, straight from school." He stopped, and passed (Continued on page 138)

beauty . . .

OF FACE AND FORM

MANY are the attributes that go to make the perfect beauty and because beauty is one of the greatest assets of womanhood, scientists have turned their attention not only to its preservation and enhancement, but to the actual formation of good looks. Physicians have delved down beneath the skin-deep surface, and have discovered that much of the process which traces lines on our skins and makes our figures lose their youthful contours is due to inactive cells and the consequent slowing-down of tissue formation.

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and has found ways to supply the body with the extra nutrition required—has found the way to wind us up again. These “running repairs” are needed to combat the wear and tear of life and beauty becomes a real, vital thing again.

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Judging by the medical reports and splendid recommendations he has received, Dr. Kapp seems

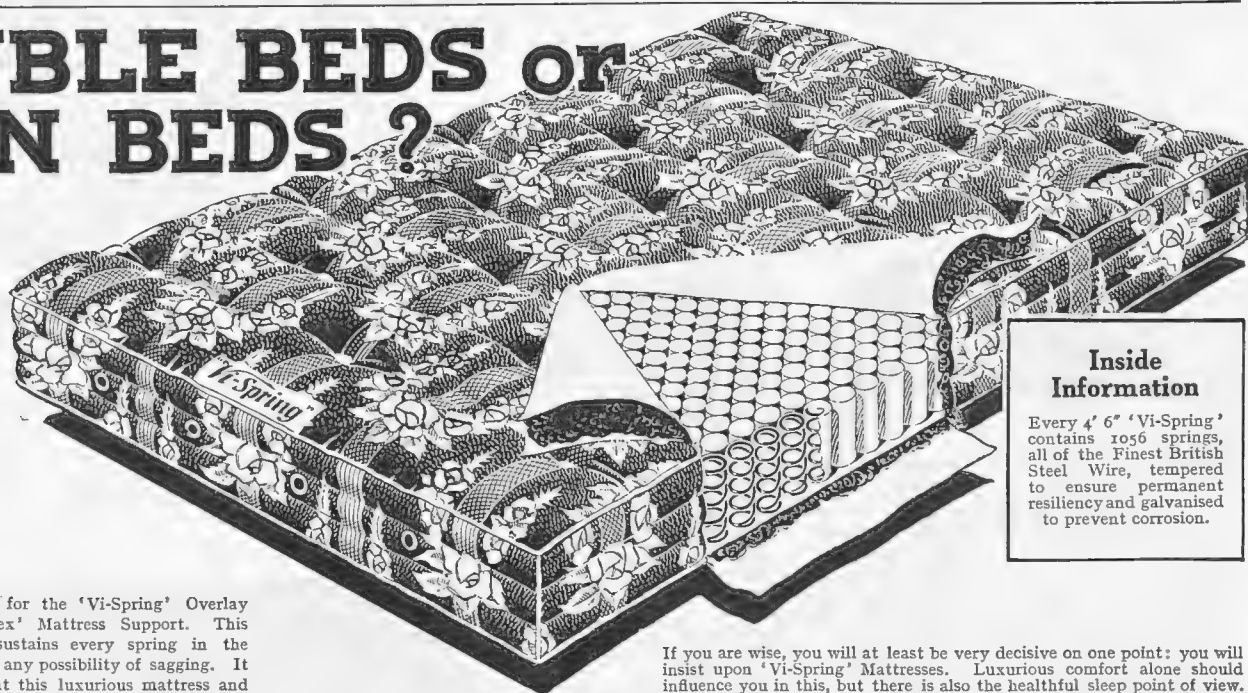


to have found the way to give any woman beauty of face and form. His methods are fully explained and illustrated in both books—the one about the skin is called W-5, whilst the other, S-8, deals with figure problems. If you are interested write for either or both to Gelty Distributing Co., 162 Oxford Street, London, W.1.

The books will be sent you free and under plain cover.



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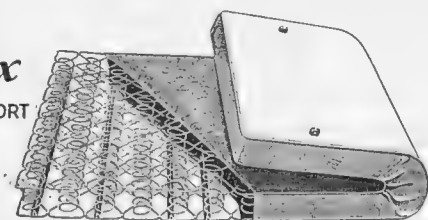


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Britannia & Eve for July, 1936

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and forget what CONSTIPATION is

his hand across his eyes. "I'm sorry! I don't know from Adam why I'm talking like this. To-day's my wedding-day, too! Queer things to remember on one's wedding day?"

The stranger crossed to the window and drew a curtain aside.

"Terrible night outside," he said, "but in here—sanctuary?"

Rankin appeared at the door. "Excuse me, sir," he addressed Derek, "could you see the outside man a minute, about washin' down the car?"

Derek went out. It might have been a matter of minutes before Phillida came down the staircase, wearing brilliant Chinese pyjamas and a kimono sprawling with dragons. She stopped short at sight of the figure by the fire.

"I say—I'm sorry! I didn't know anyone else was in here."

"It is I who beg your pardon," he said gravely. "I think I am intruding?"

"No—" Phillida said with sudden energy. "So long as you don't mind? We got caught in that"—she nodded towards the windows where the sleet was hissing—"so I just got into a boiling tub and came down like this."

She dropped into the deep leather chair which the stranger moved forward for her, and curled up, tucking her bare feet in Chinese slippers under her. He said gently,

"You are very tired?"

"Dead!" Phillida nodded. "It's my wedding-day, you know. Frightful—"

She dropped her head against the back of the chair and her eyes closed. Opening them with an obvious effort, she added in the confidential manner of a child. "They talk so!"

Her brittle and nervous air had completely vanished, and she spoke simply and abruptly.

"They do!" he agreed, smiling.

Phillida swooped forward, crouching and propping her chin in her hands.

"I was rather foul to mother, I know," she stated, as though she spoke to someone whom she had known all her life. "But, you know, it does make one feel so ragged, and all over raw edges, the way they go on? They keep on about our being so hard. And about our knowing everything. I believe mother'd have been pleased if I was a bit upset, to-day."

He said slowly, with his eyes on the fire, "There is envy, you see? With a great price obtained they this freedom, but you were free-born."

"Yes. There's that, I suppose."

Something fell to the floor with a little sound. The stranger stooped for it, and Phillida put her hands up to her neck.

"Oh! It's come undone—my chain."

"What is it?" the other said, holding it out on the palm of his hand. Phillida took it and slipped it on to the chain again.

"Derek's cross. His Military Cross, you know. He gave it to me to keep for him, but he doesn't know I wear it. Always."

She snapped the chain behind her damp hair and lifted her face with a confident smile. "He will, to-night."

The stranger said very gently.

"You are too young to have known what those days meant, I think?"

"Yes," she agreed with sudden energy.

Wedding Guest

"But they're wrong—they're wrong, when they say it doesn't mean anything to us."

She had risen to her feet, now she put her hands on his arm, urgently. "I've never said it, not even to him. But I've thought—if I could have gone into it with him—borne those years, when he was in it—well, I wasn't even old enough to know anything about what was going on. But—but there are wounds that don't heal just because of an armistice, aren't there? Well, I love him—so much, even if I am a darned little fool—mayn't that mean some sort of—healing?"

The stranger took her two hands in his.

"I know it, my child."

She looked closely at his hands, then up at his face.

"You were in it—but of course you would be. I mean, your hands—there are scars."

She stooped swiftly, laid her cheek against his hands. He withdrew them slowly and laid them on her head. As she stepped back, Phillida's face had the same expression of someone baffled by an escaping memory which Derek's face had worn.

"I think," she spoke uncertainly; "I think, if I had a child, I would like you to do that to it."

"Do you like children?" he asked her.

"I don't think so. But I shall like mine!" Phillida chuckled. "Nana—that's my old nurse—gave me an awful sermon on the subject. And mum's convinced, of course, that no girl to-day wants children. Well, I don't want children. But I want Derek's. I couldn't get that across to them—Nan and mother, I mean—now, could I? I ask you!"

"No, hardly, I think," the stranger smiled.

Derek came in, and walked across to the fire. He smiled in friendly fashion at the other man, and stood with an arm round Phillida's shoulders.

"What about some dinner?"

"I'm starving," she agreed, and turned to the stranger. "You are going to have it with us, aren't you? I'll tell that engaging old octopus to lay another plate—"

"Yes, sir, you must," Derek joined in.

"I can't stay for that, I'm afraid," the stranger answered. "Listen—the storm's dropped. And I must be getting on. Besides," he added, smiling at them, "I think to-night you should have no guest."

"But we want you," they broke out together.

He shook his head, still smiling. "You have been very kind to me. Shall we drink a toast before I go?"

"There's no wine," Derek said. "Wait a second—I'll tell What's-his-name to bring—"

"No, don't," the stranger interposed.

"Water is as good as wine—sometimes."

The two who were standing arm in arm, raised their glasses. The stranger drank also, lifted his hand, and went out.

They stood looking at the door for a moment before they turned to each other and went, without a word, into each other's arms.

END

MR. AND MRS. F. J. DU TOIT being served with Penguins Eggs in a Piccadilly restaurant. Mr. F. J. du Toit is Trade Commissioner of the Union of South Africa, and the eggs came from that country. The eggs are a great delicacy and this was London's first Penguin Egg Supper.



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JULY, 1936

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